















# THE GREAT TRIAL;

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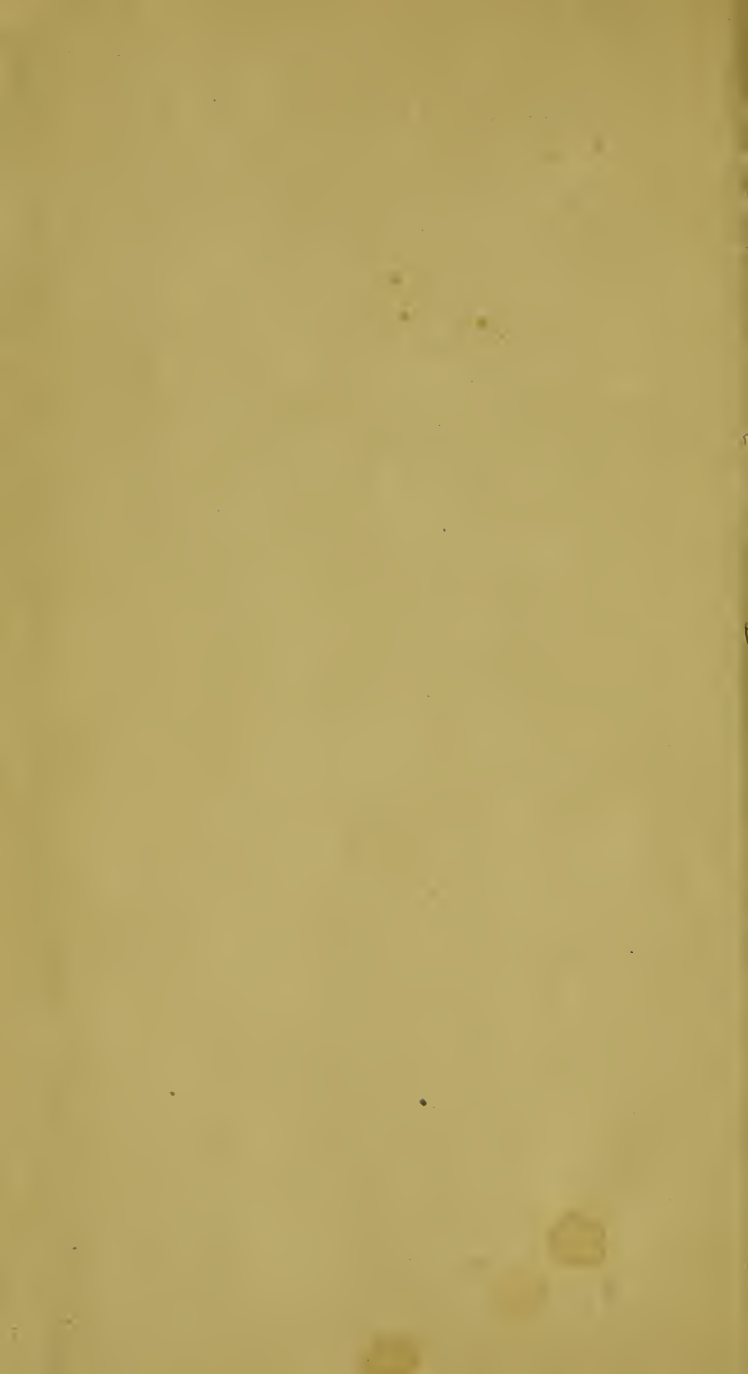
THE GENIUS OF CIVILIZATION  
BROUGHT TO JUDGMENT.

BY A. C. HARNESS.

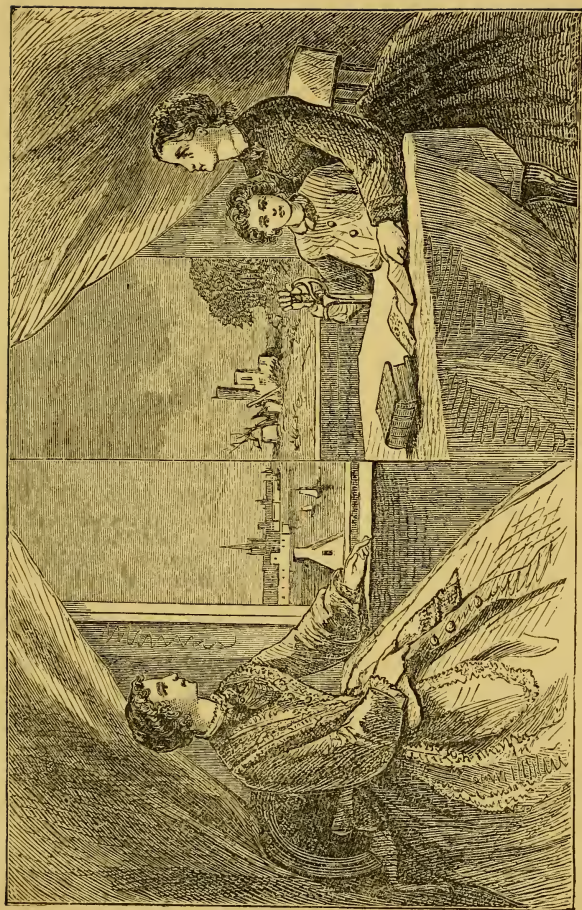
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THE MISSION OF TRUTH.

To wake on earth the human soul,  
A power tyrants can't control,  
Nor slavery's shackles bind;  
Through freedom's realms it loves to roam,  
Its idyl is a cottage home,  
Its lightning is the mind.

PHILADELPHIA:  
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1873.







THE LILY OF THE VALLEY. (From a painting by C. W. Alexander, Moorefield, Va.)

SCENE 1.—A benevolent lady sewing for the widows and orphans of the war.

SCENE 2.—A young widow receiving a letter containing the *glad tidings*.



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JUDGMENT.

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In the Court of the Honorable the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of New York

A. C. HARNES

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BY

A. C. HARNES.

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Philadelphia,

1873.

THE GREAT TRIAL

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THE GREAT TRIAL  
OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT  
TO THE CHIEF OF CHIVALRY  
BROUGHT  
TO THE COURT

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by

A. C. HARNESS,

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A. C. HARNESS

## DEDICATION.

TO MARY.

### I.

DENY him not, Mary,  
Confess him ;  
Deny him not, mother,  
But bless him.  
A picture is this boy  
Of thy youth's tender joy,  
When all thy life was innocence,  
And Heaven's kind beneficence  
Imprinted on my kindled heart  
This image lovely as thou art,  
Until my quick and burning brain  
In travail felt a mother's pain.

### II.

Deny him not, Mary,  
Confess him ;  
Deny him not, mother,  
But bless him.  
He is thy darling boy,  
The child of youth's first joy,  
The darling of thy youth and beauty,  
A tried sentinel found on duty,  
Who watched through all that midnight gloom,  
And waited where the dead were sleeping ;  
He watched and wept at freedom's tomb  
While freedom's friends were weeping.

## DEDICATION.

### III.

Deny him not, Mary,  
Confess him;  
Deny him not, mother,  
But bless him.  
The watchman tells the night,  
The morn is dawning bright.  
Hark! hark! 'tis freedom's song of glory,  
Which tells to earth the joyous story,  
That freedom's dead shall live again  
(They are not dead but only sleeping),  
And laughter ring along the plain  
Where freedom's friends are weeping.

### IV.

Deny him not, Mary,  
Confess him;  
Deny him not, mother,  
But bless him.  
Behold his little feet,  
And the deed with joy greet,  
With buoyant, boyish speed a running,  
And candor ever free from cunning,  
And see them mount the rampart's height  
Which tyrants built in freedom's night,  
And wave above their tyranny  
The *Flag* of blood-bought *Liberty*.

### V.

Deny him not, Mary,  
Confess him;  
Deny him not, mother,  
But bless him.  
Though earth-born is thy boy,  
Heaven watched his birth with joy,  
And sweet, sweet angelic minstrelsy  
Did welcome him with its melody.  
He brings glad tidings, *Love* and *Peace*,  
Of good for all and good for each;  
For *Zion's* king is come to reign,  
To build *Jerusalem* again.



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# THE GREAT TRIAL,

OR

THE GENIUS OF CIVILIZATION BROUGHT TO JUDGMENT.

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Not long ago I was traveling through one of the large cities of the country looking at the many sights, which are both curious and entertaining to a man from the country. The hubbub, the noise, the jumble of men and animals, and vehicles of every description, confuse not a little the rustic mind, which is in the habit of seeing all these things assorted, and each one occupying its own place. How vividly the world with all its unevenness and injustice comes before you in a city! Nothing, however, struck me so forcibly as the marked contrast between the different classes and conditions of mankind. Not far apart stand palaces and hovels. Here you see wealth with all its extravagant dissipations, its silly fashions, and gaudy show; there you see poverty in rags and wretchedness. When you see on the one hand the beggar in his looped and windowed raggedness, and on the other the bondautocrat in his palatial residence with its princely surroundings, you can hardly believe that they are both made of the same dust. The daughter of the bondautocrat, arrayed in the gayest style of fashion, sweeps carelessly by the beggar-woman, whose tattered rags hardly serve the purposes of decency. Chariots gilded with costly ornaments, and drawn by sleek, fiery steeds, dash by the dray-cart with its toilsome luggage, as if it were a hearse bearing some vile contagion to the grave. Palatial halls, adorned with elegant furniture, ring with festive merriment; while close beside these, garrets and cellars, crammed with the wretched, moan out sighs

of despair. Surely these beings do not all belong to the same brotherhood. These happy children of fortune must be celestial beings. They have only come on a visit to this lower world to give its inhabitants some notion of the glories of the world they inhabit. Only the poor, friendless children of toil belong to this earth; its dust and sweat cling to them. The wretched too belong to earth, for it drinks up their tears. How much your notion will be changed by a little better acquaintance with the two! Go to the bondautocrat and give him half of your property to get money for the other half, in order to relieve yourself from some crushing misfortune, and he will not exhibit the least sign of gratitude. On the contrary, this cold-hearted, soulless creature will try to persuade you, that you are under obligations of eternal friendship to him. How will his eyes gloat over this new heap of earthly trash! How his soul bows down to worship this filthy idol! How does it glory in the prospect of having goods laid up for many days! How sweetly does it say to itself, "eat, drink and be merry"! How now, why art thou so pale? why dost thou tremble, proud, unfeeling man? Hark, hark, that dread summons! "Thou fool, this night thy soul will be required of thee." The beggar's cry, "give me a penny," startles me from my reverie. My heart turns me round to answer the piteous cry. Poor, blind beggar, how many pass heedlessly by! Have they heard thy cry so often that they have become indifferent to it? or have they never heard it? I at least am thy brother mortal and will give thee a penny.

But stop—that uniform—he has been a soldier. He was my enemy. He killed my brother, the last one I had in the world, the youngest born, the pet of our widowed mother. He burned our houses and barns, and made our country, once so rich and beautiful, a desert. He robbed me of my liberties—my birthright,—a heritage which my father and his father had won in a common struggle against a common enemy. Anger came into my heart, and I turned away. But I had not gone far when a voice whispered to me, "If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink." I went back and dropped the

coveted penny into the beggar's box. How sweetly fell on my ears the fervid, earnest "God bless you" which came from the beggar's lips, ay from the beggar's heart! When I saw those sightless orbs rolling heavenward as if, though blind, they could see the benediction going up to the Father of all mercies, ah, then I knew the rich man's home is on earth, the beggar's home is in heaven.

Few, few will think of thee now any more;  
But few will attend and weep at thy grave:  
Because thou wast old, and friendless, and poor,  
Adversity's prey and misery's slave.

And yet had life's morn a promise for thee,  
Its grassy green fields and its fragrant flowers,  
An orient sun and friends all aglee,  
Wild visions of love and its blissful hours.

But clouds have obscured the light of that sun;  
Hands, which helped build for thee love's shady bowers,  
Have scattered their leaves as if it were fun,  
And strewed thy lone pathway with hope's withered flowers.

How drear to thee now appears earth's rocky shore!  
A desert where not a wild flower is found  
To catch thy last tear—thou'lt soon weep no more—  
And distill its remembrance above thy low mound.

How welcome to thee 'll be the roar and the surge  
Of death's dark wave when it breaks on that shore!  
For earth will deny thee a requiem dirge,  
Because thou wast old, and friendless, and poor.

Thrice welcome to thee 'll be the ebb of its tide,  
And quick as a dream will thy voyage be o'er  
To realms, mystic realms, where spirits abide  
And richest of treasures remain for the poor.

It was then a feeling of indescribable joy came over me. I fell into a sweet sleep, and dreamed a dream. I thought I was passing through a country which I had once known well. Some things were familiar to me still; but so many changes had been made, sad changes, that I almost persuaded myself that either the past or the present was a dream. The fields which were once green with the verdure of prosperity had become a waste. The forests, whose leafy hands the mysterious spirit of love once waved to beckon the breeze, had disappeared. The



old-fashioned mansion-houses, large, airy, and as spacious as the hospitality which had once made them the abodes of pleasure, were heaps of ruins. Every place seemed to be neglected but the grave-yards. These only had prospered, and gathered into their garners of death the unripe harvest, which was the hope of the land. Many had gathered there to weep. The grandmother was there, the mother, the widow, the orphan planting flowers, which seemed to wither and fade, so poor was the land become, and so burning was the sun which blazed in the brazen sky.

I watched until they were all gone but one. She bent over a grave from which an unpropitious sky withheld its dews, and shed upon it a copious shower of tears, singing, in a low, sweet voice, these lines:

Beneath affection's shower of tears  
Remembrance' sweetest flowers will bloom,  
And on the waste of long, long years  
Shed fragrance round thy lowly tomb.

I drew near her, and tried to comfort her. She thanked me for my kind words, and was grateful for my sympathy. At length I asked her why she did not return home. Startled at the mention of that word home, she stared at me a moment and then answered: "Alas, I have no home. The red siroccos of war have swept my home away. I have no bread, and have come here with my babe, my last earthly hope, to die." The child which she held in her arms—and I just then noticed it for the first time—had a sickly, pale, white look, like marble. So low was its breathing that only the quick touch of a mother's love could feel the little stream of life, which was fast ebbing away. And the little blood which had passed over her own pallid, sorrowful face when I first spoke to her, was now gone, and there stood before me (horrible to tell!) a skeleton,—a shadow of a human being.

Did I dream, or was it a ghost? I trembled lest other graves (and there were many around me) should open and send forth their ghostly tenants. With a woman's quick perception she saw the cause of my consternation, and assured me that she was mortal. "I have had but



one wish to live," she added, "this long time, and that was for the sake of my child. Soon it will cease to need a mother's care," she continued, "and then I will need no longer the sympathy of the world. Grief and famine would have carried me to my grave long ago; but I could not die so long as I could feel this little heart beat," pointing to her babe.

Whilst I was wondering what I should do to relieve this poor woman, who seemed to be friendless and alone in the world, and looking around to see from whence I could obtain help, I saw in the distance many large cities. They seemed to be situated on beautiful eminences, high above this low valley; for although I have omitted to speak of it before, the place we were in was a low narrow valley. Clouds hung constantly over it, so that one could not see far before him. It was only when I looked toward those shining cities that I could see a great way. The brightest sunshine was in them, and their glory dazzled my eyes. Just as I was setting out in the direction of the largest and apparently the most splendid of them all, I saw one descending the hill on which it stood, and coming toward us. It seemed to me—but maybe it was only because I wished it—that he was carrying something which looked like a basket. At all events, I made up my mind to wait until he should come in speaking distance, or turn off in some new direction. To my great joy he came on right straight to us. He told me before I had time to ask him, that he had come down to feed and comfort the poor of this land. Indeed, I believed as much before he told me, for he had at least the outward marks of a good man. His grave face and saintly air bespoke a man of the priestly order, and he, moreover, carried under his arm the Bible.

Then came into my mind many beautiful texts which I have often read in that book; one especially did impress itself on me: "Love thy enemy;" for the habit this man wore marked him as one of the people who were the enemies of those who dwelt in the valley. I told him of the poor woman at the grave, and he started at once to her. He lifted out of his basket a piece of bread and other tempting eatables, which I supposed he would at once

hand to the woman. But to my great surprise, he laid them back, and offered her a scroll.

Never shall I forget the picture of agony which her face presented when she read this paper. The sad, weak smile which lit up her face when she first saw the bread was gone: a ghastly paleness took its place. Her trembling hand, as if paralyzed, let fall the scroll which she had grasped so eagerly a moment before. She turned away from the good man, as he seemed to be; and in that new direction one stood before her of frightful aspect. This new visitor seemed to be not a man, but rather a skeleton of iron. His face wore a grim, unearthly smile, which seemed to be in mockery of her woe; and the hand he extended to her seemed not like a human hand, for the fingers were joints of steel opening and closing on powerful springs. But wonders, it seemed, would never cease in this strange place; for when the woman saw this horrible phantom, her countenance grew bright, and her whole face became radiant with beauty. Never before, not even at Hymen's altar, where a thousand visions of beauty throng the mind of the bride and dance in airy shapes on her sweet face, have I seen a child of earth so transformed into beauty. Her delicate hand, now white as marble, was seized by that iron grip, and the joints of the skeleton phantom made a rattling noise as he led her away. They had not gone far, when they came to a dark, narrow lane, where they both disappeared. I turned to the good man (for such I still took him to be) and asked what this meant. But he seemed to be as much disappointed as I was. With a fierce look on his countenance, and in an angry voice, he said to me, "Let her go." I sat down on a rock hard by, and, covering my face with my hands, wept over the woes of the children of men.

While I wept one called to me; and when I had uncovered my face I saw before me one in the shape of a man, but his face shone with the brightest of unearthly glory. I trembled with fear, and bowed down before him in the attitude of devotion. He lifted me up, and bade me worship God who made the heavens and earth, the seas and fountains of water. He said that he was a prophet of the Almighty, sent to reveal his will to the

children of men, and to comfort them with the promises of future good. His name was the Word of God. Feeling somewhat reassured, I besought him to explain to me the wonderful things which I had seen that day. He began by telling me that the place we were in was the Valley of Humiliation. It lies on the way which leads to the better land, and travelers going thither must necessarily pass this way. The great king who owns this country has another and a better for those of his subjects who are true and faithful. They must needs come this way, because a great river runs between this country and that. So deep is this river, and so swift its current, that it is impassable at any other point except just where this valley strikes it. The wisdom of the king with all his council was employed in making the passage secure at this point; nor can any one, not even those next to him in wisdom and power, cross over at any other place. I asked what cities those were in the distance, which were so beautiful, and who were the inhabitants,—especially the one who had just gone back from the valley; for the good man, so called, had left us, and was then ascending a hill which led to one of those cities. These, he said, were cities of Vanity, which Pride had built on the hills of Prosperity. The people you see in this valley once lived in cities like these. But a great storm came. Its whirlwinds were devouring flames which consumed those cities, and destroyed all their wealth and beauty. Indeed, so intensely hot were those winds of fire that they even melted down the hills on which those cities stood. So only this narrow valley is left, veiled in the clouds of sorrow and sprinkled over with the bitter ashes of disappointment. The old men and women and children, at least many of them, escaped this storm because they hid out of its way; but the young, and the brave, and the strong who attempted to withstand it were destroyed. These hillocks are their graves, for their friends have gathered them from the different places where the storm overtook them. The poor woman you saw weeping over that grave had lost everything by the storm. Her property was all destroyed, and she had come with her infant to weep in despair at the grave of her husband,



who too had fallen in the storm. Her cupboard was empty, and she had come here with her babe to die. The good man (as he seemed to be) who came down from that city is the chief priest of a sect who are called Pharisees; you have doubtless read of them in the Scriptures. They like to be considered as the saints of the Lord. They make long prayers, and wear long faces. They preach in fine churches, and for rich congregations who can pay them big salaries. They make themselves all things to all men, that they may by some means get a hold of their money. They encompass sea and land to make a proselyte, and when he is made they make him twofold more the fit child of the devil than themselves. They are scrupulous in exacting from others a rigid conformity to the ordinances of the church; especially do they exact from all tithes of mint, cummin, and anise. Every Sunday is desecrated by attention to the church's secular matters, indeed is specially set apart to attend to the financial affairs of the church. The preacher you saw and mistook for a good man is the chief priest of this sect of Pharisees; for he preaches in a bigger church and to a richer congregation than any of his brothers. He gets too a larger salary, and draws larger crowds. He has cultivated a popular style of oratory, a theatrical air, and a clownish wit. The people of this country have been cheated and humbugged so long, that a man is esteemed a clever fellow in proportion to his capacity to make asses of them; and so debauched have their moral notions become that vulgarity is held in the highest repute. Hence a man who can say the most filthy thing is held in the highest esteem, and looked upon as the wittiest man. This old Pharisee has won a pre-eminent fame, by desecrating the pulpit with vulgar, clownish airs and filthy, lascivious jests, such as would grace the lowest comedy. For instance, a short time ago he said the pretty Caucasian women of America were only fit to be used as a bait to catch Sambo and Cuffy. The dupes of this old reprobate who applaud or hiss from force of habit, rather than from sense or feeling, cried out, what a smart thing! But when somebody else told them that stuff was not wit, they commenced hissing, and at once the polluted old Pharisee tried

to lie out of it. This was considered a very creditable performance by his people. Indeed, it is considered by the priesthood of this generation, just as it is by their politicians, a clever thing to do a dirty trick, and get out of it by telling a big lie. This old Pharisee (whom you mistook for a good man) had come down among the poor people of this desolated country in the name of charity; he had bread along, but only gave it on certain conditions. That poor, starving woman had to sign that scroll before he would give her bread. The following is a copy of it:

"I, A. B., do solemnly swear that the late war, brought on this country by a run-mad political faction for the purpose of destroying its ancient democracy and building a military despotism on its ruins, for the purpose of destroying its freedom and establishing in lieu thereof civil and religious persecution, for the purpose of changing the condition of the negro from being the slave of man individually to the slave of the government, so that he might be used as a political power to enslave the white man; for the purpose of creating a vast public debt,—the great foundation-stone of monarchy and aristocracy; for the purpose of making a mongrel race of mules by mixing the *poor white trash* with the negro, so that our bondautocratic masters may have a better breed of slaves to serve them, and better mules to bear their burdens of debt and taxation; for the purpose of raising a large army and navy,—that power which tyrants may rely on to defend their usurpations, and which an aristocracy may trust to defend their robberies and plunderings of the people at large; and finally, for the purpose of remodeling our government, and making it like those grand and powerful nationalities of Europe (Russia, Prussia, France, and England), where a thousand poor people live hard and work hard to gratify the idleness, the dissipations, the whims and caprices of one,—was a holy and just war, and all who opposed it, or who do now oppose its plans and purpose, are traitors and rebels. I believe further, that my husband, who spent all his property and his life in opposition to this war and its purposes, was a traitor and rebel; and I will teach our babe to believe this, and curse his father's memory. I, A. B., do further

solemnly abjure my faith in the Bible, and the God of the Bible. I believe in pharisaism, which means mesmerism, spiritualism, free-loveism, woman's rights, mongrelism (especially for "poor white trash"), divorce, child-murder, lying, stealing, adultery, fornication, hatred, revenge, war, and everything which is contrary to the charity, the benevolence, and purity of the Christian religion. I do further swear that I have no faith in the God who made me, and in whose hands my breath is; but I believe in Mammon, the golden god which our holy hypocritical priesthood has made for us to worship. I believe our Mammon hath power to tear down the pillars which support the throne of the King of heaven, and to establish his empire in the earth forever. I do further swear that I will honor and serve this god, and be *loyal* to his faithful servants, the priests, the politicians, and bondautocrats."

This is the scroll which the good man, so-called, offered to the poor, starving woman. Is it any wonder that she looked wildly around her for some escape from the power of this devil? Is it any wonder that she hailed with expressions of joy (in that hour of her utmost need) that skeleton phantom, death?—to the guilty, the king of terrors; to the innocent, the kind liberator from the tyranny and persecutions of man. But why that smile of triumph, that gleam of ineffable joy in her face? I, who have promised never to leave or forsake those who put their trust in me, stood behind that skeleton phantom and held up to her eyes the telescope of faith, and through it she saw the promised land, the paradise of God. There will she hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall feed her, and lead her unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from her eyes.

I asked him why the Almighty, who had power to prevent it, permitted such things to be done; why he suffered the strong to trample the weak under their feet; why he permitted war with all its ravages, its wastes, and its desolations; why he permitted the weak and the innocent, like the poor woman at the grave, to be insulted and mocked; and, above all, why he permitted these crimes



to be done in his name, and in the name of his religion. He answered, that one of the hardest things to make man believe is his own depravity. God knows that man is wicked, and could nip his wicked designs in the very bud; but how then would man know his own wickedness? Let man be free to act, and then the world can see his evil deeds. And then, too, these wrongs against his fellow-man are tenfold worse when they are considered as sins against God. A man might plead some excuse for injuring his fellow-man. His fellow-man may be his enemy, and plotting evil against him; he may hold towards him feelings of malice and revenge. God cannot hold such feelings: his heart is full of love and compassion for man; he offers to him his friendship, his protection, with all the blessings of earth and heaven. God permits these things to convince his intelligent creatures both of his mercy and of his justice. If he would execute swift judgment on the wicked, if he would cut them off before they had fully declared their plans and purposes, the world would never have seen the deep depravity of human nature, as it is seen by the Deity. Neither would the world understand the justice of God in denouncing such awful penalties against the wicked. Indeed, if a flash of lightning struck down everybody who sinned, the world would soon be depopulated. Every man will be judged according to his deeds, whether they be good or evil. Then must every man be left free to act, to do good or evil, as he may choose. When men or nations have made their record, when they have filled up the measure of their iniquity, then the judgment comes. And who shall be able to stand in the great day of his wrath? God's thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are his ways your ways; he never leaves nor forsakes those who trust in him; he never suffers them to be tempted above what they are able to bear. The wicked have power over the body only. They may bury the clay part, but the living spark, the soul, is inextinguishable. The canting Pharisee, who insulted the poor friendless woman at her husband's grave, may spend his life in prosperity; for big pay may sell a cheap religion to the bondautocratic thieves and robbers, whose slave he

is; there may be no bands in his death. Ephraim is joined to his idols: let him alone; God, in his anger, gives up the wicked to a strong delusion, to believe a lie; their last sleep is as gentle as the close of a summer's day. But where shall their awaking be? When you remember the beautiful triumph of the poor widow woman, can you help exclaiming in your heart, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his"? It was an adage among heathen nations that the mill of the gods grinds slow. In those times it took nations a long time to fill up the measure of their iniquities; the devil did not have the implements to work with he has now, —gunpowder, steam, electricity, and so on. It then took wicked nations a long time to make a record; it was a long time before their evil deeds were known to the world. Judgment was delayed so that justice might be vindicated. It is different in these times. The wicked deeds of a nation are flashed at lightning speed over the earth. The record is soon made up, and then the judgment sets. Come with me, and I will show you the Great Trial.

I looked, and lo! a throne surrounded with clouds and darkness, and voices came from it, and thunderings and lightnings; and from that throne descended another throne to earth. One sat on the throne which came down to earth, clothed in pure white; and he held in his hand a sword, which gleamed like fire. His name was Justice, and the sword he held in his hand was called judgment. A trumpet sounded from the throne, and many obeyed its summons. Among those who came to the sound of the trumpet was a woman in princely apparel. She was most gorgeously arrayed in costly silks, with rings of gold in her ears, and on her fingers. The crown on her head was set with sparkling diamonds. Her manner was light and frivolous, and her talk was foolish; although she was summoned there to be put on trial for the many charges of crime and folly made against her. Even there, in the presence of the judgment-seat, she did not refrain from dancing and singing foolish songs and making silly jests.

The name of this grand prisoner was the Genius of Civilization. Many witnesses were called to testify against her; I remember the testimony of only a few of

them. Indeed, many testified at the time, for the judge had a number of ministers with him, and each one could listen to one of the witnesses and record his testimony.

But I have omitted to tell of two great personages, who attended the prisoner, and were her principal ministers and advisers. The first was named the State. He was a young man who had just passed his youth, and made the sober business turn of life; that period of life which is so often miscalled the sensible and practical; a time when love gives place to work, when we look upon those who were once bound to us by tender recollections and sweet associations as machines to do our threshing and reaping at a profitable hire; that time in life when fancy's dreams are banished for cold, cunning calculations, made under the glaring gaslight of gold, instead of the sweet, genial sunlight of the soul. His person was tall, manly, and well-proportioned; the traces of youthful courage and generous pride were still plainly visible, and it was truly painful to see them fading under the sinister smile of policy; his manner had evidently been drilled in all the etiquette of studied politeness, and his dress had both the style and air of diplomacy. The other minister was called the Church.\* She, like the queen she served, was dressed most gorgeously, and decked with costly ornaments. And yet was her manner more grave, and dignified, and thoughtful. She wore over her face a veil called humility; but through this veil you could discover an expression of artfulness and guile; she looked with envious eyes at the crown upon the head of her queen. She cast at the queen's other minister lascivious glances, and put on when talking with him the most seductive airs. Her plot evidently was to seduce the great minister, the spouse of the queen, so that she might wear his crown.

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\* The church, as a social gathering of Christian people, I love, nor does it matter to me by what name it may be called. But popery in modern times has drifted back into the superstition of the Middle Ages; and protestantism has fallen into that rationalism which sets man himself up for a god, and persuades him to deny his Creator. "High above all conflict, this hope we can never relinquish; there will yet arise, from the ocean of error, the unity of a conviction, untroubled in its steadfast security, the pure and simple consciousness of the everduring and all-pervading presence of God."—*Ranke's History of the Popes.*



## THE FIRST WITNESS.

THE first witness I saw wore the semblance of Washington, and his name was the Genius of Patriotism. He said :—

What shall I call them? I once called them fellow-citizens. That term would not be applicable now. They have no country to be citizens of. They have voted away their country to the priests and politicians. Shall I call them patriots? It would be a mockery to call them patriots, who, like Esau, have sold their heritage for a mess of pottage. They have exchanged the substantial blessings of a good government, justice, economy, liberty and prosperity, for Mormonism, free-loveism, mesmerism, spiritualism, woman's rights, negro suffrage, and miscegenation, *i. e.* lust, infidelity, insanity, folly, crime, chaos, and anarchy. Ten stars blotted out from their political constellation,—white silver stars, once as bright as the brightest that shone there, stars which shed upon the earth the brightest genius of the Caucasian race. In their stead they propose to pin to the sky, with bayonets, black negro stars. Patriots! No, let me call them slaves. Each one has around his neck a noose with a double drawstring; the preacher has hold of one end, the politician pulls the other. Slaves! yes, I will show them their base servility. I will show them that they are but the menials of that upstart usurper, the bondautocrat. I will show it to them, so that when their children grow up—(here a little boy playing close by stopped to listen) play on, my little bright-eyed boy; don't listen to me. It will be time enough for thee to know the degradation which thy father is preparing for thee many years hence. Yes, thou mightest learn it many years hence, and still have long enough time to suffer.

Play on; I will not show thee the dark and ominous cloud which hangs over thy future, lest the bright smile which plays on thy innocent, unconscious face, should

depart forever. For so plain does it seem to me, that I think even your little eyes, though unused to looking at things in the distance, could tell what this cloud means. Play on. It will only be a little while until those little hands will be toiling to pay back to the bondautocrat the money he lent the government to buy thy father, to be sent to the war and lose his arm. 'Tis only a thousand dollars. The bondautocrat's wife wants a shawl; 'tis the lady's whim and she must have it, even if you should not have a dollar left to buy the necessities of life for the partner of your degradation. And there is thy little playfellow; his father fought for thirteen dollars a month, and was killed the third month of the service. Thirty-nine dollars! Don't the bondautocracy insure life cheap? Your little orphan playfellow will soon pay that, and then he can help you. But what did your father fight for, bleed for, die for? To please the preacher and politician, the servile ministers of bondautocracy. What did they fight for? To change nature's laws, to thwart the decrees of Heaven, to make the black man white, and the white man black. Whither art thou drifting, my boy? Thy lineage, thy name, whither is it drifting, my boy? That name which once brought the pretty blush of love to thy mother's fair cheek. I remember how, when the blush deepened over that pure white skin, the hand of chastity chased it away; and thus did it come and go, blush after blush, until passion subsided in the sweet pink-tinted rose of virtuous love. Where will be the blush of thy bride, my boy? Ask thy father who has been fighting to win for thee a negro bride, that beautiful blush hid under the thick rhinoceros skin of the negro. Thy father's bride had pretty blue eyes.

"And as soft was her eye

As the blue of the sky,

When morn's distilling its dews from above;

Its brightness was veiled in the mists of its love."

Where will be the pure cerulean blue in the eye of thy bride? Mixed and muddled with the cold, glassy glare of the negro's eye. Well could thy father say of his pretty bride,—

"All the stars of heaven ;  
 The deep blue noon of night lit by an orb,  
 Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world ;  
 The hues of twilight, the sun's gorgeous coming ;  
 His setting indescribable, which fills.  
 My eye with pleasant tears, as I behold  
 Him sink and feel my heart float softly with him  
 Along that western paradise of clouds ;  
 The forest shade, the green bough, the bird's voice,  
 The vesper bird's, which seems to sing of love :  
 All these are nothing to my eyes and heart  
 Like Mary's face ; I turn from earth and heaven  
 To gaze on it."

What wilt thou say of thy bride, my boy ? the negro wench thy father would wed thee to ?

As black as is her hide,  
 So low must be my pride,  
 For her smell is as strong as the smell of a skunk ;  
 How can I wed a negro unless I first get drunk ?

But thy name, my boy ; thy father's name, that name to which thy mother gave her youth, her beauty, her obedience, and her love : whither is drifting that name ? Alas ! I see it on the black tide of miscegenation drifting to oblivion. You may violate nature's laws, but you cannot escape the penalty. God has made your race the most beautiful in the world ; and if you attempt to destroy that beauty, he will blot you out. Look at that filly : how slender and tapering are her legs ; how springy her step ; her broad, intelligent forehead, lit by big, bright eyes ! Look at her mane, falling in silky waves over her neck ! How gracefully, too, her tail swings in the air !—easily adjusting itself to every new position, as if to steady and balance all her actions. Among all the animals in the world none is so beautiful. Will she consort with the dull, stupid ass ? Will she consent to be the mother of the slow, servile mule ? See how she spurns him with her heels, and then dashes wildly over the plains. See how she turns her head back, as if in scorn,—hurling at the ugly beast she has left in the distance a neigh of proud mockery. With a higher and nobler instinct than man's boasted reason, she refuses to insult nature by degrading her own being

and marring her own beauty. Not till man, imbruted man (I beg the brute's pardon, bedeviled man), wallowed in the filthy mire of licentiousness, and smeared all over with the slime of cupidity, until not only his reason is perverted, but even the lower instincts of his animal nature are debased and degraded; I say not till man has haltered that filly with his iron curb, and chained her feet with hobbles, will she yield to the embraces of the ugly beast which nature has made for the drudgery of servitude.

But the same almighty power which set bounds to the waves of the deep has said to the waves of human folly and human crime, thus far shall ye go, and no farther. The Creator has denied to this mongrel race the power of reproducing its kind. So of all mongrel races. In a few years they are lost in extinction. But these analyzers of nature teach another lesson, which the people of this country may learn to their own profit. For whom is miscegenation intended? for what class of the people? Will the pretty daughters of the bondautocrat marry a big buck negro? Will his rich son kiss the thick, husky lips of a negro wench? Hardly, I think. In this money-loving age the one can buy a lover of her own choosing; the other too can buy beauty and accomplishments in his own circle, and a half-dozen pretty mistresses among the poor besides. For whom then is it intended? Why, who is it that bears all the wrongs of society? Who has to dress plainer, eat less, and work harder to pay the taxes? Who has to go to the battle-field when war comes, to suffer, to bleed, and to die? on whose backs are these curses saddled? The bondautocracy's? Was there ever such a war before as the one which is just over? Were taxes ever so high? Did you ever see the bondautocrats dress so finely and fare so sumptuously? Did you ever see them before spend so lavishly, and still have so much to spend? Did you meet their sons in the ranks of the army? How many of them do you suppose got killed in the war? How many are hobbling about on crutches? How many of them are going around with one or both arms off, begging bread? Think you that, if they were all mustered into line, that you have a corpo-



ral's guard? I think I have a guess what class of the people miscegenation is intended for. But if I tell, it will offend the bondautocrat and his servile ministers, the preachers, and the politicians. I happened to hear the bargain which was struck between them. I heard the bondautocrat say to the priest and politician,—

"These asses (negro slaves) are pretty good beasts of burden; but they are too slow for the times. They did very well in old foggy times, when everything had to be toted or hauled in wagons. But, my dear sirs, in this age of steam and electricity they are too slow, entirely too slow. Besides, they are too ignorant and improvident; their slow speed and wasteful habits take too much out of the net profits. With such unprofitable animals as these it takes at least three generations to become a millionaire. My good friends, can this matter be remedied? I call you my friends, because I believe you are."

"Yes, sir" (both speaking at once), "we are your friends to the full length of your purse-strings."

"Well, my good friends, my purse-strings are pretty long; and if you can correct this evil, they will be much longer, sirs, much longer."

"We have already," answered the politician, "prepared the way for this business. The negro slaves have been set free; and now if we can manage to get a cross between them and the 'poor white trash,' we will have just such a set of slaves as you desire. A race of mules, sir, between the ass and the horse, more sprightly and active, sir, than the ass, and more durable and submissive to burdens than the horse. My friend the preacher, and myself, have agreed upon a plan which will make the thing a certain success. It shall be my business to have laws enacted requiring the herd-pens (free schools), where the colts are trained, to be common, so that the colts of the horses (white children) and the colts of the asses (negro children) shall be trained together. By a law of association things which are kept constantly together will assimilate in disposition, temper, and feeling. Besides that, the tendency of all earthly things is downward to the dust. The young of all animals are more ready to catch vicious habits than good



ones. Now, sir, upon these two maxims in morals we have based our calculations that the horse colts will soon become so much like the ass colts, that the natural repugnance which the Creator has established between them will be so far overcome, that we will have no difficulty in making them cohabit with each other. Thus you see, good master bondautocrat, we will furnish you with a race of mules much more serviceable than the asses, and much more tractable than the horses. My friend, the priest here, who will have the superintendence of those herd-pens, will order a course of training for these colts suitable to the purpose."

"You just bring the colts all together," answered the preacher, "and I will be answerable for the mixing. I have in my theological chest a powder which will act like a charm. You can both testify how successful I have been in medicining the old horses. Equality, sugared with universal suffrage, I have administered to them with the happiest results. I have laughed in my sleeve, gentlemen, and I have no doubt you have too, to see how easily these animals are deceived; how willing they are to take the shadow for the substance, the mere promise for the thing itself. Especially have I been amused to see how you lead them around. Mr. Politician, I have seen many of them haltered and led to the polls by others to vote; and although they were voting the sentiments of others, and voting away their own liberties, yet did they prance around and neigh as proudly as if they were free, and had no halters on. I then thought to myself, Well, it won't take long to make asses of you. Indeed, although they still retained the characteristics of horses, the noise they made bore a strong resemblance to the braying of the ass. Now the new powder I have is only the expressed essence of the old powder, equality; but its chief beauty is its name, miscegenation. It is a most admirable thing. In the first place, it is new; and in these times, when every change means reform, that is a great deal. I know plenty of people who would be disgusted with mongrelism; but they think miscegenation the sum of excellence. How much there is now a days in big, high-sounding words! I've preached many a ser-

mon to these people, which did not contain a single thought,—a mere jumble of big words harmoniously arranged, smoothly connected and musically spoken; and although they did not learn a thing from them, for there was nothing in them to learn, yet did they praise them to the very echo. Only the other day I preached a sermon, which I prefaced with the declaration that nobody could be a Christian who did not understand theology. My discourse was made up of a number of fine sentences which I had picked out of the writings of learned divines who had written in defense of our sect. Indeed, I had to laugh at the thing myself, for it looked like Joseph's coat of many colors; nay, worse, for the different patches had been patched on without regard to either harmony or contrast. Big and little, white and gray, blue and green, were pinned together just as I had grabbed them up out of my old sermon-bag; really, I don't know which amused me most, the folly of the sermon, or the ignorance and credulity of my hearers. They called it splendid, grand, beautiful, eloquent. I heard afterward that one of the congregation objected to it, and made this very plausible complaint of it, that he didn't understand theology, and therefore could not be a Christian. He went on to controvert it by some quotations from that old fable-book, the Bible. He said that he had learned from that old book, that the way of the Christian, though but a narrow path, is yet so plain that a wayfaring man, even if he be a fool, need not err therein. He said that he had further read that the Author of Christianity himself, when on earth having met with one who was blind, touched his eyes, and immediately the sight of the blind man was restored. It gave such joy to the blind to be able to see, that he went about telling all whom he met and praising his deliverer. But the scribes and Pharisees said to the man whose sight had been restored, Who was he that opened your eyes, and how did he do it? tell us the science, the philosophy of the thing; make the things plain according to our doctrines, our theology. He answered them, I neither know who he was nor how he did it; but this I know, that whereas I was blind now I see. But the Pharisees reviled him, and cast him out

because he believed his sight was restored, when he could not tell who did it and how it was done. I was not a little disturbed," said the priest, "when I saw my good horses so closely-cornered. I was afraid this fellow would put some bad notions into their head, and they would not be so serviceable to me as they had been. However, I was soon relieved, for directly they laid back their ears, and kicked the fellow away as an infidel and heretic."

The politician smiled, and remarked that answer was very conclusive, if not very logical.

"My dear sir," answered the priest, "the conclusion is the end of logic, as it is of everything else."

"I was just thinking," said the politician, "that it looks a little inconsistent in your Protestant sects, who were born of heresy, and have lived all your lives under the damning curse of excommunication, to be casting out heretics."

"People who live in glass houses," said the priest, "ought not to throw stones. I observe that nowadays when you can't answer the arguments of your political opponents in your deliberative bodies, that you call them rebels and traitors, and then expel them. You yourself voted to expel a member of Congress just in the manner stated above. Now, if I remember rightly, you told me once that your grandfather fell at the battle of Lexington, just after the loyal General Pitcairn, of his majesty's service, had called out to him and his comrades, 'Lay down your arms and surrender, you rebels and traitors!' If we commit the same offense, we have at least some excuse for it. Our loyalty is a little older than yours,—over two centuries. Yours is scarcely more than three-score and ten; the limit of human life. Indeed, I know among you some of the most noisy and clamorous at that, whose loyalty was very questionable at the breaking out of the late war."

"My friend, you speak with a good deal of warmth: coolly," replied the politician.

"Sir, you must excuse me," replied the priest, still a little tart. "I can bear to be told of my faults by an honest man; but to be lectured by one who has committed the same offense, and that too in a more flagrant

and outrageous manner, is enough to nettle the patience of a saint."

"And that," said the politician, smiling, "is more than you profess to be."

This hit was so palpable that the priest laughed, and then remarked: "My dear sir, let us leave off this unprofitable discussion, and turn to the herd-pen business. This," he added, "if you will allow me to use that eminently philosophical, practical, and expressive phrase of the times, will, I think, pay better."

"My dear sir," put in the bondautocrat, who had been occupied during this discussion on some business calculation; "repeat that phrase. It falls on my ear as does the soft restrained 'no' of the yielding damsel upon the ear of her lover. Make it *pay*! Ah, there is music in that. I hear in it, sir, the jingle of gold, and gold means loyalty, power, honor, office, royalty. Loyalty, why, bless me, I took contracts from the government to furnish supplies. I had out my agents, I don't know how many, to buy provisions, horses, and I'd like to have said men, but I guess the word horse will cover that species too; indeed, we bought some of them almost as cheap. Loyalty! bless the word, it made my pile just ten times what it was, with a fair prospect for doubling every five years: that beats compound interest two to one. Power! why, my friends, am I not just making a contract with you to make a new breed of mules, to create a race of slaves fit for this enlightened and progressive age? Power, gentlemen! are we not about to harmonize discords, reconcile antipathies, and reverse the order of nature; aye, more, annul the decrees of Heaven itself? Who will have the hardihood not to bow down and worship our god? Whoever he may be, let him remember the fate of the obstinate Hebrew who was cast into the lions' den."

"My good friend," interrupted the preacher, agitated and trembling, "don't repeat that sentence. There is no music in it to my ears."

"Why, what's the matter, friend priest?" asked the bondautocrat. "What means all this consternation? Didn't you tell me that you had no faith in that old book of Jewish fables?"



"I have none, sir," answered the priest; "but even devils believe and tremble. Did not even the fierce lions tremble and crouch before the gaze of the friendless captive, who refused to bow down and worship the heathen's god? It was the same Daniel who was sent for to interpret the vision of judgment which startled the impious Belshazzar from his licentious revelries. A mysterious hand passed over the wall, leaving behind it a blaze of fire. The godless king turned pale and shook like a man with ague; the Chaldean soothsayers and interpreters trembled before the fearful vision: not so the prophet who had refused to worship the god of men and kings. He boldly dipped into the quivering flame the pencil of prophecy, and as he traced it along the wall letters of fire followed it, blazing forth the doom of the Chaldean empire, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. Now, when I remember that the offense of the wicked king was 'the Lord thy God, in whose hands thy breath is and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified,' I thought I saw the same dreadful hand on that wall."

The bondautocrat with a smile of contempt turned away from the preacher, and addressing himself to the politician, said: "Friend, I see we will have to manage this business ourselves. It is a bold undertaking, and will require stout hearts to carry it through. This chicken-livered priest will be of no service to us. Well," he added, "the fewer agents we have the better it will pay them."

"The better it will *pay*," repeated the priest, recovering from his fright,—"*the better it will pay. Pay, pay!* that's what I work for, that's what I live for, that's what I preach for. *Pay, pay:* what will you have me to do?"

"Go to the devil," said the bondautocrat, with a sneer.

"Go to the devil," repeated the priest: "go to the devil. *Will it pay? Will it pay?* Well, wait a little," he added, "till I catch my breath, and get over this scare, and I think I will be ready to start."

"I am sure," said the politician, "you will have to keep this man in your service, for he is prepared to go a little further in the business than I am."

"Well, Mr. Priest," said the bondautocrat, "let us hear something more of this mule-breeding business."

“As a proof of my capacity to serve you in this matter,” said the priest, “I was just giving you an illustration of my success in horse training. When our friend here, the politician, shall have all the colts gathered into the herdpens, I will proceed to administer the powder I spoke of, viz., miscegenation. As the thing is repulsive to the natural taste, it will be necessary to disguise it a little with an admixture of something more palatable. You’ve seen likely those little slices of bread and butter called Sunday-school books. The flour these things are made of is brought from the mill of truth; but falsehood is so largely mixed in the dough as to change both the flavor and effect of this bread upon the system. Once get the taste perverted, and you have a morbid appetite which you can modify gradually to suit any kind of food you may wish to give. If you will examine these pieces, you will find them not true and natural, but entirely artificial; the bread itself made out of cheat, and the butter nothing more than the milky whey of phariseeism. To drop the figure, you will find in reading these books that they contain no true picture of human life; but the characters who figure in them are all either little angels or little devils. It don’t take children long to find out this imposition, and then one of two results must follow: either they will believe nothing and become infidel, or else with that selfishness so common to human nature, they will assume the good character and become Pharisees, which is only another form of infidelity. For, once wrap around a human soul the phylactery of pharisaism, and you have made it impervious to truth. You can hardly persuade one to take medicine who is sure in his own mind that he is not sick. The next medicine we administer, and it is an admirable preparation, is the yellow-back novel. Equally far from nature and truth as the other, this is intended to act upon other organs and develop other passions, to stir up licentious lusts, and to fill the mind with lascivious images. These act like a charm. After reading a few of these they are unable to restrain their animal passions at all, but are ready for anything which will indulge them, however brutal it may be. But the very best thing to facilitate this business will be to introduce into these herd-

pens (common schools), as guides and leaders for the colts, a new species of mares, which are, I believe, natives of this country. The unnatural shape of these big ugly mares serves to deceive both the horse colts and the ass colts, so that both can be easily persuaded to follow them. By nature they are abortions, brought into this breathing world before their time, scarce half made up. They are raised in the mountains of pharisaism, and fed upon laurel, nightshade, hellebore, and other noxious weeds of infidelity. They don't often breed; but whether it is because their hideousness makes them disgusting to the other sex, or because being so unnatural they are devoid of those affections and passions which lead other animals to reproduce their kind, has not been determined. But the devil or some other enemy of this world has furnished them with big, filthy-looking udders, in which settles the distilled essence of the poisonous herbs they feed upon. These udders are supplied with as many teats as the different kind of poisonous herbs they eat. Some of these creatures have only one teat, and it gives out a milk which is according to the herb it feeds on, either mesmerism, spiritualism, freeloveism, mormonism, equality, or what not. But others have all these teats, and in addition one other big black one protruding from the bottom of the udder, and reaching nearly to the ground. There seems to be a duct or channel of communication leading from all the other teats into this one, and pouring into it all their different kinds of poison. Here they are mixed and distilled into the quintessence of poison. This teat is miscegenation, and when pressed or sucked it gives out a yellow, sickly, fetid matter called mongrelism. I've no doubt both you gentlemen know from the description the animals I allude to."

"I would take them to be," said the politician, with a knowing smile, "those animals commonly called the strong-minded. If," continued the politician, "you can once get the colts to follow these creatures and suck them, I am sure we would have no further trouble. The ass colts being naturally low and near the ground will suck them without any difficulty; but the horse, which nature has lifted higher above the ground, will not be brought to



it so easily. It will be, in the first place, a little inconvenient; and then there is a something in the nature of all animals except snakes, a pride which rebels against the idea of stooping, groveling, crawling."

The bondautocrat here remarked, in an under-tone, "I think I know some exceptions to this rule besides snakes."

"Your remark, Mr. Politician," put in the preacher, "brings out a fact, which shows how perfectly those animals are suited to our purpose. You see they have other teats higher up, and coming down at intervals: mesmerism, spiritualism, freeloveism, etc. These other teats they can suck without getting on their knees, and besides, they are not quite so disgusting; so you see a skillful feeder will work them down so gradually that they will get on their knees before they are aware of it."

"But, gentlemen," said the bondautocrat, "what will become of my colts? tell me. Since this thought has come into my mind I don't much like the business."

"Mr. Bondautocrat" (both speaking at once), "you need give yourself no uneasiness on that score. Why, my dear sir," continued the politician, "you can have a nice little herd-pen of your own, where your colts can be trained to your own mind. Indeed, neither Mr. Priest nor myself expect to train our colts after the fashion we have been describing, any further than will be necessary to fit them to take our place when we are gone. We will use the 'poor white trash' for this purpose, sir; 'the poor white trash,' the scrub breed which we bought up to do the drudgery of the war, the vulgar masses, sir, on whose shoulders we are quietly shifting the expenses of that same war, together with the heavily accumulating costs of government. It is astonishing, sir, how well all these things are working together to further our plans. The war was the most fortunate event of all. It created the necessity for an immense amount of money. That money you gentlemen loaned to the government at a pretty high rate of interest; indeed, the debt was more than doubled in this way. The government gave its promise to pay for many a dollar which wasn't worth a half-dollar; I am sure that more than half of the debt

was made by these three things,—frauds, speculations, and the exorbitant premiums the government paid for the money it borrowed.”

To this the bondautocrat answered rather angrily, “I do not see the drift of your argument, sir. Do you mean to question my integrity, or the validity of my claims against the government?”

“Not by any means, my dear sir,” said the politician; “I meant simply to state a fact; and that fact, so far from being derogatory to you, is one of the highest compliments to your financial ability. You managed to loan your money to the government for more than double what it was worth, exacting, at the same time, a condition, that is, exemption from taxation, which will double it again after a while. My dear sir, I thought we politicians were sharp fellows, but this beats us three to one. By the way, I’ve thought often that your profession did not deal as liberally by ours as you ought to. It was by and through us that you have obtained those special privileges which make you the ruling power of this country; and yet when we ask for some liberal remuneration, such as will enable us to live handsomely when the shifting whims of the rabble shall retire us from office, you refuse it, and we are compelled to sell ourselves to some new master, as we did not long ago to the whisky monopolists, in order to make the rise. I cannot but think, sir, that in this matter you stand in your own light. It increases the number of your profession and puts more burdens on the backs of the people.”

“You politicians,” retorted the bondautocrat, sharply, “are like leeches, you are never satisfied; your cry is all the time, more. You are a reckless set of spendthrifts; your extravagant demands would break us up if we did not manage by skillful stratagems to shift the burden on somebody. Whom will we put the burden on, if not the people? Don’t be squeamish about the matter. The people have many backs, good, strong, square backs too. What else are they fit for but to bear burdens? As a proof, look how patiently they submit. Like the camels, they even get down on their knees to receive them. Ay, worse; for when the camel is overloaded he will refuse

to get up ; but these creatures, when you overload them, will ask you to change their natures and make out of them a mongrel race of mules, that they may be better fitted for their servitude. Don't talk to me, sir, about the people. This stuff may do to tickle their ears, while you impose some new burden on them ; but to one who sees their menial subserviency, such twaddle is disgusting. The fact is I can't see how you are going to make mules by crossing such creatures with asses, for they are no better than asses themselves. Why, think of this fact for one moment. In the brief space of six years, at one dash I might say, burdens have been placed on their backs, such burdens as it took the governments of Europe, which you call despotic, a hundred years to put upon the backs of their serfs. Yes, in the brief space of six years the burden of debt has been piled up to nearly three billions, the annual expenses quadrupled, tens of thousands of idle, vagabond negroes fed and clothed at their cost, the original plan of their government by means of States abolished, and military satrapies set up in their stead ; their ancient Constitution utterly ignored in their national assembly, the chief executive office and the supreme judiciary paralyzed by legislative restrictions, and a system of social law adopted which proposes the conversion of their own children into a mongrel race of mules, that they may be the better able to carry the vast additional burdens which inevitably belong to their future. I venture the assertion, without fear of successful contradiction by any facts which have accrued in the past, or which may accrue in the future, that no people in Europe would permit so many and so great changes in their political and social systems without a convulsion which would swallow up the thrones of their royal masters. I ought perhaps to except the serfs of Russia, who never had any idea of what freedom is ; indeed, I was not a little amused to see them receive not long since with acclamations of joy the edict of their royal master, that henceforth he would be the one, sole, absolute master of his people, and that he would hold in his own hands, and at his disposal, the life and property of every man, woman, and child in his vast empire. 'Tis true he did this in the

name of freedom, but the object of the czar was not that the serfs might be free, but that their masters might be slaves; not that any man in Russia might be free, but that every man in Russia might be a slave; something after your mode of freeing the negroes in the South, Mr. Politician," said the bondautocrat, with a smile. "Poor old decrepit Austria! I would except her too, if she was not beneath all notice. Indeed, her people have been slaves so long, even tradition and fables give no account of when they were free. Gentlemen," continued the bondautocrat, "when I consider all these facts, notorious, glaring facts, this mule-breeding business seems to me to be a work of supererogation, a useless expense. Nor am I in the habit, like you, Mr. Politician, of spending money when there is no necessity for it. That system of doing business don't pay. So," continued the bondautocrat, turning to the priest with a smile of mingled pity and contempt, "we will save you the trouble and expense of your proposed visit to his Satanic majesty. I think it won't pay. Pray, sir, what do you think about it? Speak out."

"Gentlemen," answered the priest, after some little reflection, "it seems to me that you have only looked at the surface of things. I am better acquainted with the people than either of you. I have been more intimately associated with them; I've had more to do with them. This ignorance and frivolity you see floating on the surface are not everything. No, there is a deep current, a soul, a wave of fire, under the drift you've been looking at. Let some Hampden, some Luther, some Voltaire, some Patrick Henry, with the hand of inspiration, pull this drift apart and let into the smouldering fire, beneath, the air of truth, and you would see a conflagration such as the world has never witnessed. Then, sir, the priest would have plenty of company to the devil. We would start in a hurry, sirs, pay or no pay. Nor would we be long in going, for the human soul, when once waked up, is a consuming fire to those who have trifled with it and betrayed its confidence. The condition of things you see around you is not natural, but all artificial. It has been brought about gradually



and by a long system of training. I know this because I've had a heap to do with the training; and besides, I can well remember when things were not as they now are. I can remember when it was necessary for a preacher to be a Christian, for the representative of the people to be a patriot, and when the rich man, in order to be popular and influential, had to be honest, kind, and benevolent. But now the priest is most esteemed who evades the truth of Christianity entirely, who makes the strait and narrow path so broad and crooked that the world can go to heaven without going out of its own highway. The politician is most popular who is most accomplished in trickery, most reckless in disregarding the constitution of his country, and most successful in striking sharp bargains with the lobby agents of moneyed monopolies. And the respect which is paid to the rich man is determined not by his integrity and benevolence, but by the number of his thousands or millions, whether they have been accumulated by honest industry and good sense, or by fraud (buying Congress, for instance, to pass some law to give him the monopoly of his business), or directly fleching from the poor their hard-earned trash. Do not delude yourselves with the idea that all these changes have been brought about without a cause. Nor must you forget the fact that there are causes sufficient, if rightly used, to change the whole current of events : yea, amply sufficient to undo all that we propose to do, and to damn us besides. It is our profession, gentlemen, which has prepared the people for the present condition of things. The politician complains of not being paid for his services in this matter, and arrogates to himself the credit of having done it all. But the truth is we have done more than the politician and get worse pay. We have put the people to sleep, we have administered to them the fatal opiates of infidelity. Indeed, I never preach to them without being reminded of that graphic description of one of the prophets, 'They have eyes, but they see not; ears, but they hear not.' For instance, this mule-breeding business of ours is a deliberate purpose and plan to degrade their offspring and fit them for perpetual servitude. The thing is so palpable that if they were not blind they would

see it, if they were not deaf they would hear it. Suppose their eyes were opened for a moment, their ears unstopped, and they should see and hear these things as they are. Gentlemen, it would be better for us if we had a millstone around our necks, and were cast into the middle of the sea."

"Mr. Preacher," said the politician, "I think you are arrogating to yourself claims which do not belong to you. It was the dogma of equality and universal suffrage taught by us which has brought about the present condition of things."

"My dear sir," answered the priest, "the dogma of equality you claim was held and taught by the fathers of the country, the men who created and organized our government. Now, if what you say is true, why did not the present condition of things exist then? Why would not the same cause produce the same effect then as now? Why did not the founders of the government provide, in its organization, for everybody to vote? Why did they not liberate their slaves, and let them vote? Gentlemen," continued the priest, "you seem to be under a misapprehension in regard to the whole matter. I think it will be better, before we go any further, to set the thing right. To my mind there are difficulties in our way, which you don't seem to see at all. The truth is this, the whole doctrine of equality is a humbug. The men who framed this government didn't believe a word of it. This is clear, first, from a history of their actions; they never attempted to carry it into the practical operations of their government, either State or national. Secondly, from the very nature of the case it was impossible; the causes which lead to the principal emigration to this country grew out of that great revolution in the affairs of Europe commonly called the Reformation. Almost every state of Europe became a battle-field in the war between the Catholic Church and the Reformers. This was the greatest awakening of the human mind the world had ever seen. The art of printing had been discovered. The Bible had been translated into the vulgar tongues of the different nations of Europe. When the people compared its truth, its purity, and its justice with the errors,

the licentiousness, and the tyranny of the church, they abandoned the church by thousands. So wonderful was the revolution it brought about that in an incredibly short space of time the Reformers had built up great parties in all the kingdoms of Europe. Indeed, every state was divided. In one state the church party held the power, and in another the Protestant party. The party which held the power in any one state would persecute the other party: they would impose civil and political disabilities; indeed, this was the mildest form of persecution. The block, the rack, the wheel, the dungeon, and in short every species of torture, was resorted to, to destroy heresy on the one hand, and to break down popery on the other. Catholic France, for instance, persecuted the Protestants; Protestant England, on the other hand, persecuted the Catholics. Men living in a country where their religion was not the prevailing religion, found it necessary to do one of three things: to recant publicly and abandon their religion, to hide their faith, or else to endure the pains and penalties of the laws enacted against them. Men who had faith in their religion, and the moral heroism to maintain their faith at every cost, determined to risk the Indian scalping-knife and the wild beasts of the American forests rather than to yield the truth.

“Such were the men, men conscientiously and heroically Christians, who settled this country and founded our government. These men, with the light of the Bible to guide them, could no more believe that all men are equal than you and I, with the light of the sun to guide us, could believe that all men are of the same color. The Bible from beginning to end, both the Old and New Testaments, recognizes at all times, at all places, under all circumstances, the inequality of man. It speaks of princes and people, the noble and ignoble, the wise and the simple; the great and the small, the rich and the poor. All the different persons we find there have different talents. Christ himself tells us that God has given to one man five talents, to another three, and to another one; We find the one has a talent to preach, one to prophesy, one to exhort, one to rule, and so on. More than this, men who made the Bible the rule of their faith, and the



guide of their life, had always their wits about them; they reasoned soundly, rationally, and wisely. Now, reasoning from the analogies of nature, the law of inequality is the order of the universe. Beginning with the great First Cause, God, the creator and author of all things, we have the archangels, the angels, and man—man in highest intellectual endowments, and man coming down step by step, until he gets so low that you can scarcely tell him from the animal. So you can trace the animal down, from the horse and dog—and these are so intelligent that man can almost talk with them—to the sponge, which so nearly resembles the vegetable that it is hardly distinguishable from it. So you can follow the gradations of life in the vegetable world, from the rose, whose beauty and fragrance speak the language of love so eloquently, to the toadstool and fungous growth on the body of trees, which have so little life that you can hardly tell them from dead matter. No, gentlemen, equality was born at other times, and under other circumstances.

“While Luther and his colaborers in the great work of reform used the simple sword of truth, the word of God, they were irresistible. They went conquering and to conquer. They overran Germany, England, France, Switzerland, and indeed nearly all Europe. But when they forgot that the great end and aim of Christianity, its alpha and omega, its beginning and its end, its prophecies and its preaching, its laws and its ordinances, its doctrines and its ceremonies, is, as was beautifully set forth by its divine head, ‘to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself,’ the Reformation stopped. Yes, as soon as they forgot this truth and sat down to quarrel with each other about their foolish theologies, their silly doctrines and stupid creeds, the Reformation not only stopped but commenced going backwards. When the Reformers commenced building ecclesiastical courts, and making ecclesiastical laws, not for the purpose of promoting the glory of God and the good of man, but for the purpose of getting into their own hands power and authority, the Reformation began to go backwards. In the mean time the Catholic Church had reformed many of its abuses; in her hour of danger she

had called to her aid a new class of men. She got into other and better hands. Her new rulers commissioned Loyola and men like him to undertake her defense. They went forth, with Jesuit and other new orders, like an army of martyrs, fired with a holy zeal to defend the church, and die, if need be, in her defense. This army attacked the Protestants, no longer governed by the spirit which begot the Reformation, but divided and wrangling with each other about their foolish creeds. Thousands of good men—honest, conscientious, and benevolent men—had espoused the cause of the Reformation because they believed it to be the cause of truth. But when they saw the new churches falling into the same errors and committing the same follies as the old church had done, when they saw the Reformers teaching for doctrines the commandments of men, and laboring to build up for themselves power and authority by means of ecclesiastical courts, they determined to go back to the mother church. Their purpose was pushed on not a little by the fact that the old church, purified in the fires of tribulation, not only exhibited a holier zeal, but was performing more of the practical duties of Christianity. In going back, however, they had to pass over the debatable ground of skepticism. Here, in this land of doubt and infidelity, was born the dogma of equality.

“Whether it was because France contained a larger proportion of men of this class than other countries, or whether it was because her people had been more cursed by the church, and oppressed with a more intolerable despotism than any other people of Europe, it will not be necessary for us to inquire; it will be sufficient for our purpose to know that France adopted this new philosophy, and made it at once her politics and her religion. The history of her long struggle to build up a system of religion and government upon this infidel idea, together with its utter and terrible failure, are too well known to be described here. Every one who has read history at all remembers vividly the dark deeds of that *reign of terror*; how that the streets of her cities ran red with blood; how that Nemesis, the goddess of revenge, took possession of the river Seine, and refused to be propitiated

until hundreds of innocent little children were offered as sacrifices to its dark waters; how that a strumpet was placed upon the throne, and the people commanded to worship her as the goddess of reason: while the Christian world looked with horror upon this terrible tragedy, it could but look with contempt upon the pitiable and disgusting farce which wound it up. How truly pitiable it was to see a people confessedly great, a people physically, morally, and intellectually equal to any nation on earth, weakened, worn out, and exhausted by this ague-fit of infidelity! to see them conscious of their own wretchedness, begging their old taskmasters, the nobility, and the priesthood, to come back and save them from the madness of their own crimes and follies! Surely, gentlemen, this sight was not calculated to recommend a system of philosophy to such men as the Washingtons, Henrys, Adamses, Franklins, and Hamiltons of America. The truth is, France had at the beginning of that revolution a great soldier and statesman, trained under Washington and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of American liberty, the Marquis de Lafayette. But for trying to stay the fanatical run-mad proceedings of her National Assembly, and for daring to recommend a policy rational, wise, and consistent, Lafayette had to fly from his country."

"Mr. Priest," interrupted the bondautocrat, "I don't see the use of all this history. What has it to do with the case in hand?"

"The fact I've been trying to show you is this: that the condition of affairs now existing in this country is wholly unnatural; that it has been brought about by a certain definite cause, and that cause is infidelity. I repeat it, such monstrous falsehood could never have been imposed upon the human mind unless it had first been lulled to sleep with the opiates of infidelity. Why, sir, any man who is not asleep can tell just by looking around him that there are plenty of men not equal to him, and plenty of others to whom he is not equal either physically, intellectually, morally, or socially. He would know, too, that the simple fact of voting don't make him equal to men who are his superiors, nor make those men

equal to him who are his inferiors. He would know that by a little practice his horses and dogs could be taught to vote, and if voting produces equality his horses and dogs would be equal to him and equal to other men. The common people would know that they haven't got as much learning as I have, nor as much talent as my friend the politician, nor the luxurious refinements and elegancies of life which your wealth enables you to have. In what, then, does this equality consist? In voting—a mere name. They come to the polls, and vote, and then go back to their drudgery and toil, which other people get the benefit of, just like other slaves. It does seem to me that these people, although both blind and deaf, ought to feel that suffrage is only a bauble for them to play with, while other people reap the fruits of their labor."

"What is the use," interrupted the bondautocrat, with impatience, "of this labored effort to prove what nobody doubts? I reached the conclusion by a shorter cut long ago, that these people won't make mules by crossing them with asses, for they are asses themselves."

"Suppose," retorted the priest, a little nettled, "that some Patrick Henry, gifted with inspiration, should preach to these people and wake them up. Suppose they should demand of my friend the politician the Union he promised them the war would save and not destroy, as it has done. Suppose they should demand of me the freedom which I promised from the pulpit the war would bring, when in fact it has brought on them the despotism of an oppressive and intolerable taxation. Suppose they should demand of you the equality which you promised the war would bring, when in fact it has built up a moneyed aristocracy, tenfold greater than any which existed in the country before. Suppose this requisition should come to us, not as a petition, but as the demand of a right,—a right which they as American citizens inherited from their fathers, a right which no power on earth has authority to take from them,—what, sir, would become of your conclusions? what, sir, would become of us?"

"Mr. Priest," said the politician, "this is a view of the matter which had never occurred to me; and it strikes



me very forcibly as being true. If it is true, this is a more perilous undertaking than I supposed, and the risk is more than I feel willing to undertake."

"What, Mr. Politician!" said the bondautocrat, "you getting scared too?"

"I am willing," said the politician, "to do anything which will pay, except to go to the devil. If these people are as terrible as the priest would have us believe, I am afraid that is where we will go to before we get through."

"Gentlemen," answered the bondautocrat, "I don't know that there is such a thing as going to the devil, or such a place to go to; but I do know there is such a place as Wall Street; and such things as gold, greenbacks, and bonds; I know, too, that all these things are for hire at paying rates, and ready always for a speculation which promises to pay."

"This thing will pay beyond a doubt," answered the priest, "if we can only carry it through. It will make secure, Mr. Bondautocrat, what has already been gained. Besides this, it will lead into your coffers a stream of replenishment constant and unfailing. Once succeed in crossing the 'poor white trash' with the negro, and you will have a mongrel race of slaves, without spirit or courage; a race whose docility and tameness will enable you to keep them in servitude forever. Now, what better basis could you have to build an aristocracy on than a class of laborers, who will be made fit by natural laws for servitude? You have no idea, sir, how the infusion of a little negro blood will tame that wild, fierce torrent which rushes through the veins of the Caucasian. Besides this, it will thicken up the skin, and make him less sensitive to the yoke of slavery: they will not gall so quick. But, gentlemen," continued the priest, "we must not lose sight of the fact that this business is risky, and that it will require all the wisdom and power we possess to carry it through. In the first place, we must keep the people constantly asleep with the opiates of infidelity. As this is more especially my part of the business, I will see to it that it is not neglected. The most sure way to do this is to keep them amused by some

new toy. Just now we have hanging, like a plaything around their necks, woman's rights. This bauble will do for some time yet. By the time it gets old and wears out, as temperance, prohibitory laws, mesmerism, spiritualism, etc., have done, we will have something new. In the mean time, Mr. Politician, do you do all in your power to centralize the government, enlarge its powers, increase the military departments, and keep everything in the hands of our party."

"Everything is working to our hand," answered the politician. "If our reconstruction policy is carried through, and it will be beyond a doubt, my part of the business will be done."

"Why did you not keep up the military government in the South?" asked the bondautocrat. "That, it seems to me, would have been the very policy to enlarge the army."

"My dear sir," answered the politician, "our system will answer the purpose much better than a direct military government. It will take twice as large an army to keep those negro governments straight as it would require to carry on a single military government. Under military rule the better class of citizens in those States would control the government. For I care not whom we might send there as military governors, they would recognize at once the vast superiority of the disfranchised party over the party to whom we have intrusted the governments as reconstructed. The black and white negroes," said the politician, smiling, "who have the management of things down there, are wholly incompetent to carry on any government."

"The negroes and '*poor white trash*,' I guess," said the bondautocrat.

"If you had left the word *poor* out you would have hit it exactly," said the politician,— "the negro and white trash. To give the devil his dues," continued the politician, "no class of their people entered upon the war with more zeal, and maintained their cause with greater fidelity, than the laboring people of the South. Indeed, sir had their wealthy citizens exhibited the same spirit of self-sacrificing devotion, we never could have whipped



them. The rich men of the South went into the war, those of the cotton States more especially, for the purpose of creating a new government, which they supposed would add greatly to their wealth and importance. But the masses of the people went into it because it was an invasion of their homes. They looked upon it as a tyrannical usurpation of power by the federal government, for the purpose of trampling underfoot their long-cherished doctrine of State rights. Indeed, they looked upon the whole thing as a violation of the constitutional compact between the States, a total subversion of our system of government, and an outrage upon the genius of American liberty. The democratic party of the North not only entertained the same political notions, but they actually urged the South into the war. When, however, the South got into the difficulty, they not only deserted her, but actually helped to destroy her,—an instance of treachery, meanness, and cowardice such as the world never saw before. The rebels I hate most heartily; but the party who were their friends until they got into trouble, and then turned round and helped destroy them, and the political principles which they held in common with them, I despise. I think, sir, we deserve a good deal of credit for the way in which we managed that thing. In the first place, we bought up the old party leaders with office and gold, until we got the rank and file into line, and then we kicked them out. The South to-day is divided into two parties. The one party consists of the brave and honorable men who, whether rich or poor, were ready to sacrifice their lives and property in defense of what they believed to be the right; my enemies as they are, I cannot but admire the genius, the constancy, and the heroism they exhibited in their desperate defense of a bad cause. The other party is made up of the odds and ends, the rag-tag and bob-tails, the negroes and white trash indeed; poor white men who were cowards, and afraid to go into the army, or deserted it after they were in; rich white men who thought the North was the strong side, and that they had better stay on that side to save their property; men who never had any country but their own farms; never worshiped any God

but mammon, and never told the truth when it was more profitable to tell a lie: lastly, mean white men, who fought against us until they saw that we were the strong party, and then suddenly changing sides, they sought to make amends for their crimes and conciliate us by violent and excessive persecution of their own people. To this jumble of ignorance, cowardice, and meanness we have intrusted the government of these States. The devil himself could not have devised a better excuse for making trouble there and creating a necessity for a large standing army. Another advantage, sir, which our plan has over that of military governments is this: it will not be so objectionable to the people. From the very infancy of our government the people have been taught to look with suspicion upon standing armies. Nothing was so abhorrent to the minds of the fathers of our country. They regarded a standing army as the sum of all evils. So very unpopular with the people has this thing always been, that with all the party changes which this country has witnessed since its organization, no party has ever been rash enough to advocate a standing army. At this time a large number of our voters are emigrants from the states of Europe, and large military establishments are still more unpopular with them than with native citizens; they had standing armies at home, and they know what they mean."

"Did I not understand you to say," asked the bond-antocrat, "that your plan will require larger armies than the other?"

"Yes, sir, twice as large; but the difference will be this. In the first plan the army is used directly to govern, in the other it is used indirectly. In other words, under military rule the army would govern the people; under our reconstruction policy the army will govern the governments of the people. The people, sir, believe in self-government; nor would they permit an army to be kept in the South to rule the people there. But when we tell them that we are keeping an army there to support and uphold the cause of freedom and universal suffrage, it makes it all right. Had Napoleon Buonaparte told the French people that he wanted large armies to make him-

self master of his people, and their king, they would have chopped his head off; but when he told them he wanted the army to protect the liberty and glory of France, they applauded him. After he got the power in his hands the people found out what he was doing; but then it was too late. We must keep the people in ignorance until we get our power established. Still another advantage our plan has: if we may use military power to govern a Southern State when it is refractory, why may we not use it upon a Northern State too? Some of the Northern States may object to the rule after awhile, but their mouths will be estopped from complaining if we use the military; for surely if they sanction its use against other States, they will have no just grounds of complaint if it should be used against them. Don't you see the point of my argument, Mr. Bondautocrat?"

"Ah, my dear sir," replied the bondautocrat, "these are the points I like; and then I admire your way of going right straight to them. Our friend the priest always has to give us first a great long preamble of history and philosophy, and every few steps he sees the hand write on the wall at Pharaoh's feast, and stops to put up a finger-board with danger writ on it. Indeed, I don't believe he has quite gotten over the first scare I gave him when I incidentally alluded to that old Jew Belshazzar—was it not?—that the lions eat up."

"My dear sir," said the priest, a little nettled at the ignorance of his master, "I fear my history will fare worse in your hands than Daniel did in the paws of the lion."

"I confess I never studied your history and philosophy," said the bondautocrat; "nor do I regret it, for I have made other studies pay me better than these fooleries have paid you. Men are my books, and I have studied them to some purpose. I've made it pay, sir: millions. Don't you think I've made better use of my books than you have of yours?"

"Yes," answered the priest, a good deal nettled, "you've used the politician to betray his country and sell its liberties, and the priest to betray his God, and sell his soul to the devil, in order to filch from the people their hard-earned trash, that your coffers might be filled."

“Ha! ha!” laughed the bondautocrat. “I have been a more prudent man than you, and invested my funds to better advantage, that’s all. When my salary was one thousand dollars, I saved five hundred; and when it got to be five thousand, I saved twenty-five hundred,—half, yes, always half. As soon as I got able I started a factory. It was a good business, paying me about five thousand a year. Hands were cheap, and provisions low; at least I bought for them the cheap kind. This was about ten per cent. on the capital invested. In the mean time I met with a lobby member of your body, Mr. Politician, and he proposed for ten thousand to get a bill put through to protect my business. I at first objected, for it looked like risking too much upon an uncertainty. When he assured me, however, that it would make my business pay fifty per cent., and that there was no risk in the matter at all, I closed the bargain at once. After he got my money he told me that I had better have another ten thousand ready, for it might require that much more. He said he could not tell the exact amount it would take, but he knew there was a sum which would do the business beyond a peradventure. It did take the other ten thousand. This was several years ago, when the business was comparatively new and things didn’t work so smoothly as they do now. They were afraid of the people then, and had to work very cautiously. Indeed, there were plenty of men in your body then, Mr. Politician, called patriots, who were on the lookout for these things. For if they could find them out and report them to the people, it would make them extremely popular. I suppose Mr. Priest would tell us that the people were not asleep then, as they are now. Really, some change does seem to have come over the spirit of their dream. Not long ago, Mr. Politician, I heard a member of your body, while giving an account of his stewardship to his constituents, allude boastingly to one of these transactions by which he himself had made a good round sum; and his people applauded him and sent him back for another term. By the way, Mr. Politician, what has become of those men in your profession whom they used to call patriots? The old set I know are all dead and gone; but



I suppose they were not all bachelors. Some of them must have left children behind, and what has become of them? These times we never see them nor hear them spoken of at all."

"You seem, sir," answered the politician, "to have been so much absorbed with your business as to lose sight of the many changes of this progressive age. This, however, has been rather a change in name than in fact. Patriotism was only another name, sir, for loyalty. Both words mean fidelity to your government; patriotism and loyalty are synonymous terms: either may be used for the other. My friend here, the priest, who is a more profound scholar than I am, will correct me if I am wrong."

"To some extent you are right," said the priest, smiling. "For our purpose your definition is not only correct, but most admirably expressed,—a pretty thing to show to the eyes of the blind, and a musical thing to tickle the ears of the deaf."

"I don't understand you," said the politician, a little out of humor.

"Well, gentlemen," answered the priest, "to make a sharp point, and to go right straight to it, George Washington was a patriot and Benedict Arnold was a loyalist; Marion and Sumter were patriots, while the tories of the Carolinas and their Indian allies were loyalists."

"I claim to be a loyalist," said the politician, with warmth, "and you don't mean to class me with Arnold and the tories of the Carolinas, do you?"

"I do not propose to class you at all," said the priest. "I was simply stating facts. Loyalty means fidelity to a reigning power, to an existing government. Patriotism means fidelity to your country and to the people of that country. In Europe loyalty means fidelity to the king, whether he be a father to his people or a tyrant and taskmaster. In America loyalty means fidelity to a particular party in power, whether it is trying to promote the good of the country and the happiness of the people, or to hold possession of the government for selfish and ambitious ends. Do you believe that, in imposing on the Southern people the infamous government you have just described, you had a proper regard for their rights and happiness,



or for the welfare of the whole country? Would you pretend to say that we, who are trying to make a mongrel race out of the common people of this country, in order that they and their children may be slaves forever, are acting with a just regard for their rights and happiness? Gentlemen, it is well for us that patriotism is forgotten. 'Tis well for us that the word has become obsolete; it will be well for us to let it sleep with the people. I look upon it as a dangerous word, especially in the hands of those who have forgotten its meaning."

"Another finger-board!" said the bondautocrat, smiling.

"I am afraid," said the priest, "that you and the politician will get off the road before we get to the end of our journey, despite all my finger-boards."

"Mr. Priest," said the politician, "this is pretty plain talk of you, to say the least."

"I am sorry," answered the priest, "that it is necessary for me to talk so plain, for there are some things better understood than said. And yet they had better be spoken out plainly than not to be known. If we go into this business with our eyes shut we will certainly be swamped,—be hanged, I might say; for if the people find out what we are up to, hanging will be considered too good for us."

"I cannot but think," said the bondautocrat, "that the priest attaches more importance to this matter than it deserves."

"That is my opinion, too," said the politician. "Look, for instance, at the governments of Europe; every one of them is an aristocracy. Indeed, it seems to be a thing not hard to do, but something which comes of itself. It seems to follow as a matter of course from the very nature of the case. To tell the truth," continued the politician, "this thing of democracy is all humbug; it never has succeeded, and never will."

"I agree with you exactly," said the bondautocrat.

"Gentlemen," said the priest, "the practicability of democracy is a question which we need not discuss. It has been heretofore the government of this country, and the people believe in it. Nor will they give it up without a desperate struggle, unless they can be cheated

out of it. The case of European governments is not analogous; and even if it was, it would not bear the inference you propose to draw from it. We propose to do in a short time what it took the governments of Europe generations and ages to accomplish. Nor indeed did they succeed except by indirect means. Kings would make war upon neighboring states, and this would be a pretext for raising large armies. When the war was over the danger of another war would be a good excuse for keeping up the army. 'In time of peace prepare for war' served the purpose of kings to gull the people, just as the cry of freedom and equality have served our purpose. After they succeeded in getting up large armies, and weaning those armies from the people by long separation, they could afford to disregard the people. The armies soon became attached to the kings, for they were the masters who fed and clothed them, led and drove them. More than that, these things were done when the European world were just emerging from barbarism. The wonderful facilities for giving information to the people, and enlightening them in regard to matters affecting their rights and happiness, did not exist then as they do now. Nor did every man then have a Bible in his house, that mortal enemy of oppression and tyranny. Aside from all these things, it is historically true that no state of Europe surrendered its liberties without more than one desperate struggle to prevent it. We had better look this thing straight in the face, and prepare to meet its many dangers, and not try to persuade ourselves that it is a thing easy to be done. Indeed, my friend here, the politician, and myself, can afford to work hard to accomplish it; and you, Mr. Bondauto-crut, can afford to pay well. It will secure to us and our children those peculiar and special privileges which the aristocracy, the politicians, and the priesthood enjoy under the governments of Europe. Much has already been done. A mighty revolution has been wrought in American politics. The whole plan and policy of our government has been changed. The spirit which originated it and organized it is dead,—yes, to all intents and purposes, dead, for it can neither see nor hear, so nearly, gentlemen, does sleep resemble death. We have put the

patient to sleep, and all that is necessary now is to keep on hand a plentiful supply of the opiates of infidelity. While the patient is asleep, do you make haste, Mr. Politician, to perform your operation, and do it well. Open a vein and infuse a little negro blood; and when the patient wakes up he will be as tame and spiritless as we would have him to be. What an admirable mudsill for a wealthy aristocracy! No aristocracy of Europe has a serfdom as subservient as ours will be, nor half as safe. Their serfs have in their veins the pure Caucasian blood, and in their heads the quick, fervid, flashing brain of the Caucasian. Every now and then the exaction of tyranny heats that blood to the boiling-point, and the friction of galling oppression sets that brain on fire; and then loyalty and royalty, kings and their thrones, aristocracies with the gold, the pomp, and splendor which they have manufactured out of the sweat and tears of the people, are wasted in the consuming flames of that fire. Our mulattoes, quadroons, and octoroons will give us no trouble. This will be the beauty of our aristocracy; it will last forever and never be disturbed by revolution."

"But I have been told," said the bondautocrat, "that mongrel races will run out; and if it be true, what will become of our race of mules?"

"That is true," answered the preacher,— "a truth demonstrated by science, history, and analogy. But, my dear sir, we can easily get around that difficulty: while it is running out we will keep running it in. In other words, we will keep up fresh infusions of blood from both sides. Ireland and Germany will supply us with fresh horses (poor white trash), and the supply of asses (negroes) on hand is pretty large. It will last for some time yet. By the time it runs out we will have the matter in our own hands, and can ship fresh supplies from Africa."

"What!" interrupted the politician, "the ignorant, filthy negro, fresh from barbarism?"

"And why not?" answered the preacher. "The doctrine which we are teaching the 'poor white trash' is, that a man is rather a better man for being a negro. It then follows as a matter of course, the better the negro the better the man. So the very best man would be a

simon pure, fresh from Guinea. These times," said the priest, "the negro is the model man. Now the characteristics of the negro are a broad foot, flat nose, and strong smell. The negro fresh from the sod would be the highest model, for his foot would be broader, his nose flatter, and his smell stronger; and as for the black skin, which seems to be above par just now, why the Guinea nigger would shine with all the brightness of a tropical polish. The easiest thing done in the world, sir! We have already persuaded the people to believe that the negro is a noble race, so noble that although they have been subjected to the demoralizing and degrading tyranny of a brutal system of slavery for generations they are still equal to the white man. Now if this be true, and whether it is or not they believe it, could they hesitate to believe that a negro fresh from his native sunny home, where he has never been subjected to the debasing influences of slavery, is better than the white man? This reasoning is so clear that no one can refute it."

"Ah, my dear sir," said the politician, "the negro has, notwithstanding his slavery, been for a long time under the influence of our enlightened and progressive civilization; and this has vastly improved his condition physically, morally, and intellectually."

"That," answered the priest, "is the argument of the slave-holder. He claims that he found the negro the most degraded of all barbarians, and that slavery is a system of education admirably suited to his nature and condition; that under his pupilage the negro progressed more rapidly towards civilization than any barbarian race ever did under any system of education. Now all of this is true if the negro is, as we have made the people believe, equal to the white man. The different families of the Caucasian race in Europe, who in their native barbarism were infinitely superior to the negro, have been under the influences of that same progressive civilization for over eighteen hundred years; and yet they are not educated up to a fitness for self-government. The very best of these nations have repeatedly made the experiment, and most signally failed. Why, only a few years ago, the people of this country had such high notions of citizenship under



our government, its duties and responsibilities, that they believed even the German and Irish emigrants were not fit to be intrusted with it. I repeat it, sir: if slavery, which only a few generations ago found the negro so ignorant, so filthy, and so degraded an animal that he was hardly considered as belonging to the human species, has in this short space of time made him equal to the most virtuous and enlightened of the Caucasian race (for such we claim to be), and made him fit to enjoy the broad freedom and to discharge the grave duties of a citizen of the freest government in the world, then does it follow beyond a cavil that slavery is the most beneficent system of education ever devised by human wisdom. It would follow also that the slave-holder is the greatest benefactor of mankind; so likewise would it follow that the desolating and destructive war which we have waged against those people is a crime without a precedent in the history of human wrongs."

"Another cross-road for another finger-board," said the bondautocrat, smiling.

"The same old cross-road, and the same old finger-board," said the priest. "I have come to it from a new direction, to see if you gentlemen would know it."

"I see on it," said the politician, "the same old sign, 'Don't wake up the people.'"

"Exactly," said the priest; "a people who believed yesterday that they ought to sacrifice their lives to liberate a race of slaves from a debauching and degrading servitude, and to-day believe that those same slaves are as good or a little better than they are themselves, must be laboring under some dreadful infatuation,—an infatuation not less powerful than the witchery of infidelity."

"I believe," said the politician, addressing the bondautocrat, "that these priests have had us bewitched too. For really this is a view of this whole matter which had never occurred to my mind before."

"I never trouble my mind," said the bondautocrat, "about your philosophies. My objection to slavery was that it was not a paying institution. Some years ago I visited a sister of mine down South, who had married a slave-holder; and I came to the conclusion, while on



that visit, that she and her husband were worse slaves than their negroes. Their negroes were the slowest hands I ever saw, and then their improvidence, and neglect! why, they wasted half as much as they made. You have no idea what a trouble, too, it was to take care of the sick, the old, and decrepit. I laughed, and told them that my slaves up North did me twice as much service, without half the care and expense. I was opposed to it, gentlemen, simply because it wouldn't *pay*. I strongly suspect that you, Mr. Politician, opposed it for the same reason; you found it easier to abuse slavery and be a representative of the people, with free access to the public crib, than to stay at home and work."

"You guess well," said the politician, laughing. "An admission I would not like to make outside of this council-chamber; but as our deliberations are strictly private and confidential, it don't matter. I suppose your outer door is locked," continued the politician, addressing the bondautocrat.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "I locked it myself."

"And I," said the priest, "put in the iron bolt after you left it."

"And wrote danger over the door," added the bondautocrat, smiling.

"Could the people know," said the priest, "the facts which have been disclosed here to-night, it would be a useless precaution to write danger over the door. Aye, your bolts and bars too would be useless, for they would melt in the fire of their anger."

"I suppose, Mr. Priest," asked the bondautocrat, "that your opposition to slavery sprung from motives of benevolence?"

"Benevolent motives like mine!" said the politician, with an expressive look; "benevolent feeling for himself and family."

"Most as good at guessing as the bondautocrat," said the priest. "Why is it that we are so reluctant to confess some things, even to those who know them as well as ourselves? This is the point, gentlemen, I've been driving at all this time."

"Well," said the bondautocrat, with a smile, "I

thought you were only driving at it, for I have never yet been able to see anything where you have been putting up all those finger-boards. Straight to it, Mr. Priest, and let us see the bugbear which has frightened you so often, and which you have used so repeatedly to frighten us with."

"Then, gentlemen," answered the priest, "to be as candid as yourselves, I was opposed to slavery for the same reason that you were. I opposed it because I found that policy would *pay* better. I advocated abolition for the same reason that I preached temperance, teetotalism, know-nothingism, mesmerism, spiritualism, woman's rights, equality, miscegenation, and so on. When these humbugs were first started, I set my face against them, because they were all clearly contrary to reason and Scripture. Not only did my conscience condemn them, but they were abhorrent to my feelings as a man. But when I compared my little old-fashioned church and the little assembly of plain, unpretending people who worshiped there, with the splendid new churches around me, when I looked at their fine organs, fine choirs, and their large rich congregations, I began to cave in. More especially was this the case, when I found out that men, with less than one-third the brains and information which I possessed, were getting three times as big a salary. My family, too, complained. My wife was particularly bitter on my old-fogy notions, as she chose to call them. She complained, too, that whilst the daughters of other ministers were educated at boarding-schools and received into the first circles of society, her daughters had to go to common schools and to associate with common people. I never tried to reason with her, because I never in my life met with a woman who had the remotest idea of what reason is. If their whim is to do wrong, an angel couldn't persuade them out of it. And let it be said to their credit, if their whim is to do right, the devil couldn't beguile them to do wrong. I have often regretted that Mother Eve didn't take a prejudice to the tree of good and evil knowledge, for if she had we might have been in a paradise to this day. At length, fretted by my poverty, my pride, and the ceaseless importunities of my

wife, I announced my intention to preach an anti-slavery sermon. I pretended to have examined the subject and found out my error; but henceforth my place would be in the very front rank of reformers. A great many people came out to hear me. Indeed, many admired my talents and learning who did not like my politics. I put my best foot forward, you may be sure, and my effort was applauded to the very echo. Sometimes the people would weep, sometimes they would laugh, and sometimes they would applaud. This latter demonstration seemed to me to be very much out of place. It gave me such a shock that I surely would have broken down, had it not occurred when I was nearly through. Not many of my own congregation had come out to hear me. The few who did come were so much offended that they got up and left the church. It seemed to them to be a horrible desecration. The next day a committee waited on me from the church, to remonstrate against my course; when I refused to heed their kind but earnest remonstrance, they reminded me of my inconsistency. I answered tartly that good men saw their errors and repented of them; only bad men hold on to them. They then asked me kindly but firmly to resign my charge, that they might get another minister. I told them I would do it with pleasure; I did not want to preach for a people who did not desire to hear me. Gentlemen, excuse me; I tremble yet to think of that parting scene. An old gray-headed man, who had been a father in the church and a father to me, was the last to shake hands with me. As his palsied hand grasped mine he looked into my face with that mingled expression of truth, love, and piety which we so often see in the faces of those who are about to start to their long home. Firm in his own integrity, yet weeping out of pity for an erring son, he let fall on my ears words which tingle there still. 'My son,' said he, 'I will start in a few days to the better land. My sands of life are nearly run out. One thought has cheered me and brightened the gloom of that dark valley through which I must soon pass. It was the thought that our little flock, ever pure and unspotted from the world, would come to me there, together with our loved pastor. But if you

continue in your present course, you at least can never come to me. The frail bark you are now in cannot stem Jordan's angry flood; but swiftly down the dark river of death will it sweep to that ocean whose waves are fire, and whose shores are eternity. This, this will be the last farewell.' Had the stars of heaven been mine, and they all of silver, I would gladly have given them to be able to recall one day of my life. Gladly would I have bid farewell to earth with all its glittering baubles; all, yes all, rather than bid that sainted old man that last farewell. Often now does that tremulous voice break in upon my reveries, or startle my midnight sleep with those awful words,—'This, this is the last farewell.'"

The priest here became so deeply agitated that he could not control his feelings any longer. Even the bond-autocrat seemed to be touched with pity, and respected the pause.

"For a month afterward," continued the priest, after recovering his self-possession, "I was receiving letters of congratulation upon my conversion to the cause of humanity. And then my church had turned me off. How delicious it is to be made a martyr of, especially in a bad cause! I got directly a half-dozen calls to big churches."

"Of course," said the politician, "you accepted the one which offered the biggest pay."

"Not exactly," answered the priest. "For I found out upon inquiry that the pay there had been run up to the high-water mark, and was then rather on the ebb. I accepted the next best offer, because they were not as yet so heavily taxed, and were able to pay a good deal more. They did really in the next year double my salary. At once I set myself to work to please my new people, and whilst engaged in this study, I discovered why people would pay so much more for a preacher who would make abolition, free-love, and woman's rights speeches, than for one who would preach to them the truths of the gospel. I was not long in finding out the secret. I found this new Christianity was both cheaper and more palatable than the truths of the Bible. Men who had spent the week in financial gambling, commercial chicanery,



political trickery, judicial sophistry, or indirectly filching from the poor their hard-earned cash, would come on Sunday and hear a thrilling appeal in behalf of the poor oppressed negro. They would get up a state of good feeling, shed a plentiful supply of tears, give a few dollars to the church, and subscribe something for the publication of some new book written in defense of the cause of humanity, that is, Maine liquor laws, mesmerism, spiritualism, woman's rights, etc. They would then go home fully satisfied that they had done God and man sufficient service not only to atone for the sins of the past week, but that the excess of charity deposited to their credit would be enough for the next week, should disease or accident hurry them suddenly to their account. At the end of the year it would be easy, out of a net income of several thousands, to give the priest a few hundreds, who had beguiled the long, tedious hours of Sunday with pleasant music and learned discourses, seasoned just to their taste. How cheerfully even could they give a fraction of their abundance to one who had opened the door of heaven wide enough for them to go in with all their sins on their backs! How very relishable, too, it made the sermon, to season it well with hatred of those who didn't belong to this new sect of Christians! When the prohibitory law was the mania, how I would abuse those who claimed that whisky and wines might be profitably used on some occasions. How I used to abuse, as infidels, those who refused to believe in mesmerism, spiritualism, and all the other isms which have been set up by infidelity to supplant Christianity. But my principal religion was to hate and revile the slave-holder. How I would work up their feelings on this subject, until their hearts were filled with the bitterest hatred! How much more palatable it is for the human heart to hate than to love! The measure of a man's Christianity was the degree of his hatred. The most devout Christian in my church (for he was the bitterest hater of the slave-holder) worked about a hundred laborers, and he would fleece them to the very buff. Besides hiring them always at reduced wages, he would manage, by furnishing them with provisions and clothing, to get back half of the



small wages he had agreed to pay them. But then these poor devils were only 'poor white trash.'

"Gentlemen, this religion, or rather irreligion, is a good religion for the rich; but then the rich are only a very small proportion of the people. The great majority of the people are the laboring classes, and this religion don't suit them. Suppose somebody would preach to them Christianity, what a waking up there would be! It is a good religion for the common people. One of its marked characteristics, as given by its great Author, is, the poor have the gospel preached to them. Christianity says to the financial, commercial, and every other species of gambler, Thou shalt not steal. It says to the rich, Go and sell what thou hast, and give to the poor. It don't trifle with the laborer by giving him the bauble of suffrage and an imaginary equality, whilst he is toiling for wages which don't furnish the comforts, nay, hardly the necessaries, of life. It says, Thou shalt not muzzle the ox which treads out the grain; it says the laborer is worthy of his hire. It claims, too, for its great head the Creator, the fruits of the earth, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, not to pamper the few, and gratify their licentious lusts, but to feed and clothe and comfort all. I have no doubt, gentlemen," continued the priest, "the fact has never occurred to you that at the beginning of the war we had a worse system of slavery in the Northern States than that which existed in the South. We bought our slaves, hundreds of thousands of them, at prices ranging from five hundred to two thousand dollars per head; we bought them at these prices, too, to go to the slaughter-pens of war; to endure the toils, the privations, the dangers, and insults of a soldier's life; to lose their arms and legs; to lie unburied upon a hundred battle-fields, and to leave their wives widows and their children orphans. I say, to endure all these hardships, and to come to this awful end, we bought them at prices ranging from five hundred to two thousand dollars, to be paid in an uncertain and fluctuating currency, always at a discount. This was the estimate the masters put upon their slaves in this land of freedom and equality. And the estimate was just, for any number of purchases could be made at

these rates. At the same time, negro slaves were selling in the South at prices ranging from fifteen hundred to three thousand dollars in gold. I mean young, hearty, and able-bodied men, such as we bought for the war. They, too, were bought, not to be subjected to the privations and hardships of war, but to do honest labor; not to be wounded, maimed, and destroyed, but to raise rice, cotton, sugar, and tobacco, to feed and clothe mankind; the purchaser being bound, after the slave ceased to be serviceable, either from accident or age, to take care of him till death. What became of our slaves after the war was over? We, indeed, give them a little land as a bounty; but this is away off in the wilderness. As it is wholly inaccessible to them,—for they are too poor to use it,—they are compelled to sell it at a mere nominal price to those who stayed at home during the war and made money. These parties buy it, and let it lie, to be a fortune some of these days for their children; or else a number of them buy up these claims until they get a large body of land, and then they join and buy Congress to make a railroad through it. That's not all; these poor devils are put to work to pay back the money which was used to buy them with. For this money is a part of the government debt; and who pays that but the laboring classes, the same men who were bought up to do the fighting? The rich don't pay it; for, as oppressive as the taxes now are, they are getting richer. No, sir, it is the common people on whom all the burdens of debt must eventually fall. But, gentlemen, it seems to me to be useless to discuss this matter any further. You see that we are standing on dangerous ground. You see, too, the necessity of doing our work quickly and thoroughly. We must move heaven and earth to get things in our power before the people wake up. When we get the government in our hands, and this we must do at all hazards, let them wake up; we can then afford to laugh at them. But, to put the thing beyond the possibility of danger, we must perfect this mule-breeding business. Let us once get a cross between the negro and 'poor white trash,' and our work will be done for ever."

"I think," said the bondautocrat, "there is some truth

in your view of the matter, and some danger, too. At all events, there will be nothing lost by being on the safe side."

"I agree with you," said the politician; "but I hardly think as much haste and precaution necessary as does my friend the priest."

"You politicians," answered the preacher, "are a reckless set of men. You not only do things which are foolish and inexpedient, but you do such things when there is no earthly necessity for them. For instance, you have imposed an unlimited stamp-tax on the people,—an extremely bad thing at best, because of its origin. It was one of those wrongs which led our fathers to throw off the authority of the British government and set up for themselves. Now, instead of trying to conceal the obnoxious association of this thing from the people, it would seem that you are trying to remind them of it constantly. For you have on every stamp the face of George Washington, whose memory is dear to the American people, because he led their fathers successfully in that long and terrible struggle against this same infamous stamp-tax."

"You mistake," said the politician; "it is not the same tax, but a very different one. That was taxation without representation."

"Are not," said the preacher, "the children of Patrick Henry, of the Marions, of the Sumpters, and the children of the Lees, aye, the very descendants of Washington even,—are not the children of those noble men who gallantly flew to the help of our fathers, and made a common cause with them, paying this stamp-tax without representation?"

"They are rebels, and don't deserve representation," said the politician.

"I find out," said the preacher, "that they who want to play the tyrant over their fellow-men are never at a loss for a plea. England had one, and a very good one in her own estimation, when she wanted to impose the stamp-tax on our fathers. England has one, and a good one in her own opinion to-day, for trampling Ireland under her feet. Russia had one for blotting out the exist-

ence of Poland. Austria had an excuse for destroying the freedom of Hungary. France had an excuse for keeping Italy in chains. Indeed, every despot who has ever scourged the world has had an excuse for it,—one, too, which was good in his own estimation. We have an excuse for doing what we are now about, trying to make a race of mules out of the negroes and ‘poor white trash.’ But do you think the ‘poor white trash’—if they knew what we were at—would consider our excuse a good one? My dear sir, there is an extreme degree of folly in this thing of putting Washington’s face on these stamps, which looks to me like infatuation. If we don’t act with more prudence than this, the people will find us out; and then, as I said before, it were better for us if a millstone were hanged about our necks and we were cast into the midst of the sea. This stamp-tax ought to have been avoided anyhow, on account of its obnoxious associations. Why, the rebels will say, and how will you answer them, that if they were never justifiable before in being rebels, they are now; for you have imposed on them the same wrongs which led our fathers and their fathers to rebel. That rebellion we justify and applaud. They will say they fought us because they believed that we intended to impose those grievous wrongs on them. By imposing those wrongs as soon as we got the power in our hands, and that, too, in the most palpable and unpopular shape, we justify both their suspicions and their conduct.”

“Well,” said the politician, “after all, we are only following the example of your profession. After the war was over, and I saw the South a heap of ruins; when I saw the mothers at the graves of their sons, like Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they were not, I could not but pity them, as badly as I hated them and as earnestly as I worked against them. About that time I read a long discourse, in which the author took occasion to mock at those wretched mothers and to insult their woe. There was a heartlessness in this thing which looked to me heathenish. Whose image and superscription do you suppose I found on this discourse? none other than his who died for his



enemies, his who, when he looked over Jerusalem, that proud and rebellious city, and saw, with the eye of prophecy, the woes which were about to overtake it, wept. Yes, he wept for them who were preparing to slay him. How different, too, was his language: 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings!' And yet this discourse I speak of, so bitter and malevolent, had on it the sign of the cross, for it was signed the Rev. —, the chief priest of your sects; I say sects, because I don't know whether he belongs to the Pharisees or Sadducees: I suspect the latter, for he certainly don't believe in a hereafter."

"I know whom you mean," said the preacher; "he repented of that afterward, and recommended a kind and conciliatory policy towards the South."

"I know how much he repented," said the politician. "Such a monster may repent of some unintentional good he has done, but never of evil. That crafty old Machiavelli who runs the machine at Washington, and watches so closely the changes of political sentiment, wanted a good strong weather-cock to see if the heavy gale which had been blowing from the north, and bearing the ship of state along with it, had not subsided enough for them to make headway against it. He duped this creature with false promises, or equivocal ones at least, such as he always makes, to become his weather-cock. When he found the current was too strong to be stemmed, he left the weather-cock to be blown away or to turn with the wind. The world was amused to see this weather-cock—for such he is and ever has been—a mere negative thing, without a spark of moral courage, that vital and inherent life-principle which gives motion to noble bodies, and enables them to move against the times and tides around them.—I say that the world was amused to see this weather-cock, so contrary to the nature of the thing, fluttering for a time against the wind. They did not know that it had been electrified by the touch of political power and patronage. It didn't last long, however. A heavy gale from his church at — put the thing back in its place, and showed to the world that a weather-cock



is only a weather-cock after all. His rich paymasters at his fine church in — murmured their dissent; and the thought of losing ten thousand a year, without the certainty of high political preferment, was too much wind for even a big weather-cock. Most truly has he repented of the little good he proposed to do to the South, and followed those bitter and revengeful inclinations of his cowardly soul with a new zeal."

"This mule-breeding business, gentlemen," interrupted the bondautocrat with a smile, "is a big undertaking; but really I would rather try my hand at that than to attempt to make honest men of you two, if half you say of each other be true. I think," he added, "that it would be easier to make mules out of the negro and 'poor white trash' than to make patriots and Christians of politicians and preachers."

"As to being a Christian," said the politician, "I never made any pretensions to that. My friend the priest can answer for himself."

"I suppose," said the priest, "I am just about as good a Christian as you are a patriot."

"Well, really," answered the politician, "I never claimed to be a patriot any further than patriotism means loyalty."

"And that," said the preacher, "is just far enough to get the loaves and fishes, and not——"

"And not," put in the politician, "far enough, brother, to honor the miracle that made them."

"Gentlemen," said the bondautocrat, "to talk seems to be the business of both your professions; to act is the business of mine. Let us determine upon a plan of operations for the future, and go to work."

"Well," said the preacher, "it is my part of the business to prepare the minds of the people for miscegenation; yours, Mr. Politician, to make the thing practical by legislation; and yours, Mr. Bondautocrat, to pay expenses. Take care, Mr. Politician, to so shape the policy of the government that we can use force, if persuasion fails; for this purpose we must get the whole power into our own hands."

"I was afraid at one time," said the politician, "that our impeachment scheme would fail. Indeed, many of

our party were timid, and hesitated to go into it until the New York democracy came to our aid. When they passed those resolutions at the Cooper Institute and other places, declaring that, notwithstanding the thing was wicked, and unconstitutional, and revolutionary, they would nevertheless submit to it if we did it, there was no further trouble. Had they taken a bold and determined stand against impeachment, we never could have carried the thing through."

"Ah," said the priest, "Mr. Bondautocrat and myself were watching that thing; we prepared those resolutions, and put them into the hands of their leaders. The same game, you remember, Mr. Politician, we played at the beginning of the war. There was really no necessity for the war, and if the Democratic party had taken a bold stand against it there really could not have been any war. Indeed, three-fourths of the Southern people were opposed to the war and opposed to disunion. But when we forced on them an invasion of their country they were bound to take sides. There were, in the State of Virginia alone, a majority of sixty thousand opposed both to war and to disunion. By the way, they were those men of high courage and unshaken purpose who, when they did go into the thing, held out to the bitter end. They—the Union men of the South—held out against us long after the Secessionists had caved in. I repeat, had the Democratic party of the North determined that there should be no war, there never would have been any disunion, for a majority of the Southern States would have refused to go out. In a few years the cotton States would have been tired of shivering outside in the cold, and would have been glad to come back. But, sir, that would have defeated our policy, and destroyed all our plans. We would have had no big debt by which to build up a grand aristocracy; we would have had no mongrel breed of slaves to build our aristocracy on; and then we would have had no grand and powerful government like those of Europe—nothing, sirs, but a simple economical democracy, in which the aristocracy and priesthood enjoy no special privileges. But we went to work and bought up the Democratic leaders with gold

and office together, until we got the rank and file into the army, and then we kicked the leaders out. The same game we will play again. Let them meet at the Cooper Institute, and wherever else they please, and pass their resolutions; we will make the same bargain with the rabble that old Frederick of Prussia did with his 'poor white trash.' 'My people,' said that wise king, 'may say what they please, so long as they let me *do* as I please.'"

"I am afraid," said the bondautocrat, "they will beat us in the elections next fall."\*

"And what if they do?" answered the politician; "while we have the power of impeachment they may elect as many Presidents as they please. My dear sir," continued he, "we will manage the business like that eminent statesman, Count Bismarck, is doing it in Prussia to-day: he gives universal suffrage to the people, bids them elect whom they please; and then he tells their representatives what to do. So, when the people send members of Congress here who don't suit us, we will send them back; and when they elect their President, if he does not suit us we will impeach him. We will make Andy Johnson an example, and his case will serve as a precedent. Universal suffrage! Yes, we will let them all vote, negroes, women and all, just so long as they will let us hold on to the government and exercise its powers. The Southern States we have all right, and if it becomes necessary we will pass a law, just before the presidential election, allowing the negro to vote in the Northern States. We must wait with that, however, until the political excitement gets high, so high that our own party will be willing to accept anything rather than be beaten; and then, just long enough beforehand to get the benefit of this thing, we will pass a law allowing the negroes to vote in all the States. If all the negroes vote, we will be able to outvote them. If the people won't let them vote, as will be the case in some places, we will call that fraud and violence, and reject the election. The fact of the business is, nothing is wanted but a bold front and determined action to carry

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\* This was written in 1868.

us through. The Northern people who have property will let the government go, yea, every vestige of it, before they will resist. Resistance might lead to war; war would endanger their property, and their property is dearer to them than their democracy, their country, or their liberties. Indeed, men who have property are right, for under strong governments property is more secure and enjoys always peculiar privileges. A strong government always for the rich: it will in time secure to them the honors and emoluments of aristocracy. We need have no fears of that class of society; 'tis only the 'poor white trash' who are likely to give us trouble. The only effectual way of taming them that I know of will be to get a little negro blood into their veins."

"I have thought," said the preacher, "that it would help the business along very much for some of our party who have talent and influence to marry their daughters to negroes. It would be unpleasant, 'tis true, but we must do a great many unpleasant things to accomplish our purpose. It goes a great way with the 'poor white trash' for some of their leaders to set them an example. Suppose one of you gentlemen lead off."

"My daughters," said the politician, a good deal excited, "have been differently educated."

"Mr. Priest," put in the bondautocrat, with a wily smile, "as this is a moral question, it seems to belong to your profession particularly to set the example."

"My dear sir," answered the priest, "I am too poor. My salary is large, it is true, but yet it takes it all to keep my family up to the top of society. That society thinks like we do, that this is a very good thing for the 'poor white trash,' but a very bad thing for the first circles. If a negro should come into my family we would have to come down, and I, perhaps, would lose my salary besides. If I was rich like you, it would be a different thing. A man who is rich can do what he pleases, and nobody calls him to account. It would be the very making of my friend the politician; it would make him popular with the 'poor white trash,' who do the voting, and this would secure for him any office he might desire."



"Gentlemen," said the politician, a good deal out of temper, "I am willing, as I said before, to do anything but go to the devil or to send my daughters there; and as marrying my daughters to negroes would amount to about the same thing, it is out of the question to talk about it."

"I think," said the bondautocrat, "it would look better in the priest than in either of us, and have more weight besides; so if you will go into it, Mr. Priest, I will guarantee the pay."

"The pay," said the priest, absorbed in thought: "the pay—how much, sir?"

"Why," said the bondautocrat, "—— dollars for your daughter and —— dollars for yourself."

"Change the figures a little," said the preacher: "—— dollars for my daughter and —— dollars for myself. My daughter, sir, will have to move in a different circle, and won't need so much. A little will make her comfortable in the society in which she will have to move. As a compensation for the loss of one of my daughters, I will spend this money in lifting the others higher up. Indeed, my daughters too are educated against this thing; but one of them is not so bright as the rest, and her disposition, too, is kind and confiding. I think—yes, I think—I can persuade her to it. My family won't like it, either; but then the idea of *being rich*,—yes, sir, the idea of *being rich*!—I think that will do the work,—I think that will do the work," repeated the preacher to himself. "The *pay*, sir, the *pay*.—when may I expect that?"

"The half of it I will put in the hands of our friend here to-morrow, and the balance as soon as the matter shall be settled."

"Well, gentlemen," said the preacher, "as it is late I will bid you good-night. We must meet often to report and consult. Let none of our secrets get out; we must tell nobody outside, of our league, not even our wives. Good-night!"

"Well, I am poor," said the politician, "and don't profess to be over-conscientious; but before I would marry one of my pretty daughters to a negro, I would turn soldier and eat hard-tack. Marry my daughter to



a negro!—my offspring and theirs degraded forever! Sooner would I follow them to the grave! yea, sooner would I see their beauty blasted by the plague, the leprosy, or any other curse that heaven might send on them!”

“I agree with you,” said the bondautocrat. “I love money: it has been the object of my life to make it; to make money is my hope for the future; and yet, rather than my daughter, so beautiful and accomplished, should lose her beauty—her pretty blushes and her pretty blue eyes—in the dark, dead skin of the negro, and his glaring, glassy eyes, I would go from the city to the mountains, and from a palace to a cabin! What manner of men are these preachers, anyhow? I never accounted myself a very good man, but surely I never dreamed of a man as bad as that fellow. He has talents; he has learning. He told me truths here to-night that I never knew before; indeed, he seems to know almost everything, and yet I never met with a man so bad. I never thought much of these priests; really I never thought much about them any way. I took them to be men of soft hearts and mostly of soft heads. This fellow has any amount of brains, but no heart at all. He must certainly be an exception,—a black sheep in the flock.”

“Not by any means,” answered the politician. “The good man is the exception in this profession. I have been thrown a good deal with them, and have found them to be, as a class, the most villainous and heartless men in the world. Of late years it has gotten to be very common for these priests to turn politician, and I have found them, almost without an exception, to be mean and unprincipled men. I think it is the large accession to our profession from that class which has made the name politician the synonym of scoundrel. Look at the proceedings of their synods and conferences after the war: they exhibit nothing but a spirit of the most rancorous hate. Could they have had the power they would have gone down South and taken possession of all the church property. More than that, sir: I verily believe they would have compelled those unfortunate people to attend their preaching of malevolence, hate, and abuse,

or put them to the rack and torture. What is most remarkable is that all their ecclesiastical bodies—all the Protestant ones, at least (I am a Protestant, and keep posted about their doings)—showed the same cruel and ruthless spirit of revenge. I indeed had no love for the rebels, and yet I could not but pity their wretched situation after the war. I wanted to destroy their government; but these priests, from the way they talked and acted, would have destroyed them both soul and body. I am sure that not one of them in a hundred has any idea of the better instincts of humanity, much less of the divine benevolence of the Christian religion. But it is late, and we must part. Good-night, sir; I wish you pleasant dreams."

"I think," said the bondautocrat, smiling, "I shall dream to-night of stars and garters, coronets, dukedoms and lordships."

"You shall realize them all some of these days," replied the politician, "if our plans are only successful."

"So good-night, my lord, good-night."

## THE SECOND WITNESS.

A POOR man came up and made this complaint: a neighbor, or rather a man living in his neighborhood, had stolen his horse; not that exactly either, but had taken his horse without his knowledge, and held him against his consent upon some flimsy pretext of ownership. His friends advised him to go to the court of justice, and petition the court to compel the party to restore the property.

As he was an uneducated man, and not familiar with the etiquette practiced in those courts, he employed an officer of the court to present his prayer for him. The petition was drawn up with great formality, and offered to the court. The party who had taken his horse had employed another officer of the court to object to the petition, and to show the court it was not just. This party read the petition, and made numerous objections. Finally, after a long discussion, in which the officers of the court abused each other and each other's clients, the petition was handed to the court. The court decided that it could not consider the petition at all, because its language was not polite. It seemed that my lawyer (for this is the name of these officers of the court) had omitted to put in the petition two little lawyer's words, *in detinue*, and this so offended the dignity of the court that he threw the petition out and refused to try the case on its merits at all.

I wanted my lawyer to put these little words in, but the court would not consent. I wondered why that was called a court of justice, which refused to hear a poor man's petition simply because its own officers did not understand its parlance. I supposed of course that the court would order this officer, whose ignorance or neglect had subjected me to delay and expense, to pay me; but what was my surprise when it ordered me to pay the fellow, for his blunder, and the other officers who had

made a record of it! I wondered if he kept the record to show to his children. My lawyer, however, assured me that my claim was just, and that he would mend the form of my suit so as to make it unobjectionable to the court. So I paid the costs, one-fourth the value of the property I claimed, and left with the promise that if I waited patiently for three months the court would condescend to hear my cause.

At the expiration of the time appointed, the case came up, and as the form was polite in its language we proceeded to trial. Innumerable witnesses were introduced, and examined upon almost every question except the one in controversy. After the testimony was all taken down, the lawyers of both sides showed, by certain laws made for other cases, that each party was entitled to the horse: the party who had stolen him more especially, because he had possession of him. After these learned and able arguments the matter was submitted to twelve judges. They retired to a private room, to consult and make up a verdict. Their brains were so muddled by the sophistries of the lawyers, and the contradictory rules of law which each party had laid down to suit his own side, that it was a long time before they knew whether they were standing on their heads or feet. Finally, one old fellow, who had horses to lose himself, asked this question: Gentlemen, if I could take a horse from one of you, ought I not to be made pay for it? Certainly, answered all of them. Well, it is evident to my mind that this old man's horse was taken without compensation. "But the law, the law!" answered a half-dozen. As to the law, he answered, there seems to be as much on one side as the other, and we will just let that go for what it is worth. They all agreed that this was a correct view of the case, and came out with a verdict for me.

The opposite party claimed that as my claim was made up of two separate sums, that I could only recover one of them, and the smaller one at that. The learned judge decided that as the amount claimed by me was in two sums, and there was a line between them, I could not recover but one; for, said he, with the wise look of



a Solomon, a line is not the sign of addition in this court, and therefore the two suns can't be added up. The old man said he could well understand how a line might not be the sign of addition, but he couldn't for his life tell why he should lose his horse because an officer of the court didn't understand the court's arithmetic. Thinking there was some mistake in calling this place a court of justice, I concluded to take the small fraction of my claim which they had allowed, and get as fast away from the place as possible. So I asked them to pay me, and let me go.

Sir, answered the clerk, we don't work here for nothing. It will take this money, and more too, perhaps, to pay your expenses in this suit. Startled at this announcement, I made haste to get away. Just as I was mounting my horse (for I had one other left), another officer of the court caught him by the bridle, and said, "Not so fast, old man; this horse is ours." "Yours? no, sir! I raised him from a colt." "But your suit here! the costs in that will take this horse to pay for it." I told him, said the old man, I had already come to the conclusion that courts of justice are gambling shops, where men meet to throw high dice, and pay half the stake for the privilege of a throw; but when you come to take all, and all the balance a man has, this is a new wrinkle, something new and something worse. "As a general thing," he answered, "we don't take more than half of the stake. Sometimes, however, we take all; and, occasionally, where the suitor is very weak and very ignorant, we take all the stake and all the balance he has."

The old man further said these courts of justice reminded him of a school kept in his neighborhood when he was a boy. The old pedagogue was smart enough when teaching the boys their A, B, C, and ciphering as far as the rule of three; but he was exceedingly crazy on the subject of learning. He looked upon a liberal education as the highest good, and upon the man who was fortunate enough to possess it as something more than mortal. His peculiar weakness, though, was mathematics. Mistaking the arbitrary rules which he found

laid down, with their limited and relative value, for fundamental truths, he believed, like many smarter and crazier men, that not only the material universe, but the attributes and perfections of the Deity even, could be measured by them. Nor did it ever enter his head that there might be too much of a good thing even. If rules are good, and surely they are, why then the more of them the better. And if the few simple ones we know are good, surely those deep and complex ones we don't know must be better still.

So did the old man reason about this hobby. These are sound principles; now for their application. The more rules I have to govern my school the better. The more complex these rules are, the better. Therefore will I make many rules, and make them out in a jargon which nobody understands, not even myself. As the old man had never seen a Greek or Hebrew book, and had never been taught Egyptian hieroglyphics or Arabic characters, he was driven to the necessity of inventing something to answer his purpose. This was not hard to do, however, for learning is always fertile of inventions. The discoverers of science have this great advantage: they begin where everybody else has stopped. They are taken as the story of a traveler to some unknown country: accepted without dispute; because, as nobody else has ever been there, nobody can dispute its truth. I shall never forget the day the old man opened his school. "Boys," he said (with that pompous air and dictatorial manner which belong to that class of men), "boys, let it be understood once for all that this school will be governed by rules. And the great rule upon which every other rule is founded is this, that every boy, it will be presumed, knows what the rules are; so it will be no excuse for a boy who breaks a rule to say that he did not know what the rule was."

The old master then hauled out sixteen reams of musty foolscap, tracked all over with the strangest-looking characters you ever saw. Out of this he proceeded to read his rules. He had not gone far, however, until he laid aside his vast pile of rules, remarking as he did so that, as it would occupy the whole quarter, he pro-

posed to teach, to read them all, he would just take it for granted that we knew them. How the illiterate country boys stared with mouths agape at the wisdom which could read such strange stuff as that! One poor fellow, I remember, carried his admiration for his master's wisdom so far as to get a sound thrashing for it. He had just begun to study the art of making letters and figures, without, however, any definite idea of their meaning or purpose. So one day he covered the whole side of his slate with unmeaning marks of almost every shape and size. With an air of one conscious of having done something extraordinary, he walked up to the old pedagogue, handed him his slate, and asked him very politely to read that. The old master in a towering passion cried out, "You fool! how do you expect me to read such stuff as that?" "Why, master," said the boy, as much surprised at the master's ignorance as the master was at his,— "Why, master, I thought anybody who could read your rule-book could read anything."

It turned out afterward that this wonderful rule-book was the manuscript of some old schoolman to prove that the earth is a flat surface, and stationary, while the celestial bodies move round it. It was written in Greek. By some accident it had fallen into the hands of the old pedagogue, and being told that it contained the rules which governed the celestial bodies, he concluded they would do to govern a school as well, at least with some changes, for change always means reform. One day, while examining with the close and critical eye of a philosopher the foot of a chicken which his wife had killed for a broil, he concluded that it would answer, in lieu of something better, the place of Greek type in revising and altering his book of celestial rules, so as to make them serve the purpose of governing a school. So he took the chicken-foot, dipped it in ink, and tracked over the whole manuscript.

Two years afterward the old man turned over his school to a brother chip, having become too old to manage it. He turned over also the book of rules, for which he expected to have no further use. And since change means reform in modern philosophy, although it boasts

that its principles are the legitimate deductions of reason and logic, the new master had to change the rules. For this purpose he got a duck's foot, and tracked the old manuscript over again. It made sad havoc, indeed, with the original Greek characters, and marred the beauty of many of the chicken-tracks; but what of that?—there has been a change, and of course the thing must be better! The same boy who got whipped for the chicken-tracks got a thrashing for the duck-tracks too. He was somewhat of a wag, and the new master overheard him say, one day, that the master had done wrong for lecturing him for not knowing that a duck-track means that a boy must swallow tobacco juice to keep from spoiling the floor; and further, that if the good master had a stripe for every one of his duck-tracks which he did not know the meaning of, his posterior would be so tender that he would not be able to sit down for a month.

The last I saw of the old master was at a public sale in the country, and this was some years after the incidents I've just mentioned. I was talking to a group of men, as is usual at such places, when they came up, both of them riding asses. I thought that was nothing out of place, considering the fact that they were learned philosophers. Among the group I spoke of was the waggish boy whom both of them had thrashed. He was now a sprightly, quick-witted man. He provoked a discussion at once with the learned pedagogues by some disparaging remarks about mathematics, for this was a weak point with both the philosophers. So eager were they to defend their favorite hobby that they did not even take time to dismount and hitch their asses. Their old pupil insisted that the simplest rules of arithmetic were only relatively and conditionally true; that it was not absolutely true that two and two make four. "For," said he, pointing to the fence where horses were hitched, "two horses and two fence-stakes will make neither four horses nor four fence-stakes." The old masters angrily and philosophically replied that they could not expect anything better from him; "for," said they, "we never could teach you anything when a boy, nor beat any knowledge into you." With this remark they started



away; but their old pupil, a little nettled, called a halt, and begged their forgiveness for having expressed himself so positively. "Indeed," he added, "the present discussion has thrown much light on the subject, and led me to question seriously the correctness of my former views. "I begin to think," he continued, "that two and two do make four: for instance, two philosophers and two jackasses make four——" "Begone, you impertinent rascal!" shouted both of the old masters, at the same time digging their beasts with their heels and trotting away.

Since the so-called courts of justice, under the pretense of restoring one horse, stole another from me, I have paid some attention to their doings. Cannot any one who has attended their courts trace the close resemblance between them and the schools which I have just described? What are the laws themselves but chicken-tracks and duck-tracks? Who knows what they are? The legislatures who make them don't know; the lawyers who devote their lives to the study of them differ as to their meaning; the judges who interpret them differ. Has he not seen two opposing counsel get up and each one prove that his side is the right side, and prove it, too, by the same musty calfskin? Has he not seen a magistrate decide a case one way, a jury reverse the decision, the judge overrule their decision, and a higher court reverse it again? If they had nothing to guide them but laws about celestial bodies, written in Greek, and revised by chicken-tracks, could they disagree more than they do? Has he not seen murderers set at liberty by undue influence brought to bear upon the judges? Has he not seen thieves shielded from the penalties due their crimes by some wretched technical quibble? Has he not seen the heads of the judges so puzzled by the sophistries of learned counsel that they did not know whether they were standing on their heads or heels? Has he not seen numbers of cases kept in court, at an enormous expense, for years, which were so plain that any sensible man in the community could have decided any one of them in an hour and at one hundredth part of the cost? Has he not seen the guilty go free, the innocent go unprotected, the just man wronged, the ignorant cheated, the

weak crushed, and the poor robbed? Has he not seen truth perverted, and the ends of justice utterly defeated by the application of arbitrary rules, miscalled principles?

To give you an illustration of the last-mentioned wrong: two gentlemen, acquaintances of mine, found an old survey claimed by nobody, lying between their farms, which they supposed before joined. They agreed to divide it equally between them, each keeping the part next to his own farm, and held by him before in possession. Each selected a friend to act as his agent in dividing the land. Their instructions were to first throw out any portion of said land covered by other surveys which the parties held by undisputed title, the balance to be divided according to quality. It was further especially agreed between the parties, that in case it turned out any time afterward that either party had a better title to any part of the land so divided, it should be relinquished by the other party, and a new division made.

In surveying the land, it appeared that a portion of it was covered by an older title of one of the parties, and it was thrown out, and the balance divided. Shortly afterward it was ascertained that the other party had a good and substantial title to nearly all the good land in the one tract which had been divided. But as the party who had got the advantage in the trade was dishonest enough to take advantage of the quibbles of the law, the other party had to be the loser; the matter had been admitted to record in the court, and no oral testimony could change it. For the sake of maintaining an arbitrary rule the court refused, upon the testimony of two witnesses, whose evidence against any person in the community would have sent him to the penitentiary or gallows, to expunge from its record a palpable fraud. And this, with an impudence which knows no blush, they dubbed principle.

One of the old masters I've described was appointed to make a map of the country. Having no practical knowledge of the country, he got the direction of a river, which ran through the neighborhood at a particular place, and on his plat traced it on in the same direction

into another river. The officer who had employed him complained of this, and told him that the river emptied into another river, in a different direction. The old man sat down to show him his calculation, and that following this *principle* the river must empty there. "My dear sir," interrupted the officer, "your principle may be a very good thing to follow, and a river is easily led; but I think you could hardly persuade it to follow your principle across two mountains." Just so may learned lawyers make arbitrary rules out of principle in their theories, and draw them out in straight lines on paper; but when they attempt to do it in practice, they must by some unnatural means force them across those mountains which justice has planted in their way. One would be just as likely to find justice by following arbitrary rules as he would be to find the mouth of a river by taking its course at some particular point and following that course. Principles so understood have no positive value, no intrinsic excellence. Just as the meanderings of a river are determined by the adjacent country, so are principles determined by attendant circumstances. If any principle could be followed as an arbitrary rule, it would be safe to say that a man who beats a fellow-man ought to be punished. And yet who would say that a man ought to be punished for beating a rake to shield the virtue of a wife or daughter from his beastly lusts?

For six thousand years man has been trying to build a tower of Babel to heaven. All his efforts have had the same result, a confusion of tongues and a failure of purpose. He has tried innumerable systems of laws and systems of religion. They have all brought him to the same melancholy end, the politicians' fool and the priests' slave. I verily believe that man's only hope for happiness is the utter destruction of these vast engines of oppression. Drive the politicians and priests into the sea: the one sits like a nightmare upon the body politic, and the other upon the souls of men.

But these wiseacres will ask, how are we to get along without them and their systems? There was a time in the history of human-kind when these were pertinent questions, when man left to the guidance of reason

groped his way in heathenish darkness. Heaven, in its mercy, sent him wise and good men, divinely commissioned to be his leaders and examples. To his chosen people he sent the Abrahams, the Jacobs, the Moseses, the Joshuas, and the prophets. To heathen nations he sent the Lycurgi, the Solons, the Socrates, the Platos, and those great poet-prophets, Homer, Virgil, and so on. It was wise and virtuous in these people to follow, for they had no better guides. And while they followed their leaders they were wise, and virtuous, and happy. But when their leaders, and prophets, and lawgivers passed away, bad men, in the name of progress and reform, or freedom and humanity, commenced building systems of their own; and mankind, deluded by their promises and deceived by their tricks, were soon reduced to moral and political slavery. Ever since the world was created, the Creator has held communion with his creatures. To different races of mankind, to different nations, and in different ages, he has made different revelations of his being, his character, and purposes. God the father of all has left no nation or family of his creatures without a religion. Indeed, this is the distinction, and only distinction, between man and the brute.

By religion I mean not only our knowledge of a supreme Being, and our accountability to him, but also our capability to please or displease him. We indeed who live under the light and wisdom and benevolence of the Christian religion are disposed to look upon nations who have other systems as being without any religion. Their faith we stigmatize as a superstition; but because the Creator has chosen to give to one age or nation a clearer dispensation of his government is no reason why other ages or nations have been left without any knowledge of God and his truth. Shall we say the Greeks had no religion because the Jews had a better religion? As well might we say the Jews had no religion because the Christian has a better. Whilst the Jews looked through a glass darkly, the Christian sees face to face. The Jew came to God by the agency of the priesthood, with all its forms and ceremonies, its sacrifices and burnt-offerings; the Christian by a simple act of faith, guided by the



Spirit of truth, goes straight to the throne of heaven and claims its King as his father, and its Prince—the only begotten Son of the Father—as his elder brother. I am fully persuaded that the spirit of Leonidas and his devoted little band, who offered their own lives as a sacrifice upon the altar of their country, was the same spirit which led the apostles and prophets and martyrs to die for brighter and fuller manifestations of Heaven's truth.

The difference between true religion and false religion—such as hypocrisy, pharisaism, fanaticism—is, that true religion leads a man to offer himself as a sacrifice for the good of his fellow-men, and false religion leads him to offer other men as sacrifices for his own sins. Jesus Christ offered himself as a sacrifice for the sins of his enemies; but priestcraft, both the pharisaism of the Jews and popery and protestantism of later times, have been in the habit of offering their enemies as sacrifices for their sins. If anybody will take the pains to read the deliverances of the general assemblies, synods, and conferences of the Protestant churches of this country since the war, he will be astonished at their rancorous and bitter hatred. They are full of murders and revenge,—full of malevolence, hatred, and persecution. This spirit is not the spirit of Christ, whose religion they profess, but the spirit of the devil, whose children and servants they are. Go among these canting hypocrites, and watch their conduct in society, and you will not be astonished any longer. You will see that these priests and their proselytes are like the Pharisees of old, whited sepulchres,—pretty on the outside but within full of iniquity and extortion.

How many of these preachers are there who will not sell you an indulgence, to carry on any kind of dishonest business you may wish to engage in? You may make money by any dishonest means you choose, so that you keep out of the clutches of the law; and the laws nowadays are made to protect thieves and robbers who are successful. If you pay a good per centage of your dishonest gains to your priest, he will give you all the privileges of the church, with assurance of continued prosperity in this world and eternal happiness in the world

to come. Where do riches come from? Are not the millions which fill the coffers of the rich made up of the pennies which have been taken unjustly from the daily earnings of the poor? One of these rich men may have a thousand laborers working for him, and by taking ten cents a day from the labor of each one, it makes a hundred dollars. In this way he goes on robbing his fellow-men until his stealings amount to millions, and then, to get the praise of men (and this is always the religion of pharisaism), he makes some magnificent donation to the church; perhaps it is to build a splendid temple of worship, where the rich may meet on Sunday and be entertained with fine music and fine sermons, cunningly devised words of human wisdom.

To the poor, friendless children of toil Sunday is a beautiful day: it is a day of rest; it is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The sabbath-day is to the laborer what a spring is to a traveler through a hot, dry country—a medicine both healing and strengthening. It gives him new energy and hope; it sends him on his way rejoicing; it is what Shakspeare calls sleep—"sore labor's bath." But have you never observed how unwelcome this day is to the rich? how tedious and solemn? how anxious they are to get rid of it? It is not a day for sweet contemplation for them. They cannot bear to look at their doings for the past week in the light of its pure truth. They cannot honestly and conscientiously go to God and thank him for all their prosperity and happiness. They, it would seem, ought to be grateful, for they have the richest abundance. They live in palaces; they dress in purple and fine linen; their daily fare is as sumptuous as the feast of a king. Why do not their hearts run over in fullness of gratitude for all these good things? Ah, when they remember that all this excess is made up by taking from others what was necessary for their comfort, they do not want to go to that God who weighs everything in the even balance of justice. If they would go to God himself, he might say unto them, "Go and sell what thou hast, and give to the poor." This would make them sorrowful, for they have great possessions, and their

hearts are fixed on them. No, no. They will go to the priests, and they will fix the matter up to suit. They will make a religion for the occasion. The priest, for one thousand or five thousand dollars a year, will give them some musty theology, some fanaticalism, or some sickly profession of philanthropy, and this, they are persuaded, will do for a ticket to get into the church, and into heaven after they die.

Sometimes these people quiet their consciences by offering to some other benevolent purpose a portion of their ill-gotten gains. They offer this as a sacrifice to charity: for instance; they will give a few hundred thousands out of their millions to build a college or theological seminary. Is this charity, to build a college or fine library for the benefit of the few? The many cannot have access to these places, and if they had they would not have the time or the means to use them; and these few, by means of the tricks of learned philosophy which are taught at colleges, are enabled to practice those political juggleries by which the masses of mankind are made their dupes and slaves. Is it charity to build theological seminaries where priests are educated in the learned sophistries called theology, and skilled in the use of those cunningly-devised words of human wisdom by which they are enabled to enslave the souls of men, and to build up, on the ruins of truth and virtue, great ecclesiastical despotisms? Is it charity for one man to rob a hundred of the fruits of their labor, and then contribute a portion of the theft to the education of a half-dozen priests in the learned sophistries and superstitious juggleries by which popery has kept the human soul in ignoble bondage for hundreds of years? And since the Protestant priesthood has become more bare-faced in its pious frauds than popery even, why would it be charity to educate men in the tricks which it uses to enslave the souls of men?

Would this thing be charity anyhow, if even these donations were made to worthy purposes? After these commercial and financial thieves have robbed their fellow-men of millions,—after they have accumulated such a vast mass of plunder that they can no longer hide it con-

veniently,—is it charity to give back a small portion of this overrunning and wasting part to those from whom it was all unjustly taken?

This is the religion which the priesthood of this country teach the people. Let any man look around him, not afar off, but in his own immediate neighborhood, and see if these things are not so; look right at home, and not abroad. You need not go off to the north or south or east or west; you need not go to the Greeleys and Phillipses and Beechers and Cheevers, who have got rich by teaching this false religion; who have cheated and humbugged their fellow-men until they have made fortunes, and then come out openly and boldly in favor of mammon for a god of the people and an upstart bond-autocracy for their masters.

Look right at home: who are the members of your churches,—the leading and influential members? Who are the men who, by their connection with the church, control the morals of the society in which you live? Are they not the business men of the world, who make money and get rich? Are they not the men who hire laborers for less wages than they are able to work for, without sacrificing their own comfort or that of their family? In their business transactions with their hirelings, do they not take advantage of their superior intelligence and knowledge of trade to cheat them out of their too small wages, which they have agreed to pay them? Does not this religion consist in going to meeting on Sunday and carrying along a part of the money which they have made during the week by fraud or extortion, to propitiate their priests? Does not the priest persuade them that a just God will be pleased with these unholy offerings? Don't these men, by precept, teach their children that the chief end of man is to glorify God? Don't they teach their children, both by precept and by example (the only effective mode of teaching), that their true end is to learn how to do business,—that is, get rich, make money? Are not the children of these men, and the world around them, horrified at their inconsistency when they compare their professions with the simple, plain, and unmistakable teachings of the Bible? Are not their children and the



worldly people around them driven to infidelity by confounding the wicked hypocrisy of these men with Christianity?

Ay, look into your heart and see if there is not a tacit admission there that Christianity is nothing but a delusion and a cheat? You would not have the courage to make this admission out loud; perhaps you will be afraid to make it to yourself, without any qualification; but look well and see if this evil spirit has not crept into your soul through the window of doubt, or unbolted its door with the key of suspicion? Who are the best men in your community? (And by good men I mean such as swear to their own hurt, and change not.) Who are the neighbors in your own community? (And by a neighbor I mean the good Samaritan, who picked up the man who had fallen among thieves and was wounded, and carried him to his home and dressed his wounds, and anointed them with oil.) If you should fall among thieves, and be wounded, whom would you have to pass that way,—the prominent and influential men of the church, or the men of the world who live in your midst? If you should get into trouble and need, not good advice, but substantial aid, whom would you go to,—to members of the church or to men of the world? Who are the generous, liberal, kind-hearted men in your community? Who are the greedy, avaricious, and unfeeling? Who are the men who worship mammon as their god and bow daily at his shrine? Who are the men in your own community who would sacrifice their word, their honor, their affections, their friendship, ay their very soul, for money? Are they not the prominent and influential members of the church? Are they not men who blaspheme God by a hypocritical profession of his holy religion, and insult the common sense of mankind by the criminal inconsistency of their conduct?

By their fruits ye shall know them: do men gather figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns? This is the true and only true rule to measure men and their institutions by; this is the rule given by the great Master himself. Lord Bacon persuaded men to apply this rule to the physical world, and what a wonderful revolution did it work there! It utilized steam and electricity, and in-

vented all those wonderful implements which have done so much to improve agriculture and the mechanic arts. If men would apply this same rule to the moral world, it would work out for them results as beautiful and as good as it did in the material world.

Let us reject all of those systems and creeds of religion and politics which profess one thing and do another. Let us reject all of those religious systems and creeds which promise righteousness and holiness, but produce wickedness and filth; which promise judgment and justice, but produce error and misery; which promise love, but produce hate; which promise peace, but produce discord; which promise nothing but good, and produce nothing but evil. Let us reject too those political systems which promised peace and prosperity, but produced calamity and war; which promised union, but gave disunion and strife; which promised freedom, but gave instead a consolidated despotism with its military satrapies; which promised equality, and gave an upstart moneyed aristocracy, the meanest, lowest, and most unprincipled that ever robbed the labor of any people,—an aristocracy made up of commercial thieves, financial gamblers, lying, thieving politicians, a bigoted, persecuting priesthood, who are hired to cheat and deceive the masses of the people with false religions, whilst their taskmasters rob and plunder them.

Read your Bibles, and see if these are not the same scribes and Pharisees, and lawyers and doctors, who were cheating and defrauding, and robbing and plundering mankind when Christ came to earth. Christ said of the priestcraft of that age (and it was the same church which God had established among the Jews thousands of years before), Even publicans and harlots will go into heaven before you. And again, Not every one that says unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven. Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

It is a notorious fact that a large proportion of the people of this country, disgusted with the hypocrisy of the church, so called, have been, by confounding this impudent pharisaism with Christianity, driven into infidelity. It is a notorious fact that men, when they come to have business transactions with a member of a church, have less confidence in him on that account, and watch him more narrowly than they would otherwise do. It is a notorious fact that the church, so called, has been taken possession of by those cold, calculating sharpers who are called the business men of the world, men who love money with all their mind, soul and strength, and their own gains as they love themselves; men who worship mammon as their god, and on his altar offer as sacrifices truth, virtue, friendship, love: everything beautiful and good in the world is sacrificed to this prince of devils.

Men know these truths, and feel them. To avoid their evil consequences, they are plunging into every mad project which infidelity can suggest. There are as many quacks making pills to cure these moral maladies, as there are making pills to cure the physical disorders of men. Mesmerism, spiritualism, mongrelism, divorce and child-murder, and every beastly lust which the unbridled passions of men wake up, is accepted as a religion and worshiped as a god. In such miserable illusions as these does poor blind infidelity seek happiness. In their hurry to escape these awful evils, the Protestant people of this country are, many of them at least, going back to popery. How pitiable are the devices which man resorts to, when once he has lost his faith in God. How unhesitatingly does he violate the plainest laws of reason and common sense. Christians, who have seen the wonderful fruits of Christianity, in the peace, prosperity and happiness of their own country, go back to popery, the very mother of modern superstition, with all its ignorance and degradation; go back to popery, where some priest, ignorant, licentious, and vile, in the name of St. Peter exalts himself above God, and all that is called God; who, even when committing follies and excesses shocking to common sense and even to decency, sets himself up as an infallible teacher and guide for his people.

Take a glance at the world, and see what popery has done for it in the last two or three centuries. At the beginning of the sixteenth century popery had reduced mankind, soul and body, to a degree of ignorance and degradation which could not be any longer borne. The souls of men were abject slaves to priestcraft, and their bodies to kingcraft. By those institutions of deception, and fraud, and crime, were the masses of mankind so completely robbed and plundered that they had to rise up in self-defense and throw off their power. Martin Luther, an obscure and unknown monk, led the way. He announced the Bible to be the only system of religion which had the sanction of heaven; he declared that the Bible was the word of God, that is, a message right straight from heaven to man; that man needed no priest to officiate for him in religious matters; that we have a High-priest to whom every man, woman and child could go and have his sins forgiven. While Luther stuck to these simple, plain, and unmistakable truths of Christianity, he was irresistible; popery fell before him everywhere. These simple notions of truth were omnipotent, nothing could stand in their way; they took possession of England, Scotland, Holland, Prussia, and seized strongholds in most of the other European states.

How natural is it for man to become vain and conceited! Luther and his helpers in the good work soon persuaded themselves that they had accomplished this wonderful revolution; and, to gratify their pride and their vanity, they sat down to build up systems of their own. As soon as they abandoned that simple faith which accepted the word of God as the truth and the only truth, as soon as they began to build up systems and theologies of their own, in a word, as soon as they forsook faith for reason and philosophy, the progress of their triumph ceased. Whilst they refused to fight their enemies with any other weapon than the Bible they were victorious in every fight. But as soon as they exchanged that for reason and philosophy, popery got the advantage, and the tide of victory was turned. For hundreds of years popery had been drilled in the use of these weapons; her priests were deeply learned in all the cunningly devised words of human wis-



dom. Whilst the Reformers used the smooth pebbles of the brook they could easily strike down the Goliaths of popery ; but when they armed themselves with the sword and helmet of their enemies, they fell directly before the powerful blows of the Philistine giants.

But, fortunately for the world, whilst the priests (Catholic and Protestant) were disputing about their theology, the people were reading their Bibles. Hence it was that Christianity, although it soon died in the churches so called (both Catholic and Protestant), still lived among the people, because the people had in their hands the source of all wisdom and knowledge and truth. But in some of the countries of Europe the Bible had just entered, when the Reformation began to be interrupted in its progress by the folly of its professed friends. Take Spain for instance, at that time one of the most powerful of the European states. As soon as the Reformation reached Spain, it was seized and dragged into the Inquisition ; and then, by means of every species of torture which a brutal and despotic priesthood could suggest, it was put to death. Spain permitted that ignorant and despotic superstition, popery, to put out the fires which truth was kindling in her borders : and dearly has she paid for it. For the richness of its soil, and the salubrity of its climate, Spain is one of the most desirable countries in the world ; her people at the beginning of the sixteenth century were among the first people of Europe for all those powers and accomplishments which elevate and adorn human nature ; in arts, and arms, and literature, and philosophy, the Castilian had no superior in the world. But in an evil hour they preferred darkness to light, the ignorance and tyranny of popish priestcraft to the knowledge and freedom and happiness of the Bible truth. They preferred the slavery of the pope to the liberty of Jesus Christ. For this sin God Almighty has cursed her with the blight of decay. For two hundred and fifty years Spain has been going backward ; although she has within herself all the elements of power and prosperity, her ignorance and weakness have made her a proverb among the nations, and an object of pity or contempt to all.

Look too at the colonies which Spain has planted in

the New World—her Mexico, and South American states. So weak and ignorant are they all, that a government can hardly last among them more than a twelvemonth. They have gone through revolution after revolution, and always come out worse than they went in. The reason is obvious. A light has come into the world, even the word of God, to light every man that cometh into the world. This light is wisdom, and virtue, and truth. Those who accept this light will be free and prosperous and happy, but those who reject it will be poor and blind and naked and miserable. This is true not only of individuals, but of nations also.

Look at Italy, that land of sunshine and flowers; Italy, with its proud city of Rome, the mighty empire of the Cæsars; Italy, whose martial glory was once the wonder of the world, whose almost perfect models of the fine arts, of poetry, of painting, and of sculpture, surviving the wreck of a thousand years, live freshly to-day in the admiration of mankind. This rich and beautiful land, the head-quarters of the papacy, the very seat of that vile priestly despotism which curses the world, is the picture of weakness and decay, the very abode of ignorance, vice and crime. This is the condition of every country in the world where popery has had undisputed sway.

Whilst these things are true, living, indisputable facts, it is equally true that poor barren countries, where the Bible has been accepted as the religion of the people, have made the most extraordinary progress in knowledge and wisdom and virtue. These things the Bible has accomplished for many of the nations of Europe and this country; notwithstanding the fact that all of those people have been cursed with a hireling priestcraft, whose whole time is spent in perverting its simple truths, so that they may keep up their own power over the souls and bodies of men.

In no country in the world has the Bible been so generally received, as the religion of the people, as it has been in the English speaking domains; and in no countries in the world has man made such extraordinary progress in all which belongs to his happiness; our belief in the truth leads us to freedom and prosperity, to greatness and to glory. But when a people become great and prosperous,

they become proud and haughty. So did we. And like that wicked old king, we said, All these things have we done by the might of our power, and for our own glory. We began to trust in our own wisdom and strength, we began to confide in union, in States' rights, in this political faction, or that; we began to trust in priestcraft, with their almost innumerable doctrines and theologies. That vile infidel devil, abolitionism, with its vast train of evils, came along.

There was an abolitionism, actuated by genuine humanity and guided by principles of Christian truth, which advocated the liberation of the negro upon the ground of justice. In other words, it was opposed to slavery, because there were many abuses connected with that institution clearly repugnant to the teachings of Christianity. With these people I have no quarrel. But I mean that abolitionism which hypocritically used the name of religion and humanity to get power in its own hands, and then turned out to be the vilest tyrant in the world. I mean that abolitionism which denounced slavery as a thing too bad for the half civilized negro, and turned right around and made slaves of the noblest of the Caucasian race. I mean that abolitionism which teaches for religion mesmerism, spiritualism, mongrelism, child-murder, divorce, and every crime which its father the devil can suggest. I mean that abolitionism which by lies and trickery got possession of this government, and converted it at once into a military despotism; which, by a gigantic system of public robbery and plunder, made the expenses of our government fifteen hundred millions of dollars for three years, whereas for seventy years before the war the expenses all put together had not amounted to that sum.

All the evils which afflict this country can be distinctly traced to infidelity; and this infidelity has been taught the people by a hireling priesthood. When priestcraft succeeds in perverting the morals of the people, then everything else becomes poisoned. As a people's religion is, so will be their social and political institutions. If their religion is the pure Bible Christianity, their institutions will be wise and virtuous, and they themselves will be free and prosperous and happy. But "the wicked

shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

How does it happen then that men called infidels have been the advocates of freedom and humanity, when people called Christians were the friends of proscription and persecution? How does it happen that Voltaire and Tom Paine and Thomas Jefferson should be the advocates of civil and religious liberty, whilst the priestcraft of their day, professing the love and charity and faith of Christianity, were nevertheless the advocates of tyranny and persecution? It happens in this way: these churchmen are not Christians, but scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites. They are the same people against whom the Author of Christianity denounced such terrible woes, when he was on earth; the same people of whom he said,—Even publicans and harlots will go into the kingdom of heaven before you. And I will say unto them on my right, I was an hungred, and you gave me meat. I was thirsty, and you gave me drink; I was sick and in prison, and you ministered unto me. Then they will answer and say, Lord, when saw we thee hungry and thirsty, and gave thee meat and drink, and when saw we thee sick and in prison, and ministered unto thee? Then will I answer unto them: inasmuch as you did it unto the least of these little ones, you did it unto me.

How strange is it that many in that great day will stand on the right hand for deeds of charity and kindness and benevolence which they know not of! Methinks they will be there who obey this commandment: "When thou doest thine alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven. And many will say unto me in that day, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I confess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye workers of iniquity." These I take it will be a hireling priestcraft, who make religion consist in forms and ceremonies, ordinances and observances; who make religion consist in paying tithes of mint, cum-



min and anise, to bolster up that vile ecclesiastical despotism which lords it over God's heritage. These I take it will be those bigoted and self-righteous churchmen who in their conceit thank God that they are not as other men, who are always gouging their fingers into the eyes of other people, to pull out the mote they see there, whilst they neglect a beam in their own eyes. These I take it will be those canting Pharisees, hypocritical professors of religion, who spend their lives robbing their fellow-men by the legalized tricks and frauds of their business pursuits, until they are worth millions, and then with a great sounding of trumpets give back a few hundred thousands, a mere fraction of their stealings, to those they have robbed.

Are there not daily exhibitions of this truth in this boasted land of liberty and equality, of freedom and humanity? Hundreds of boys and girls, yet of tender age, are huddled together in those pens of iniquity and vice called factories, with a miserable smattering of the rudiments of education picked up in those filthy herd-pens called free schools, to start with. Having nobody to associate with but themselves, and being themselves ignorant, they are effectually shut out from all further opportunity to get knowledge. Although it is in a land of equality, they are not permitted to associate with their masters, and if they were they would learn nothing from them. For they, the best of them, are educated only in the arts of gain, skilled only in those business tricks, sharp practices, by which men overreach their fellow-men and get without just compensation their property or their labor. Their literature for the future consists of little speckled-back Sunday-school books, full not of truthful pictures of human life, but of distorted caricatures. The characters are all little angels, or little devils. The children for the most part, like their parents, persuade themselves that they are the little angels; and, wrapped in the mantle of conceit, they are forever afterward invulnerable to the most pointed arrows of truth. They graduate in reading yellow-back novels or cheap newspapers and periodicals, filled with sentimental stories written to excite the animal passions, to fill the mind with lewd

thoughts, and to debauch the body with the pollutions of whoredom.

What a preparation for fornication, adultery, divorce, child-murder, and other crimes and follies, which are to-day so common in this land of freedom and humanity, the home of our modern self-righteous Pharisees!

There too are they shut in from nature, with its green fields, its pretty flowers, its shady trees, its singing birds, its bright and sparkling waters, which flow like streams of mercy from the fountain of love to lead the soul back to its source, the bosom of its God. There too are they worked hard at unremunerative wages, until disease or age unfits them to work any longer; and then they are turned out, like an old horse who has a hard master, to shift for themselves upon the poor, barren, picked commons of public charity. Their masters, in the mean time, by taking a little off of the wages of each slave, are millionaires. They give a fraction of their big fortunes, made up of their stealings from labor (and this they give because they have more than they can conveniently hide away), to build some fine church or other charitable institution, so called. Yes, fine churches, with their fine organs, and fine choirs, and fine sermons—all gotten up to entertain and amuse the rich phylacterized Pharisees who worship there! And all the newspapers of the country, and more especially the religious ones, so called, advertise these benefactors of mankind, and praise their charity until the minds of honest people are disgusted.

Modern religion in this thing, as in everything else, does the very opposite of what it is commanded to do. It goes right in the teeth of the plain, simple commands of Christ whom it claims as its author. "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your father which is in heaven." If these body-destroying and soul-blighting institutions existed anywhere else but in the land of liberty and equality, freedom and humanity, how would these pious reformers, the Greeleys, the Phillipses, Beechers, and the Cheevers, labor to destroy them! Into what a tempest of anger would they work themselves against these institutions! If those children who

from their childhood to old age are wronged and robbed were only black children, instead of "poor white trash," how would the kind hearts of these benevolent men boil over in sympathy for them ! And how would their holy anger be worked up against their cruel taskmasters ! But philosopher Greeley bears the wrongs of the "poor white trash" with wonderful equanimity ; he coolly advises them, when they make a strike to raise their wages above the starving point, not to get out of temper, not to get mad. If indeed they can starve long enough to force their rich taskmasters into a compliance with their most reasonable request, it will be well and good ; if not, why let them bear their wrongs patiently !

The Creator thought he was conferring a mark of honor and distinction on us, to whom he had given higher intellectual gifts, and finer sensibilities, in giving us a pretty white skin ; but man has found out better. For these marks of Heaven's favor do not only exclude us from all claim upon man's charity and benevolence, but from all right to that even-handed justice which a righteous God has enjoined upon man to do to his fellow-man. Ah ! I can understand this thing well enough. Those black slaves were the slaves of Jeff. Davis and General Lee, slaves of the Virginians and Carolinians ; these white slaves are the slaves of Greeley and Phillips, the slaves of New Yorkers and Yankees. A certain farmer said to a lawyer, "My bull has gored your ox ; what will be done about the matter ?" "Why," answered the lawyer, "it is plain enough, you must pay the damages." "I mistake," replied the farmer ; "it was your bull that gored my ox." "Well, well," said the lawyer, "we will see about it."

Certain slaves went to the Greeleys, the Phillipses, and Beechers, and said, "Look how Jeff. Davis and Lee hold the black men in slavery ; they make them work for their victuals and clothes ; they determine too the number of hours they must work each day, and the quantity and quality of victuals and clothes they must receive." The friends of humanity answered, "They are cruel, brutal and barbarous ; you must stir up your anger against them ; you must make war on them and destroy their in-

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stitutions and liberate their slaves." Their slaves accomplish this good work, and then come back to these friends of freedom and humanity, and say, "We too are slaves, the slaves of social and political institutions, the slaves of commercial thieves and financial gamblers, the slaves of great moneyed monopolies, the slaves of a hireling priestcraft, the slaves of political factions, the slaves of intolerable burdens of debt and taxation, the slaves of a mean, low-born, heartless bondautocracy, who have robbed us until we are poor, and then disgraced us by making money the measure of merit and the mark of respectability; our taskmasters determine how many hours a day we must work, and how much victuals and what kind of clothes we must eat and wear; and so short were our rations, that during the 'last long, hard winter' many of us were seized by abundant and importunate beggary, and dragged around, the pitiable objects of public and private charity. What must we do, Messrs. Greeley, Phillips, Beecher, Cheever, etc., what must we do?" And these amiable gentlemen answer, "Don't get out of humor. Discuss the matter good-temperedly with your taskmasters; and if you can reason them into a better treatment of yourselves, well and good. Or if you strike for higher wages, and can starve long enough to force your masters to respect your rights, well and good. If not, why be good servants and endure your wrongs patiently."

"Why, Messrs. Greeley, Phillips, Beecher, Cheever, etc., this is not the advice you gave these people when you were discussing negro slavery." "Ah! my dear sir, you see 'circumstances alter cases;' these poor white trash are our slaves; we don't tell them so, but it is so nevertheless. If they would get mad and destroy slavery here, what would we do for slaves? what would we do for a mud-sill for our aristocracy? how could we be rich? how could our wives and daughters live in great style? how could they live in the first circles? No, no, that would never do; we would all be brought down to a level with the 'poor white trash.' Ay, our wives and daughters would have to associate with these vulgar people, and that would be a great scandal for people who belong to the first circles."



Since these are the religious people of this age,—the churchmen, the scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites,—is it any wonder that honest and conscientious men should be infidels? Men, without looking into the matter as they should, confound the church, so called, with Christianity; and because the church is bigoted, superstitious and intolerant, they reject Christianity.

When Voltaire looked around him and saw the church (both Catholic and Protestant) governed by the most ruthless spirit of persecution, he wisely came to the conclusion that those ecclesiastical hierarchies were the enemy of both man and God. Priestcraft had joined with kingcraft to degrade and enslave the whole human race. The kings and priests and aristocracies of Europe, who constitute less than a hundredth part of the people, arrogated to themselves power over all things human and divine. By divine right kings ruled the bodies of men, and priests their souls; and the millions of their fellow-beings whom they held in abject slavery they looked upon as creatures made for their use, just as cattle and horses were. If man worked hard and had clothes enough to keep him from freezing, and bread enough to keep him from starving, he got these things not as the just reward of his labor, but by the grace and favor of his king. If man had the comforts and hopes of religion, he had those things not because he believed in God, and kept his laws, but because he believed in the commandments of the priests and observed the ordinances of the church. Loyalty was the duty of the people, no matter what wicked and profligate tyrant robbed them of their liberty, their lives and their property. Obedience to the church, no matter how wicked and blasphemous its practices were, was the duty of the people. No matter what drunken priest filled the chair of St. Peter, his word must be obeyed, even though it was in blasphemy of the word of God.

Voltaire turned from popery,\* which he saw doing the works of the devil and not the works of God, to protest-

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\* I speak of popery and protestantism as political powers, and not as social and religious institutions.

antism. But protestantism, so called, was then nothing more than popery in miniature. Episcopacy, presbyterianism, and a hundred other creeds and sects, were but bastard children, begotten by popery in her whoredoms with the political power. With an unblushing impudence these illegitimate children arrogated to themselves, each and all of them, the power of St. Peter. English episcopacy as much like popery as it is possible for a daughter to be like a mother in form and features; its very founder a lecherous old tyrant, who, to gratify his animal passions, had cast away the pure and virtuous wife of his early love; it was persecuting and proscribing like popery everybody who did not conform to its ceremonies and ordinances. Voltaire, looking merely at the surface of things, came to the conclusion that these churches, so called, were the enemies of God and man, because they were evidently doing works meet for the devil. And thus far Voltaire was right; but when Voltaire said Christianity was false because these churches which claimed to be Christians were false he was wrong.

Voltaire rejected Christianity; he and his brother philosophers taught that all men were "created equal," and that all men are naturally good. The French people accepted the teaching of these men as the truth, and, taking their philosophy as the compass to guide their way, they launched their ship of state, with reason at the helm, upon the wild ocean of human speculation. Never did any ship of state have so perilous a voyage. Driven by every wind of passion and tossed by every wave of power, the angry storm of justice dashed it about like a plaything for a little while, and then drove it wildly and madly upon the rocky shores of ruin. How pitiable was it to see these infidel philanthropists drifting hopelessly upon the broken fragments of this wreck, and begging their old taskmasters, kingcraft and priestcraft, to save them from utter death!

When Thomas Jefferson saw episcopacy in Virginia prohibiting Baptists and others from preaching, when he saw Puritanism in New England hanging witches and burning heretics and exiling better people than they were themselves, he knew these things were the works of the

devil. These things were done by the churches, which claimed to be Christ's ministers in the world and the representatives of his religion. Without examining the matter he rashly came to the conclusion that Christianity and priestcraft were the same thing, and rejected both. But Thomas Jefferson had a nation of Christians to deal with, and not a nation of infidels, as Voltaire had; yes, a nation of people who had the Bible, and on that account had higher and better notions of Christianity than their churches had. A light had come into the world, to light every man that cometh into the world.

Thomas Jefferson\* saw that light, and, without knowing where it came from, used it to find out the true notions of social and political reform.

Jesus Christ had taught, and nobody else had, that all men are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; in other words, that man is the child of God and the brother of his fellow-man. Jefferson taught religious toleration and other liberal Christian laws; and as far as he taught these liberal and beneficent principles of Christian charity and benevolence, and attempted to incorporate them into the social and political institutions of his country, the people went with him, although their churches were not with him, for the people were ahead of the churches. The people read the Bible, and believed in it; the churches read theologies of Luther, Calvin, Cranmer and Wesley. The people followed the commandments of God; and the churches, as they have always done, followed the commandments of men.

Jefferson was a shrewd politician, and never offended the will of the people. He was perhaps one of the most inconsistent politicians of his day; perhaps he changed oftener than any other. Instead of moulding public sentiment, he was moulded by it. Exceedingly thin-skinned, he was a first-rate political barometer; being extremely sensitive to popular impressions, he was an admirable index of the political sentiments of his country. He went so far in his theories as to incorporate in the Declaration

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\* Mr. Jefferson rejected the forms of Christianity, but followed its spirit.

of Independence an infidel falsehood borrowed from the French school of philosophy;\* but he never attempted to carry it into practice. If he had, the Christian people of America would have rejected him and his infidel philosophy. Is it not remarkable that one infidel sentiment incorporated into our political institutions, "that all men are created equal," should have proved the bane of those institutions? How dangerous is a little error mixed with a great deal of truth!

This sentiment, that all men are created equal, was taken up by a sect of infidel philosophers, headed by Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips. At first they tried to defend it as a doctrine of the Bible; but failing in that, they blasphemously trampled the Bible under their feet. They tried to show that the Constitution of the United States recognized it; but when they failed in that they tore up that great charter of American liberty in the presence of the people. As they did not have to deal with a Christian people, as Jefferson did, but with a people whom priestcraft had lulled to sleep with the opiates of infidelity, they succeeded in making their wild schemes acceptable. The result so far everybody knows: a civil war with all its ruin and desolation, the ancient democracy of America destroyed, and a military despotism established on its ruins; a public debt, and a system of taxation as oppressive as that of Russia, forced on the people; an upstart aristocracy, insatiable in their greed of plunder, rules the government State and national; and the millions of white laborers, the mud-sill of this despicable aristocracy, work like the serfs of Europe for their victuals and clothes, and get but short rations at that. That whole school of infidel philosophers, the Greeleys and Phillipses and Beechers, are to-day the decided friends of that political usurpation and bondautocratic tyranny which are robbing the labor of this country, and reducing the working people to the condition of European serfs. With an unblushing impudence, these men, in the name of freedom and equality, are trying to build

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\* Mr. Jefferson's notions of equality are explained by the words "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."



up a great moneyed aristocracy in this country,—a power which has destroyed the freedom of every other people in the world, and made the working millions slaves of kings and aristocracies.

Let the people know from these things that they can't trust infidelity, whatever professions it may make. In the first place, it is the child of the devil, and like its father it is a liar always. But even if it were possible for it to tell the truth, it is the blind guide which leads the blind, and they both fall into the ditch. For a little while the great democracy of America was free. The down-trodden people of other lands and other countries looked to them with hope; the tyrants who were cursing the world with oppression looked with apprehension and dread upon the growing prowess of liberty. But political factions and religious creeds are doing for it what they have done for every other country in the world. Kings and priests get up quarrels about some foolish questions of politics or theology, divide the people, and plunge them into war; war makes vast debts and taxations and large standing armies, and these things make slaves of the masses. Lying political factions and a hireling priesthood have done the same thing in this country. The faction called the democracy has been in the service of the slaveocracy for years and years, and the infidel abolition faction has been in the service of the great moneyed power of the North. This faction bought up the priests and pulpits, and every Sunday was desecrated by sermons full of falsehood and malicious hate; Beecher even carried his Sharp's rifle into the pulpit, so eager was he for war. He took good care, however, to keep out of the way, not only of bullets, but of all the privations and hardships which attended the army.

These men indeed claim that they have destroyed negro slavery, and urge that in mitigation of their other offenses. Is this true? Is the negro free? The people of the United States who were not directly interested in slavery as owners of negroes saw it in two distinct aspects. As a social institution, which had existed in the States almost from their very birth, they were disposed to look upon it favorably. For many reasons they were unwilling to

disturb it. In the first place, it would necessarily give a mighty shock to the whole industrial interest of the country, even if it could have been abolished without war. In the second place, the people of the North, as well as the people of the South, knew that the negro was unequal to the white man in every particular. I say they all knew this except a little faction of infidels, called abolitionists, made up of crazy men and weak-minded women. This inequality, which the people knew from instinct and common sense, made it impossible for the two races ever to live together as a homogeneous people. God had separated them by insuperable laws; and no human power, even though it be aided by the devil, can ever unite them. By no political alchemy can a negro ever be converted into a white man. The most that can ever be done in this way, even though Beecher should use his own daughters, and the daughters of the yardstick and goose-quill nobility who worship at the church of the Puritans, as a bait to medicine the negro into a white man—I say even by this process, so shocking to the instincts of decent people, nothing more can be done than to produce a mongrel race of mules, fit only for servitude (high-bred as these mares may be, coming from the first circles so-called), and without the power of perpetuating its kind.

Then, if they cannot live together as one people, they cannot live together at all, unless you recognize distinctly the right of the superior race to rule. Reasoning in this way, the common sense of the American people told them that it was better to tolerate slavery with all its evil practices, some of which were really shocking to just notions of humanity, than to set the negro free without knowing what to do with him. With all the fuss about mongrelism which has been made in this country, I do believe that among the abolitionists themselves not one in ten honestly and sincerely believe in equality. I am sure that not one in ten would permit a pretty daughter of his to marry a negro, or a sprightly son to marry a negro wench, although there might be no other objection in the world except that the party was a negro. The leaders who advocate these practices so repugnant to all high notions

of virtue, the Greeleys, the Beechers, and Cheevers, do wilfully and deliberately falsify the truth for purposes of personal and political aggrandizement. The followers of these blind guides, the miserable dupes of fanaticism, are laboring under a wretched delusion which nothing can dispel but a proposition to practice their doctrine in their own families; this simple practical test would, I am sure, wake nine out of ten of these moral clairvoyants out of their dream of folly.

But negro slavery assumed another character, which alarmed the American people, and excited that jealousy which has ever watched their liberties so closely. Slavery set itself up as a political power, claiming the right as such to rule one-half of the territories of the United States. As a social institution among the States, the people said, let it be; but as a national power claiming the right to rule the national government, an aristocratic and despotic institution, it excited at once the fear and hatred of the masses of the people. The object of the war, as far as the great masses of the American people were concerned, was to destroy slavery as a political institution. As a political institution, a great power in the land, it did years ago take possession of that great political faction called the democracy, and used it to do its bidding. A free people cannot permit any power to rule them, no matter what it is. Hence the enmity to negro slavery, and the long and bloody war to destroy it.

But is not the negro a power still in the hands of a political faction, and so in a more offensive sense than he ever was before? Has not this political faction, the professed tool of that great money-power called the bondocracy, by force and fraud through their military satraps and carpet-bag agents, organized the negroes of the South into a great political power to do their dirty work? And what work do they propose to do? Why, they propose to change the ancient democracy of America into a great consolidated despotism, the ruling power of which will be a great money-power called the bondocracy. Because slavery was a vast lever of power in the hands of a political faction, in the service of a great aristocracy, to rule the country, the people destroyed it; and does anybody



suppose the people, who sacrificed so many lives to prevent that thing, are going to permit the negro to be armed and organized in the service of the jacobins who are themselves by their own professions the tools of the great moneyed aristocracy of the North, called the bondautocracy?

I repeat that the enmity of the Northern people to slavery sprung from the fact that it was an organized political power, which used the Democratic party to build up and extend the aristocracy of the South. It was for this reason that the people made war on it, and destroyed it. And yet, with these facts staring them in the face, the jacobins have turned right around and organized the negro into a great political power to build up and perpetuate a great moneyed aristocracy in the North, an aristocracy infinitely more offensive to the people than the other. For the slaveholders of the South were as a general thing men of some education and polish; more than that, they were frank and candid, and in their dealings with their fellow-men kind-hearted and generous to a fault. These popular traits in the character of the aristocrats went far towards reconciling the people to the aristocracy. But this new aristocracy, this cold-blooded, cold-hearted, labor-robbing bondautocracy, this yard-stick and goose-quill nobility, these commercial thieves and financial gamblers, these cotton-and-spoon-stealing generals who never did any fighting, these quartermasters and commissaries, these government contractors and substitute-buyers, these merchant-princes and bankers who promised to pay the expenses of the war until the war was over, and then said they only lent this money to the government, and now want the laboring people who did the fighting to pay them back twice as much money as they lent and a big interest in gold besides,—I say this aristocracy has not one redeeming feature in its character, not one element of character which is not repulsive to every democratic freeman in America.

From these facts people may learn lessons of wisdom and profit: they may learn that they can't trust priest-craft, that they can't trust political factions; that mammon, the money-god, which has for six thousand years made slaves of the masses of mankind, can always hire



priestcraft and political factions to do his bidding. They will learn too that this money-god, this mammon, to whom they have given their hearts, instead of to that God who made them, and in whose hands their breath is, is cruel, unjust and tyrannical; that he robs the many, in order that the few may be rich; that he makes slaves of the many, in order that the few may live in pomp and pride and splendor; he teaches hate instead of love, war instead of peace; instead of freedom, prosperity and happiness, he gives a people slavery, ruin and misery. Why then should the people worship this god? Why had they not better worship the God of the Bible, that God who has promised them (and his promises will stand when the heavens and the earth shall pass away) a land flowing with milk and honey? He promises them freedom and prosperity and happiness; yea, he promises to rain on them showers of blessings. Our fathers worshiped that God, and were ever any people so richly blessed? Did ever any people enjoy so much freedom and prosperity? They read the word of God, and believed in that; they kept his laws and observed his statutes to do them. And oh, what a harvest of good did they reap!

But we believe in priestcraft, and obey its commandments, its theology. It has taught us to worship gods of gold and silver, and beastly lusts, and passions called isms, and hate and revenge, and war and tyranny. And what a harvest of woe have we reaped! This mammon has established his empire over this country; his headquarters are in Wall street, New York. From that point he issues his decrees. The national government, the State government, in a word, every political and social organization in the whole country, is subject to his authority. This power commanded the Republican faction to nominate Grant, and the Democratic party to nominate Seymour. To show how universal its power is, let me state this simple fact: the Governor of Tennessee asked for arms to arm the militia of that State. The legislature was about to pass the law, when a prohibitory command came from Wall street: Tennessee bonds are falling in the market, and if you pass that militia bill we will send them lower. That's enough! the bill won't be

passed. It does not help the matter to say that the Governor of Tennessee is a madman, a canting old priest, who for years and years has blasphemed heaven and insulted earth by preaching for Christianity abuse and slander of everything and everybody who was good. It does not help the matter any to say that the Tennessee legislature is a foul gang of usurpers and thieves, put into power by that poor, weak, shallow mimic of a tyrant who to-day\* disgraces the Presidential chair. It does not help the matter to say that in this case the power was exercised for good. To talk about a people being free, and a country being the land of liberty, when it has an aristocratic power, a great moneyed power, which controls at will the State and national legislatures, which makes and unmakes governors and presidents, is simply absurd. Such people may hurrah for freedom and equality until their throats are sore, and they will still be slaves.

But whom will the people trust? The political leaders of the Republican party sold the masses to Grant, as the tool of the bondocracy. Vallandigham, who has made fuss enough for a half-dozen patriots, tried to sell out his party to S. P. Chase, the most bitter, radical and uncompromising enemy his party ever had. On account of his talents and his thorough proficiency in all the arts of political villainy, no man in the whole country was capable of doing the Democratic party so much harm. The rest of the politicians, with Voorhees at their head, another boisterous patriot, sold out to Seymour, the only prominent man in the party who was thoroughly identified with the bondautocracy.

There is an instinct in the masses of the people which leads them to look in the right direction in times of great peril, even when they lack the patriotism and courage to follow this great law of truth. The masses of the Democratic party, the laboring millions who swell its ranks, nineteen out of twenty of them, had turned their eyes to George H. Pendleton of Ohio. What attractive power was it which led the masses to him, for thousands and tens of thousands of working men in the Republican party

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\* 1868. Andy Johnson.

were ready to support him? What was it that led the people to him? Why, he has a heart, a soul; he is honest and upright and noble; to-day if it was in his power he would sacrifice everything he has in the world,—aye, his very life,—if by doing it the great democracy of America could be free as it once was, and his country prosperous and happy as in days of yore. But he was too good for the politicians, and much too good for the bondautoeracy, whose tools the politicians are. A politician like Governor Seymour, drilled in all the arts of political chicanery, suits better than an honest, upright man, a man who has a heart to feel for the people, and a soul to rebel against their wrongs. But on this subject of bondocracy the people can't trust such men even as George H. Pendleton; for whilst he is honest and upright in his personal character and private relations, and in political affairs, according to the highest standard of morality which governs the country, his reasoning is incorrect and his conclusions unworthy of himself. Indeed, the standard of right and wrong which governs this country, fixed by a hireling priestcraft, is sadly low. With a strange inconsistency, and with a lack of that clear perception of truth without which no people can be free or happy, Mr. Pendleton argues that the people are in honor bound to pay the public debt.

The Congress of the United States, dictated to by the aristocracy of the North, its great moneyed power, without any moral or legal right (according to Pendleton himself) did make war on a part of the country. Had this Congress been acting as the agents of the people, and in their behalf, there would have been no war; but because it was the agent of the great moneyed power of the North, and was acting in its behalf, it did make the war for its interest and benefit. This moneyed tyrant enters into a conspiracy with the agents of the people, and buys these agents to make war on the people, to destroy their government, their liberties, and their happiness; and then turns round and asks the people to pay the expenses of the crimes and follies which have wrought this ruin, because the agents of the people were parties to this damning conspiracy. The Congress had power to preserve.

and not destroy, the liberties and happiness of the people. The power they used for this purpose was not a legitimate use of power, but a criminal abuse of it. And the financial gamblers who entered into the conspiracy deserve not only to lose the money they spent in carrying out their wicked deeds, but they deserve to go to the penitentiary besides.

But suppose the war was just (and no war of invasion or subjugation was ever just), then are the people bound by all of its acts and consequences? "We are bound by all the acts of Congress, because, if we repudiate any of them, somebody will suffer by it." To make the matter plain, Congress by its reconstruction acts has put the power of the Southern States into the hands of the negro. The negroes, trusting in the plighted faith of the United States, as expressed by the public acts of its national legislature, have organized governments. By these governments they have disfranchised the white people of the South, and made these people their enemies. Now Mr. Pendleton says that it is perfectly honorable and upright, perfectly just, to repudiate this whole reconstruction policy, and thereby violate the plighted faith of the government to three millions of persons. Will Mr. Pendleton say that these people are only negroes, half-civilized barbarians, and that therefore we are not bound to keep our promises with them? Would it be in accordance with high notions of honor for a powerful people to say, We are not bound to keep our promise with these people, because they are weak and ignorant?

The notions of morality which men seem to entertain are about these: that all obligations in which money is concerned are sacred and must be kept; but obligations which affect only the lives and liberties of men may be violated with impunity. The object of the war, with all of its consequences, may be repudiated, everything may be undone, except its promises to pay money; these and these only are inviolable. This is but another strong proof of what I stated before, that mammon is the god whom this people worship. You may promise anything to anybody, and violate that promise; but any promise to pay money, no matter if the promise has been extorted



by force, you must keep it. The laboring millions were promised freedom, happiness, and prosperity such as they had never seen before, if they would go into the war and fight it through. They did so; and how have these promises been kept? where is the freedom, the happiness, and prosperity? But they are only men: persons, and not property. It don't matter if you do break your promise with them. It don't matter if they do have to work harder and live harder. It don't matter if their wives and little ones—maybe the widows and children of soldiers who fell in the war—do suffer. It don't matter if you did promise to them freedom and prosperity and happiness; you need not keep that promise. Oh, no; you may give them, instead, the intolerable burdens of debt and taxation, ay, the pinching of poverty and want. They are only men, women and children,—not money; you need not keep faith with them.

Beware, worshipers of mammon, beware! Money may be a mighty lever of power, but the human soul when once waked up—who can measure its power? It is patient and long-suffering and forbearing; but when its anger is once kindled, woe to them who have trifled with its confidence and betrayed its trust. Only the God who made it can restrain its power; and he has never restrained it from breaking to pieces idol gods, and visiting swift justice upon the evil deeds of their worshipers.

I repeat it, the aristocratic institutions of this country brought on the late war. I will go further, and say that aristocratic institutions, in some form or other, have been the cause of all the wars which have ever been waged in the world. A small proportion of the people of a state get rich, they use their wealth by consolidating it to get power into their hands, and then they use the power to rob their own people until they have made the masses poor. When they have made the masses of their own people poor and dependent, they buy them up like horses and use them to rob some other state or nation. The slave power in the Southern States took possession of all the State governments, and used them to keep up its power and extend its empire. As far as they could get possession of the national government, they used it for the same pur-

pose. In the meantime the commercial thieves and financial gamblers of the North, and the owners of big distilleries and big manufacturing establishments, had got possession of all the State governments up there, and had used them to establish their power over the masses of the people.

To every man who is not the slave of fanaticism and prejudice, it is perfectly apparent that these moneyed monopolists had and still have absolute control over not only every political body, but every social and religious organization in that section. It was a struggle between these two great aristocracies to get possession of the national government, and use it to extend its power and authority, which led to the late terrible civil war. The irrepressible conflict, as understood by Seward and Greeley, was not whether Americans should be free or slave, but whether the slaves should be black or white. The question was not whether an aristocracy should be the controlling element of power in the American government, but whether the mud-sill of that aristocracy should be the half-civilized African or the "poor white trash." The Northern masters could show by facts and figures that they, by using white slaves, could make millions, while the Southern masters by using negro slaves were making thousands. As the chief end of nations as well as of individuals is to make money and get rich, this argument seemed to be conclusive in favor of white slavery. Indeed, that portion of the Southern people who had been indoctrinated into the belief that the only object of life is to make money, had accepted, in theory at least, the Northern idea of slavery; and if the matter had been left alone, this system of slavery would after awhile have been adopted at the South, because money-making men there had been convinced that it would *pay better*.

But these aristocratic powers could not wait. Each one had in its own section got possession of the State government, and subsidized to its use every other organized institution, whether it was political or religious. The great struggle then was for the national government. Whichever party could get possession of that, and consolidate its power in its behalf, would probably succeed

in fastening its system of slavery upon the western world. For awhile the advocates of negro slavery succeeded. They got control of the Congress and executive, and the Supreme Court, too, decided in their favor. This party then believed that the power of the national government ought to be supreme, and that its laws ought to be executed everywhere. The other party denied the supremacy of the national government, and advocated States' rights; they did, too, by their personal liberty bills and other antagonistic laws, virtually nullify the laws of the national legislature and prevent their execution. But the situation changed; and circumstances, you know, alter cases. The advocates of white slavery got possession of the national government. Then the friends of negro slavery denied the supremacy of its power, and set up States' rights as their defense. The other party, who had first in the name of States' rights resisted the authority of the national government and prevented the execution of its laws, claimed for it not only supreme power over the States, but the right to destroy these States by war, and to build on their ruins a military despotism.

Knowing full well that neither in the Constitution of the United States, nor in the history of American democracy, could even the shadow of a pretext be found to justify this monstrous perversion of the legitimate objects of government, they publicly ignore both that Constitution and that history, and set up as excuses to justify their monstrous wrongs those pleas which tyrants and despots have used for six thousand years to justify their robberies and plunderings of mankind. They declare that, by the right of subjugation and conquest, they have acquired the power to make millions of their fellow-men subserve their own purposes; that they have thus acquired the right to use their lives, their liberties, and their property to serve their interest and their pleasure.

Could anything be more repugnant to the genius of American liberty than this? Could anything be more at war with the spirit of Christianity, which was the mother of American liberty? Here is a little community of five persons; three quarrel with two, and because they have the power they beat them. Now, because we three have

the power to overcome you two and to beat you, therefore have we a right to take your property, ay, your very lives; so that hereafter, if you are permitted to have any property or even to live, you will owe it to our grace and favor. These three do first commit a crime against God, and against all right notions of justice, by beating and trampling their fellow-men under their feet; and then they use this crime as a justification of the other crime of robbing them of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Such are the notions of government boldly promulgated by that great moneyed power which to-day rules this country. How different are they from those principles which our fathers proclaimed to the world when they founded the American democracy!

"*Might makes right*" is the law which governs this country to-day. To answer the purposes of this monstrous usurpation, the very forms of American liberty must die; the States must be blotted out, and military satrapies built upon their ruins. The white man must be disinherited of his birthright to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In ten of the States the negro must be organized into a great political power, governed by the military satraps and carpet-bag spies, the agents of this great usurpation to perpetuate its power. The national debt must be doubled, and interest paid in gold. The annual expenses of the government must be run up to five hundred millions a year (instead of twenty millions as it was in Washington's day), in order that the power of this bondautocracy may be supreme. The millions of working men must work harder and live harder, in order that this upstart aristocracy may live in gilded pomp and in glorious splendor. Ay! the wives and daughters of the laboring people must shiver in their scanty clothes, in order that the wives and daughters of the bondautocracy may gild their drunken, licentious revelries with silks and jewels and diamonds costing thousands and tens of thousands of dollars. That the rich may live in princely palaces, the poor must be crammed into garrets and cellars, slaves of filth and crime.

But this mammon, this money-god, don't know what it is doing; it don't know what manner of people it is



trifling with ; it don't know the character of the people whom it is wronging, robbing, and insulting ; it don't seem to know that the people it is trying to make slaves of have the power in their own hands ; it don't seem to know that the liberties of this country were born of Christianity ; it don't seem to know that its mission, its destiny, is, not only to destroy oppression in America, but by the influence of its example to overturn the tyranny of the world ; it don't seem to know that its usurpations and wrongs are waking up that fierce spirit of liberty ; it don't seem to know that that spirit will presently blow over the country and sweep it like a besom of destruction to ruin ; it don't seem to see these dark clouds hanging there, ominous of the coming storm,—a storm which will destroy not only aristocracy, but all those institutions which have been built as bulwarks to defend aristocracy.

Priestcraft, which for eighteen hundred years has united with the political power to rob mankind of the rights and liberties and happiness offered to him by Christianity, must perish. Political factions, which have been the tools of great aristocratic powers, to flatter, cajole, humbug and force men to be their slaves, must perish. Banks and big manufacturing establishments, and whisky distilleries, and railroad and canal companies, and indeed every money-monopoly which serves to build up and maintain aristocracy, must die. Falsehood, with all her institutions, all her customs, must be driven out of the world, and Truth must live and rule and reign. God, and not mammon, must be our God. The Bible, and not the theologies of the Pharisees, must be our religion. Virtue, and not vice, must be our practice. And then, and not till then, will we reap with glad hearts the harvest of liberty, and peace, and universal prosperity.

## THE THIRD WITNESS.

SHE was a woman ; and her face was pale and careworn ; it looked as if sorrow had plowed many a deep furrow there. She said her mother was a good woman ; she taught her from her infancy to read the word of God and revere its truths.

When, said she, I grew up to be a woman, I married. What a bright day was that for me ! A new world burst upon my mind. Henceforth would I be loved and cherished as a wife, revered and honored as a mother ; I would have troubles, too, no doubt ; but what are troubles to the patience, the constancy, and truth of a woman's soul ! What will not that soul do and suffer as long as it is lit up by the smiles of one she loves, cheered by his confidence and sustained by his truth ? To toil is sweet ; to bend over the couch of sickness, to hear and feel its every groan, to guard it with sleepless eyes through the long tedious watches of the night, to anticipate and minister to its least wants, to alleviate the slightest pain that disturbs its fitful slumbers, all, all these things will she do with pleasure, so long as he to whom she has plighted her vows of love and obedience cherishes that love, and proves himself worthy of it.

My husband too was a good man, noble and true. How beautiful were the early days of our love ! I thought our happiness was full. But how did it run over in gushing tears of joy, when I presented him with our first little cherub-boy ! As he gazed with manly pride upon this little angel which God had sent to us, to be, as we then fondly believed, a pledge of our perpetual union and unchanging love, a tear stole unconsciously from those bright eyes, albeit they were unused to the weeping mood. Oh, what would I give to be able to call back those halcyon days,—but one of those days even,—for it would be an oasis in the desert of life !

But the devil came into our little Eden, as he had done into the paradise of old. But he did not come to woman, as he did before. The devil knew better, and man knows better too, than to put upon our sex the crimes and follies of the present generation. He came, too, in the form of a serpent; for what can be more like that subtle, cunning reptile, than a canting, hypocritical priest, who has put on the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. To make us in any way responsible for the wickedness of the present age is only a lie, which the devil has put into the mouth of man to excuse his own blame. Mother Eve first sinned, it is true; but because of that sin God made her the dependent and servant of man. The Creator subjected us to his will and authority, in order that we might not have it in our power even to cause man to sin again. There is not this day in the whole world one single solitary woman who is not subject to the influence and control of some man. It may not be her husband; for be it said, to man's shame, that many a woman has plighted her love and obedience to a man who is not worthy of either. Ay, many a woman has a husband who is not worthy of her respect even.

Yes, the preachers who teach us our notions of right and wrong, and whom we believe and trust because they come to us as the prophets of God, the apostles of Christianity, are often the devil's ministers for seducing, corrupting, and debauching the world. For hundreds of years they have taught the people their religion; and as a people's religion is, so will be their moral, social, and political affairs. Anybody who will think for one moment will understand this truth. Had every minister of the gospel, so-called, and every religious newspaper, based all their moral teachings upon this simple, plain commandment of our Saviour,—“Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself,” it would have saved us from ninety-nine hundredths of the crimes and follies which this generation has committed. It would have spared us, too, ninety-nine hundredths of the sorrows and sighs which we have endured.

But, instead of the commandments of God, they have taught us abolitionism, which means in plain English to

hate our neighbors of the South ; mesmerism and spiritualism, which are infidelity ; turning away from the ways of God to hold communion with devils and wicked spirits ; free-loveism and womanism, which are only fine names for adultery and fornication ; Maine liquor laws, temperance laws, and whisky-tax bills, which put it in the power of sharpers and swindlers to make whisky and sell it without paying any tax on it at all ; the weak and the ignorant, who make the attempt and are caught, pay the tax for all. These boasted reform-laws have other beauties which ought to be mentioned. They give to the cold-blooded, avaricious creatures who devised them, the privilege of drinking their toddies and juleps behind the door, and thus save them the cost of treating their guests,—a thing which it is pleasant for a warm heart and generous hospitality to do.

One other merit these modern reform-laws; so-called, have, which ought in a special manner to recommend them to the masses of the people, that vast majority who make their living by the sweat of their brow. 'Tis true, some abolition member of Congress calls them "poor white trash ;" but even if they are, they ought to be pitied and not robbed ; indeed, they ought to be pitied. Woman as I am, I pity and despise them too. For, whilst they are boasting of their equality and manhood suffrage, their masters at Washington, when they deign to notice them at all (they are so much occupied with the negro that they scarcely ever think of them), call them "poor white trash." At the same time they are placing on their backs burdens to be carried for an upstart aristocracy, which even mules would kick against. This fact ought, I say, to recommend these laws to the people at large ; it makes the whisky business a vast smuggling operation, which can only be carried on by men who have money ; it puts it in the power of these moneyed swindlers to sell the poor man his dram at their own prices ; ay, it almost puts it out of the power of the honest, sober, and industrious laborer to buy whisky enough for medicine in his family, and yet it does not save the drunkard, poor as a beggar though he be, from its curse and its ruin. Ever since the establishment of governments among men, the



world has been cursed by moneyed despotisms in some shape or other ; but never has aristocracy assumed so hideous a shape, or stooped so low.

The next religion these preachers taught us was war and plunder, the legitimate fruits of their pious infidelity. Indeed, this was only another form which they gave to "the unknown god" whom they have taught us ignorantly to worship. One half of our once-happy and prosperous country a heap of ruins ; hundreds of thousands of Northern freemen, so-called, bought up for less prices per head than the negroes they went to liberate were selling for, and sent forth to suffer, to bleed and die upon a hundred battle-fields ; a government more despotic and more expensive than that of Russia ; a public debt which will curse the laboring classes of this country, their children, and their children's children, with poverty and degradation ; to crown all, an aristocracy the meanest and lowest, the most heartless and unfeeling, the most corrupting and demoralizing, the most wicked and damning, which has ever cursed the world. All other aristocracies have had some redeeming traits of character : they had age, which gave them dignity and politeness, wisdom, which gave them virtue and propriety, a historical name, which led them to practice the virtues of their fathers ; some idea of a God and some regard for the virtues which represent the attributes of his character ; and, among all the aristocracies I have ever heard of or read about, cowardice has been justly held in supreme contempt.

Turn from this, and take a look at our aristocracy. The priest, the politician, the bondautocrat, our masters, are upstarts, born but yesterday as it were ; they have no parentage, or if they have they are ashamed to own it ; many of them creatures who were cast upon the world by chance, and driven by the cold heartlessness of an age utterly devoid of benevolence to steal in their childhood to keep from starving. Their proficiency in these little stealings, adroitly done inside the forms of devilish laws made for their protection, after awhile recommended them to political charlatans, to financial and commercial gamblers, who have had the control of this country for years.

Through the influence of these sharpers they have been enabled gradually to extend their thieving operations, until they have acquired absolute control over all the affairs of the country. Proficiency in the art of lying pointed them out as eminently fit to do the dirty work of angry political factions. Proficiency in the arts of lying and stealing were the qualifications necessary for them to take the places of those whose financial tricks and commercial frauds had made them merchant-princes of the country. Proficiency in all the arts of hypocrisy make them fit ministers of these ecclesiastical despotisms which in the name of God and Christ, like the Pharisees of old, compass heaven and earth to make one proselyte, and when he is made they make him two-fold more the child of the devil than themselves.

Many are ready to answer me on this wise: These men, whom you are abusing, deserve to be honored. They started poor, and got rich; they started poor, and got to be successful preachers and politicians. Yes, you have honored them; you've honored the politician to your country's ruin; you've honored financial and commercial gamblers until the toiling millions, once the proud democracy of America, have become the serfs of an upstart bondautocracy; you have honored a hypocritical priesthood until they have built up a vast ecclesiastical despotism, by which they exact from you tithes of mint, cummin, and anise, whilst the weightier matters of the law, judgment and mercy and faith, are utterly forgotten. The people have been in the hands of their masters, the priests and politicians, so long, that they do not seem to think for themselves any more at all; they have forgotten that they have either minds or souls. Some of these days they will wake up: it may be when it is too late; it may be when the politician has riveted their chains, and when the priest has left them, without a hope, shivering upon the banks of the dark river of death. Will their ignorance break their shackles, or will it bridge that dark river which not even a spirit from heaven, much less a spirit from earth, can cross without a bridge?

I look around me and see a hundred men whom I saw start out in the world together. Out of these, three

have been successful : one as a priest, one as a politician, and one as a money-tyrant. I knew them all when they were boys. The first was what is called a good boy, a boy of rather a timid disposition and considerable reverence ; his timidity kept him from those little bad mischievous things which other boys did ; a good deal of pride led him to make good use of his time in study. These qualities recommended him to the church as one who would likely make a good agent ; they took him up, and educated him for the ministry. He was not a Christian, but as he was destined to be a Christian minister he had to assume an air of sanctity and observe the ceremonies and sacraments ; hence at the very outset he commenced a big game of hypocrisy. By the time he got through the theological schools, where all the requisite qualifications are taught,—even the solemn tone of voice, the grave face, and a punctual attendance upon the external duties of a churchman,—he was a bigoted Pharisee.

As he was utterly ignorant of the spirit of Christianity, he at first took up the theology of the church and taught that. Being skilled in logic, rhetoric, and other tricks of popular oratory, he gathered into the church a good many churchmen, but precious few Christians. But religion must be something more than a belief, something more than a simple assent of the mind ; certain acts must be done, to represent its good deeds ; a faith without works is dead. As he had never repented, it could hardly be expected that he, like the Master whom he only professed to serve, would go about doing good, opening the eyes of the blind, unstopping the ears of the deaf, and preaching the gospel to the poor ; it could hardly be expected of such a one that he would go out into the highways and hedges to the lame, the halt, and the blind.

But there are things he can do, even if he is not a Christian. He can preach big sermons, garnish them with words of human wisdom, attract the attention of the rich and great, build a larger and finer church, get up organs, choirs, and other pretty things to entertain and amuse his hearers. He organizes Sunday-schools, Bible societies, theological schools, temperance societies, abolition societies, mesmerisms, spiritualisms, and many others, which

are all human inventions, very well calculated to build up and extend the power of the church as a political and social organization. He makes the conditions of membership easy, that is, acceptable to the carnal mind: the member must assent to his notions of theology, attend upon all the observances of the church; he must pay the priest a good salary; he must patronize all the auxiliary societies of the church; in a word, he must pay tithes of mint, cummin, and anise; he must not swear out loud, and must not take a dram unless it be behind the door. If he will do these things punctually, he has a full and free indulgence to practice all those artifices and frauds which avarice has devised to trap the unwary, to cheat the ignorant, and to trample under foot the weak.

I have often wondered at their irreconcilable hatred to wine. Is it because it stirs up in the bosom of mankind social feelings, and excites warm and generous sentiments? Is it because it leads men, even those who are not Christians, to spend their money freely? to pay the laborer better wages, to give to the needy, and to help those who are sinking under the accumulated burdens of misfortune? But if money were spent for all of these foolish things, where would enough come from to gild with regal splendor the pompous power of these ecclesiastical despotisms? Where would enough come from to enable them, in conjunction with political usurpations and social frauds called bondautocracies, to beggar and to enslave the great masses of the people? Or is it because wine and social parties have a great tendency to make people candid? Is it because hypocrisy, the great pillar which supports modern phariseism, miscalled the church, fears anything which makes people frank and outspoken?

The boy who made the politician was a genial sunny-tempered fellow. His perceptions were quick, his speech ready and witty; he was not a hard student, but picked up a heap of superficial knowledge without much study; he played truant, but never got whipped, for he always had ready a lie which bore so strong a resemblance to the truth that the master could never make up his mind about his guilt; so, being bound by law to give him the benefit of a doubt, he always went scot-free. Political factions



were not long taking the cue of this young man. As the party his father belonged to was in the minority in his district, the other faction proffered him an office to recant the political faith in which he had been educated and to come over to them. This was not hard to do, since the public sentiment of the country honors a poor boy who wins money or popularity, without regard to the means he uses. Thus does the moral sense of the country encourage him to begin life by an act of treason to his former friends and to his own convictions of right.

The boy who made the bondautocrat was one of those cold phlegmatic fellows who never play like other boys. When he did join in their sports he was always in earnest. When he played marbles he always played "for keeps;" he studied the game and understood it thoroughly; he could halloo "kicks," "no kicks," "knuckle down," quicker than any other boy; he always took "everies," but never permitted any other boy to do it; he never played with a boy who was a match for him in dexterity; he always played, too, with boys who were smaller than himself, so that if any dispute arose which could not be settled in a friendly way the odds were always on his side; when he got his pockets full of marbles, he would sell out to some thoughtless, careless, free-hearted boy, who did not have the ready cash, but was willing to give two prices in order to get a short credit.

As a man, he makes sharp bargains with the ignorant; and when they object because they do not understand them, he calls upon the law, whose fundamental maxim is: that everybody knows all its quilllets and quiddets, its ten thousand disingenuous tricks and villainous sophistries. He sells to a foolish man a piece of land or other real estate at two prices, persuading him to sell all the little property he has on hand, to make the first payment. When the next payment becomes due he puts it up to be sold for cash, buys it in for half what he sold it at, and sells whatever other little property the poor man may have, to pay the expenses of the transaction. This bondautocrat is, too, a bigoted churchman, a class-leader, elder, deacon, or something else in the church of the priest just described.

I remember once during harvest-time he stood in the field and counted the hours which were lost by his work-hands on account of little showers from passing clouds; yea, while the Father of mercies was giving drink to the thirsty ground, and cooling the parched and stagnant air with refreshing showers, this phylacteried Pharisee, worse than a heathen, was robbing the poor laborer of his hire, thus converting the healing shower which God had sent to purify the air, sick of stagnant heat, into a curse. I remember one of his laborers was a cripple. It took him longer to get to a sheltering tree out of the shower, and a little longer to get back to his work, than the other hands. These minutes were reckoned in the settlement, although he had hired the cripple for half wages and he was a brother member of the same church.

Another time he lectured his son sharply for spending a day enjoying the pleasures of a social party. "See," he added, to make the grave lecture more impressive, "see what you have lost by it. While you were frolic-ing and spending money foolishly, John Grabb (a neighbor bondautocrat's son) was, like a good boy and dutiful son, attending to business. He bought Joe Careless's cow for sixteen dollars, and she is well worth twenty-six. He bought Simon Simple's horse for sixty-seven dollars, and he is well worth a hundred." These were the last cow and the last horse of two poor neighbors, sold under the hammer to meet the heartless demands of some brother bondautocrat.

These, however, are only little rustic games played by the unsophisticated money tyrants in the country; they are mere child's play to the gigantic schemes of plunder and oppression carried on by the manufacturing, financial, and commercial robbers in the cities. These don't have crippled ignorant laborers—Simon Simple and Joe Careless—working for them at half wages, but thousands of intelligent mechanics and clerks; yea, men who in mind and moral character are their superiors, men who are unequal to them only in the arts of lying and stealing,—the pre eminent qualifications for amassing great fortunes.

These are the poor men who have become rich and great; these are the men whom the people delight to

honor; and their gilded pomp and power, built upon the graves of their honor and upon the ruins of their liberties, are the gods they worship. The preacher has their souls in his keeping, and makes them pay well for preparing them for the devil. The bondautocrat fixes their social position, and makes them pay him handsomely for making them the mud-sill of society. The politician amuses them as if they were children with such baubles as universal suffrage, while he sells them out a dozen times a year to the lobby agents of the bondautocracy. The church, with its massive walls of granite, brick, or marble,—its simplicity often marred by the gaudy and out-of-place ornaments which an ignorant and perverted taste has hung about it, awkward and ill-constructed state-houses, wretched mimeries of regal splendor, but like it only in reckless and extravagant cost, for they were built by contractors in partnership with their political masters,—these, with their priestly ceremonies and their political hobbies, are the gods they worship. The palatial residences of the bondautocracy, with a whole train of showy, fashionable fooleries, come in for a full share of their adoration, whilst the God in whose hands their breath is, and whose are all their ways, have they not glorified. When I see millions whose birthright was a pure Christianity with honor and truth, whose heritage was liberty,—men whom God created in his own image and called his sons,—serving such masters, and worshipping such gods, I thank my God that I am a woman; weak and friendless as I am, I would not be the servant of such despicable slaves.

But I said I knew a hundred persons who started out in life together. What has become of the other ninety-seven? They are the slaves I have been describing,—slaves of these petty upstart aristocracies,—worshippers of idols. Never did heathens worship such idols; for even when they worship gods of wood and stone they endow them with some imaginary virtues. These ecclesiastical despotisms have become the symbol of hypocrisy, politics the synonym of lying, the bondautocracy a big cancer upon the body politic; and the whole body must be eaten up to feed this filthy sore.

When I hear these same slaves and idol worshipers prating about freedom and universal suffrage, I don't know whether to laugh at their ignorance or to weep for their crimes. What is their boasted freedom? A right to vote, a right to serve political factions, a right to change masters, a right to choose as their master a vulgar clown who had won some reputation as a rail-splitter, which recommended him to a mad political faction as a good entering wedge to split the Union with; the right to choose a drunken tailor, who won some notoriety by deserting his own country and people and by helping a mad faction destroy it. He has won more of the same kind of notoriety by permitting the same run-mad factions to use him as a tool to destroy the dignity and power of an office once held by a Washington and a Jackson.

They will have the privilege of changing masters again soon. Will they select one who has a reputation as a butcher of cattle, or one who won fame as a butcher of men? What a wonderful privilege it is to vote! How long would it take these same men to teach their horses and dogs to vote? And after the voting was over they could go back, the dog to his kennel, and the horse to his dray, like their masters. How often have they not voted? Are they any the less the politician's fool and the bondautocrat's slave? They vote for equality, and they are the mud-sill of a heartless moneyed aristocracy. They vote freedom, and drudge along under burdens of debt and taxation such as an Arab's camel wouldn't bear. Why, they might have all these luxuries without voting. The people of Austria don't vote, and yet they live in the full enjoyment of the privileges which these people seem to be so proud of. Even the semi-barbarous negroes of the South will not thank them for this boon of freedom when they come to find out what it is. To them it will only be the privilege of working harder for harder masters.

But these tyrants know what they are doing, if their slaves don't. They saw their white slaves growing restless under the weight of accumulating burdens. They began to be a little afraid that their patience, though equal to that of a mule, would wear out. For fear that those of them who have a little spirit left would kick against the



new wrongs which they are about to saddle on them, for fear some of them, retaining some recollection of the ancient democracy of America, and some veneration for its noble founders who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors to prevent a British king and a British aristocracy from making slaves of them,—for fear, I say, that some, urged by these sacred motives and hallowed memories, would oppose the accursed design, which is now forming, to do what the British king and British aristocracy failed to do,—for fear that some of their white slaves are not yet educated up to the grand purpose of the progress and reform party, to seize the national government by means of the army, clothe its chief with regal honors and make a hereditary nobility of the bonded aristocracy,—they have provided negroes to vote in their stead. These, no doubt, will be more tractable. No doubt they will be able to make them vote right, through the agency of their military satraps and carpet-bag spies.

That harlot too, which impudently calls herself the church, is not only ready but impatient for the grand finale. Already is she looking with lascivious eyes upon the state. Already has one assignation been held. Already is conceived, in the womb of that vile whore, the hideous monster which is to destroy the democracy of America and build a despotism on its ruins. Infidelity, in any shape or form, is horrible enough: it means moral, social, political death. But infidelity, springing from the loins of political usurpation and from the womb of phariseism, who can describe its monstrous proportions? Whose virtue will be safe from its slimy touch? Whose innocence will save them from its indiscriminate and bloodthirsty revenge, and whose justice will shield them from its rapacious greed of plunder? This infidel god of modern Phariseism is never done changing: as fast as the people get a little used to one horrible shape, he assumes another.

This devil (that is its true name), having reduced man, comes to tempt woman. He uses man, or creatures styling themselves men, to accomplish his diabolical designs. He goes first to the preacher, a fit tool to do his dirty work; for he is either an infidel, prating hypocriti-

cally about religion, or, what is worse, a Pharisee wrapped securely in the mantle of bigoted self-righteousness. The latter was the kind of sub-devil used to destroy our once happy family. He taught my husband to be a negro worshiper first. Then came the grand bifalutin clap-trap of spiritualism. Gradually my husband was won over to these new religions and strange gods.

As a dutiful and faithful wife, I went with him. Ruth was one of the models my parents had taught me to pattern after; I determined that beautiful sentiment of Ruth, "Whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," should regulate my conduct towards my husband. Little did I think that he would carry me into the deserts of infidelity, and teach me to worship the simooms as gods. What a difference there is between the infidel gods—those gods which man creates for our worship—and that God who made the heavens and earth, the seas, and fountains of water. The nearer we approach the Almighty the more do we tremble at his power, and bow down to worship his wisdom; mortality dare not gaze upon his unveiled glory, lest it die; even through the created universe, which hangs like a cloud about his throne, we see the I AM, the God from everlasting to everlasting, the same yesterday, to-day and forever; but familiarity with the idols of infidels begets contempt. Hence it was that the heathens had so many gods; hence it is, modern infidelity has to invent so many new ones.

The one whose worship proved fatal to our happiness was the hideous monster called woman's rights. Freedom in its modern sense means the right of every man and every woman to do as he or she pleases; this at least is the pretty theory. This, I say, is the theory, the philosophy so called. But how will everybody secure this precious privilege to do as he pleases? Why, wise philosophers of progress and reform, so called, have found out that if you will take a little bit of paper and write some rascal's name on it, called politician, and write some fool's name—your own for instance—on the back of it, and put it into a little box called the ballot-box, that ever

after you will be perfectly free to do just as you please; this is the pretty *theory*. The *practice* is slightly different; it fixes a condition which doesn't appear in the theory. The practice is the same, with this slight and unimportant difference: everybody can do as he pleases, *if he has the power*.

For instance, he can have fine horses and carriages, and go in great style, *if he is rich*; he can work when he pleases, and play when he pleases, *if he has the means to keep it up*; he can travel over the world, and see its wonders, *if he has the money to pay his way*; he can support his wife like a lady, *if he can pay the expenses*; he can move in the first circles, so called, and be on terms of equality with the élite of fashionable society, *if they will let him*; he can make his family comfortable and happy, if he works hard,—if he gets good wages, and if he does not have to pay out a large portion of his wages to bolster up the tyranny of a corrupt and wasteful usurpation, miscalled government; if he doesn't have to pay out another portion to nourish a greedy, debauched, and licentious bondautocracy, and still another portion to feed a hypocritical hireling priesthood.

I see men vote, and their task-masters impose on them additional burdens. I see men vote, and their rich lords pass them by with as much contempt as if they were not fit to untie their shoes. I see men vote, and toil year in and year out for wages hardly sufficient to keep soul and body together. I see men vote, and sell themselves to substitute-buyers, to go to shambles of death,—aye, sell themselves for lower prices than the negro slaves were selling for, whom they went to set free. I see men vote, and their wives sent adrift upon the world to shift for themselves. I see men vote, and their children driven by that most inexorable slave-driver, necessity, to steal. I have seen men, who got rich under the forms of devilish laws and wicked customs, send these friendless children of necessity to prison-cells, to expiate their crimes. I see men vote, and their pretty daughters, protected by no law,—for there is no human law to protect them, and divine laws are forgotten,—driven for refuge to those houses of shame around which infamy draws her cur-

tains forever. These are the precious privileges now offered to woman in the name of woman's rights.

Our preacher wheedled my husband, who was a member of his church, into it. This was not hard to do; he had already led him from the pleasant ways of Christianity into the dark uncertain ways of unbelief; already was our little bark adrift upon the black tide of infidelity; faith in God, the magnet of its course, was gone; already too had he drifted out of sight of those beacon lights which revelation has set upon the rocky shores of doubt. In our extremity we were willing to put into any harbor. My husband took with the thing directly; nor was he long in persuading me to it. Indeed, my husband was a changed man; his conduct towards me was very different from what it had been. I felt indeed that we could not long avoid a collision.

It was a pleasant thought to me to be placed on terms of equality with him. If quarrels should come, and I knew they would, I would then be able to defend myself. To be equal to my husband,—'twas a happy thought. Once it was not so. When he was a good man, I was proud to look up to him as my superior. I was most happy then to know that under the protection of his manhood, his truth and his honor, my virtue, my beauty, yea, even my frailties, were secure. But now that he had become a bad man, an infidel, I felt that I needed some other protection. I did not know then that deceitful bait was intended for my bane; I did not see the poison hid under the sugar on top; but since have I tasted its bitterness, and my soul has been convulsed by its deadly spasms.

My husband came home one day angry and fretful. I had been educated to patience and obedience, and thought it would be better to wait for some special provocation before asserting my newly-acquired rights; then would I let him know, once for all, that I was his equal. The desired moment had come. My husband, I discovered, was drunk. I told him he must excuse me for the evening: I could not keep a drunken man's company; I would occupy another room until he got sober. His eyes glared upon me like the eyes of an angry beast, and



with an oath he dared me attempt it. Not doubting for a moment the truth of my new religion, I started to execute my purpose. He seized me by the hair, knotted on the back of my head, and jerked me to the floor.

I sprang to my feet in a rage, exclaiming as I did so, "I am your equal, sir. I will punish you for this wicked conduct." I flew at him, and scratched his face with my nails. With one blow he felled me to the floor, and dragged me to the door as if I had been a child. He opened the door, and, picking me up as if I had been a chip, dashed me out, saying, as he did so, "Go, hunt company that will suit you." Ah, then I knew,—no, I knew nothing. My brain was a whirlpool of madness, boiling and foaming until I was blind. Whither would I go? I thought of an old woman who lived in the neighborhood.

When my husband first brought me to his home, this old woman was a favorite friend. She often came to our house, and we often visited her. Aunt Dorothy was a good old woman, kind, open-hearted, and sunny-tempered; her house was small, but neatly kept. I had often consulted her about my housekeeping affairs, and she could always give me good advice. After awhile we began to get rich and to go more out into the world. We then sought other associations; we went into the best circles, so called; Aunt Dorothy's simple old-fashioned ways lost all attraction for me. We attended temperance societies, spiritual rappings, abolition societies, woman's rights' meetings, and so on.

Aunt Dorothy would not talk about these things; and when I would force these subjects on her, she would tell me plain out that she did not like them. She said she did not like these new-fashioned religions, she would not worship these strange gods. She had read the Bible all her life, but had never found any of those new notions in it: it did indeed tell about strange gods,—idols which men would make to worship, instead of the one living and true God; but it told us about these only to tell us not to worship them.

She would say, "I am afraid these spirits people are talking with are evil spirits; and then these new kind of

preachers, abolitionists, try harder to make us hate the white people of the South than to make us love the negro. The Bible doesn't teach us to hate, but to love. These abolitionists, who seem so much concerned for the negro away off in the South, don't care much for the poor white people here at home. I have always tried to lay up a little out of my small earnings for the poor; but I never have half as much to spare as they need here at home. I think we ought to make our own poor comfortable first, and then it will be time enough to attend to other people. Indeed, I see men making a great ado about these things, whose families are not as comfortable as they might be; I see women, too, attending to them, who don't attend to their own children as well as Christian mothers ought. As to the women voting, I think they had better stay at home and attend to their families. I think if they would train up their sons in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, they might trust them to do the voting; if they would raise up their sons to be honorable, upright, and noble men, their daughters might trust their rights to their care. I don't see that much good comes of all this voting, anyhow: the men all vote, and I don't see that they are any better off for it.

"When we started out in the world we were poor. My husband had no vote, and yet we didn't have to work any harder than poor people do nowadays; we lived a heap better, too; we did not have to pay such high taxes, and then everything you had to buy wasn't so high. As to equality, they talk so much about, there was not so much difference between the rich and the poor then as there is now. Poor people, if they were honest, were as well received at rich people's houses as anybody; if they were not honest they were not well received anywhere, except at jails and penitentiaries. People were a heap honester then, too; if anybody told you anything, you could set it down as true; nowadays you can't believe anybody, nor trust anybody; then a man's word was better than people's bonds are now. Nowadays the rich and poor don't mix at all, society is all divided up into classes; the class you've got to go into,—it doesn't depend upon how much sense you've got, nor how much honor nor

virtue, but upon how much money you've got. In old times the preachers were poor men, and went about doing good; the poor had the gospel preached to them; the poor, too, were comforted and cared for by Christians. Now the preachers get big pay, they live among the rich and preach for them; the poor lie at the gate, like Lazarus of old, begging for the crumbs which fall from their tables.

"As the Bible religion doesn't suit men who are so much in love with the riches and honors of this world, the preachers have made these new religions and strange gods to suit their rich paymasters. These strange gods promise them a monopoly of the good things of this world, and the highest happiness of heaven in the next. In the times I speak of, rich men, who were at the top of society, were such as were known to be sensible, honest, and benevolent. Other people patterned after them; if other rich men wanted to be as much thought of and honored, they had to use their means freely for benevolent purposes, they had to be honest and kind. The poor who didn't have the money to use had to imitate their honesty and virtue. Nowadays the man who stands at the top of society is the one who is richest, no matter how he got his riches or how he spends them; now the rich spend their money, making a gaudy and foolish show, these are the patterns for the people.

"Hence everybody is in debt, everybody is gambling to get rich, for if you are not rich you are nobody. If these are the fruits of your new religion, I don't want anything to do with them; I don't want to worship strange gods, who send such curses upon the people for blessings. With my religion, the little I have is enough for me, with something to spare for those who are poorer than I am. With these new religions those who have the most are most eager to get more; they tear down their barns and build greater; they say to themselves, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; eat, drink, and be merry.' But then the dread summons comes, 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.' How hard it is for them to go who have so much to leave behind; for them who have laid up their treasures in

heaven it is easy to go. For he who cannot lie hath said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you; that where I am there ye may be also.'"

I used to laugh at these simple, old-fashioned notions of Aunt Dorothy; but in my distress I thought of them. I knew I could find shelter in her house. I found indeed a kind welcome and much sympathy for my misfortune. When I retired that evening I found a Bible lying on my toilette. When I opened it this passage struck my eye: "The way of transgressors is hard." Then did I understand the cause of all our troubles. We had followed a pharisaical priesthood, and the cunningly devised words of men's wisdom, instead of the word of God. The word of God teaches as plainly as anything can that a woman's proper place is to serve and obey man; the curse was,—Thy desire shall be unto man, and "he shall rule over thee." The apostle's commandment to the Christian wife is,—Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands, for they are your head even as Christ is the head of the church.

But common sense teaches us that man is physically, intellectually, and morally our superior. This truth is patent, so self-evident that it has never been called in question except by infidelity. For six thousand years the devil has been busy, trying to destroy the peace and happiness of mankind; every expedient his diabolical ingenuity could invent has been tried. But, amid all the vicissitudes of fortune which have attended man through these long and sorrowful years, the devil has never found him so utterly debased and degraded before, as to be able to persuade him to entertain a proposition so clearly and unmistakably at war with his happiness. The most ignorant barbarians with the lowest notions of God and his truth, and the poorest systems of belief, are too wise to be cheated by a fraud so palpable.

'Tis only in infidelity, wrapped in the mantle of conceit, infidelity, babbling ignorantly about human reason, progress and reform, the nineteenth century, and such other miserable twaddle,—'tis only in infidelity the devil has found a dupe weak and ignorant enough to accept this



bare-faced lie. It imposes on nobody else, not even on children. In their idle gambols and childish sports they reject it. The little boy, though a year younger than his little sister, asserts and maintains his natural superiority; where she pauses and trembles in their childish adventures, he moves boldly and steadily on; they quarrel, he will not come her way. She can't pull him, for he has twice her strength; she can't bend that masculine will,—it despises her threats, her taunts; she knows she's right, and yet she can't prevail. She feels her weakness, her voice lowered to its softest key trembles it out. And then, strange to tell, through the tear which steals to her eye, as if to veil the disgrace of his defeat, she sees him quail,—she sees him bend. She feels the warm grasp of his hand, she triumphs. O truth, how wonderful are thy untold mysteries! Even thy weakness is strength; even thy weakness is mightier than the strength of an infidel philosophy. Poor human reason, what pitiable exhibitions dost thou make of thyself! cut loose from the Author of thy being, the bond of faith which binds thee to Heaven broken, what art thou?

“A friendless slave, a child without a sire,  
Whose mortal life and momentary fire  
Light to the grave his chance-created form,  
As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm:  
And when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,  
To night and silence sinks forever more.”

Once only in his just anger did the Almighty give thee up to thyself; once only did he take away from thee the ten thousand invisible restraints which held thee back, even when thou wast unconscious of them; once only did he permit thee to take unlimited power, and rule absolutely. And well has the Christian world agreed with one consent to call that brief reign “the Reign of Terror.” Invested with supreme command, with all the vigor of youth, with all the power of logic, of eloquence, of learning, of philosophy, to aid thee, thou couldst move only one of the many springs of government, and that was the spring of the guillotine,—to cut off the heads of thy enemies first, and of thy friends afterwards.

Not strong drink, not wine nor brandy, only human

blood, can slake the thirst of thy drunken debauch. Truth gone, friendship gone, faith gone, man sees falsehood, fiend, written on the face of his fellow-man; he trembles to take the hand of proffered friendship, and when he turns away a cold chill runs down his back to meet the expected dagger; every human soul is tortured on the rack of suspense; a vile strumpet is lifted to the chair of state, and the revellers at reason's bacchanalian dance worship her as a goddess. But even revenge can drink blood to excess: stupefaction comes on; neither the cries of their victims, nor the gurgling stream gushing from the headless corpses, excites a pleasurable emotion. Little children are seized and dashed into the river; a hellish grin plays on the face of these brutish fiends, as the drowning cry of their infant victims, mingling with the surge of waters, greets their ears. God of the Bible, God of the Christian, God of our fathers, deliver us, deliver our country from the rule of this merciless tyrant!

But the people say there is no danger. No danger? For many a people that siren sentence has sung the requiem of their liberties. Let the people look around them for one moment, and see what is going on, and then say there is no danger. Let them look at the present condition of their government, and then say there is no danger. The chief executive office, once filled by a Washington and a Jackson, abolished by legislative restrictions! the drunken tailor who disgraces it having permitted a foul gang of usurpers to strip it of every prerogative with which it was invested to protect the States, to guard the liberties of the people, and to see that no harm befalls the republic. The power of the supreme judiciary paralyzed by the same jacobin conspirators, and by the servile complacency of its high officers, the chief of whom, in expectation of a high position of place and plunder from the jacobins, has refused to publish decisions for fear it would damage his prospects of personal preferment and political aggrandizement. The popular branch of the national Congress seized and controlled by a trio of political scoundrels, whose social life and moral character is a disgrace,—not

to the nineteenth century, for it is nothing but a deceitful glare of infidel philosophy; not to the genius of civilization, for it is nothing but the pompous show and glittering splendor of the golden gods which men worship,—but to a people who profess the Christian religion, a religion which teaches the highest morality and the purest virtue ever revealed to mankind.

The chief of this villainous triple copartnership is our modern Cyclops, "*Monstrum horrendum*,"—a horrid monster, without shape, of huge proportions, and blind in one eye,—one of those creatures whom nature has disowned, and permitted beastliness to be written on his face,—a dastard and a coward, who spent his time as a soldier marauding and plundering, defrauding his government of captured property, oppressing and plundering people whom other soldiers had conquered, even to their spoons, and insulting defenseless women.

Another, a cold-blooded, cold-hearted lawyer, familiar with all the low tricks and petty chicaneries which disgrace that profession. He stands convicted as the hireling murderer of an innocent woman.

But how shall I speak of the third, the worst and strongest of the conspirators?—that hulk of beastliness, that living sore, that personified leprosy, which creeps about the earth, poisoning everything its slime touches. Lechery and licentiousness have taken possession of his body, and a broken gall pours over his perverted mind a black stream of revengeful hate. So debauched has his physical being become that only the foul, rank stench of a negro wench can move its passions; so blunted has his moral sense become that he has not hesitated to blaspheme Heaven by speaking of heaven's Prince—of him who thought it not robbery to be equal with God—"as a single individual."

Such are the usurpers who rule that body, for the rest of the ruling faction, representatives of the people, so called, do but open their mouths, catch the spittle of these filthy tyrants, and sputter it over a degraded and insulted people. Such are the rulers of that body, which was once ruled by the winning eloquence of a Clay, the sublime oratory of a Webster, and the convincing logic

of a Calhoun. Such are the masters of a people whose servants those noble men once were proud to be. Oh, could we but see those times again, when great and good men were proud to be the servants of the great democracy of the western world ! the terror of kings and aristocracies, who were trampling the rest of the world under their feet, and an asylum for the friendless children of earth !

Then it was a matter of pleasure and of pride to attend the meetings of the national Congress; to witness the contest between intellectual giants struggling, not for place, not for factions, not for plunder, but for the preservation of the liberty, the religion, the justice, the truth, which they had received from their fathers. There you might see the chivalrous knight of Roanoke, proud, cold, intellectual; and yet hiding under that cold exterior an ardent love for his native State, and a love of liberty stronger than his love of life. You might see him come forth to the combat, his quiver hung carelessly about him, filled with the arrows of pointed wit, bitter invective, burning satire, and a scorn which shivered like the thunderbolt. How the flunkeys, placemen, parvenues, lobby-agents of moneyed monopolies, and dirty spies of political factions, shrank from the pointed finger of his ridicule, and writhed under the lashings of his patriotic indignation ! There, too, you might see coming forth to meet him, in the fair discussion of the legitimate questions of political reform, the great tribune of the people, the sage of Ashland, equally proud, equally imperious, but more congenial and affable, equally ardent in his love of liberty and in his devotion to the welfare of his country and the happiness of the people. He, too, wields mighty weapons of combat,—the magic arrow of persuasion, the gleaming sword of eloquence, and the great broadaxe of lofty, impassioned declamation.

There, too, you might see the great defender of the Constitution pouring forth a stream of splendid oratory, broad, deep, pure, pellucid. Like a mighty flood, and as grand as the Falls of Niagara, it comes thundering down upon the rock-built logic of the great defender of State rights—that solid column of logic standing amid the



dashing flood and boiling foam—like an Egyptian pyramid in the sweeping surge of a thousand years. How did the eye of its great builder flash with prophetic fire when, kindled by the inspiration of a holy patriotism, it looked down the future to this accursed day, and saw his native State, which he loved with a father's love, a wretched dependency ruled by the military satraps of a consolidated despotism!

Patriot sages, are you dead? or do you still live? Do you, like the genii of good, still hover around your country? Oh, breathe upon your degenerate sons the breath of fire which once kindled in their fathers an undying love of truth, of virtue, of liberty, and country! Oh, breathe upon them, that their souls may wake up and break the shackles that bind them!

Can it be that such children had such sires? Can the children of such sires become, willingly, the tools of despicable factions, whose only purpose is to plunder? the dupes of a hireling priesthood, who are willing to cheat men out of heaven for the sake of a lucrative employment? the slaves of an upstart aristocracy, who riot in licentious excess, while the toiling millions lack the comforts of life? Shades of the mighty dead, if you can yet assume a visible shape, and walk upon the earth, haunt the conspirators who are plotting their country's ruin, and "push them from their stools."

Experimental philosophy may be a good thing to determine the relations which different kinds of matter bear to each other; but to use it to determine the relations subsisting between God and man, and between man and man, is a crime for which there can be no excuse and no palliation. It puts to hazard the eternal happiness of the human soul, and that, too, without a particle of necessity for it. Those relations have been so firmly fixed and so clearly defined by revelation, that only the willfully ignorant can misapprehend them. Human wisdom and human philosophy are a falsehood and a cheat,—the miserable nostrums of quacks, which poison thousands and cure nobody. They have never discovered one single fact in morals. Cain tried it when he murdered Abel, and the devil has kept innumerable agents at

work at it ever since. The result has always been the same. An angry God says always to the guilty perpetrator of these infamous deeds, "Thy brother's blood cries out to me from the ground," and fixes the mark of his eternal displeasure upon the brow.

I have tried it, and only the grave can hide my shame.

Only in the deep, silent sleep of death can I forget my woe. If a false-hearted man can feel the pangs of remorse, and if they may be in proportion to his guilt, what spectres of murdered innocence must haunt the guilty conscience of the preacher who deceived me, and the husband who deserted me? My husband sued for a divorce, which he easily obtained, he being required to pay me a small annuity. Shortly afterwards, he was married to a daughter of the hypocritical Pharisee whose lies had broken the peace of a once happy family and blasted its hope forever.

Equality and suffrage for women! Nothing more clearly shows the utter demoralization of the times than this infamous proposition. Such a thing is both blasphemy against God and an insult to the nobler and better instincts of human nature. Divested of all its sophistry, the idea is revolting to every manly feeling, and to every sentiment of modest propriety in the bosom of woman. Man, made in the image of God; man, whom the Creator of the universe has called his son; man, whom the Almighty has invested with power and authority to rule the earth and everything which lives upon it; man, who, when honest and upright, has been justly styled the noblest work of God; man, deluded by the devil, cheated by a hireling priesthood, and enslaved by an upstart bondocracy, makes this proposition to woman: "We will make you our equals, we will endow you with all the civil and political privileges which we enjoy, upon these conditions: that you release us from the obligations imposed upon us by nature and nature's God, to shield your beauty, to guard your virtue, and defend your frailty."

Woman, the creature of passion and emotion; woman, so strong in passion, so weak in physical strength; woman, so strong in love, so weak and erratic in judg-

ment; woman, so trusting, so confiding; woman, who twines about man like the ivy, putting forth a thousand tendrils of beauty, of gentleness, of patience, of faith, of love, clinging closer to him when the storms of life beat darkly round him, but who, when she has nothing to cling to, falls, and oh, how low!—beyond the reach of mercy, and out of sight of hope! woman to take care of herself!

And why not children, too? Since man wants to be free from all responsibility to his kind, why not give equality and suffrage to children too, and let them take care of themselves? 'Tis true their little minds can hardly yet comprehend a game of marbles; but let them vote once, and immediately this magical operation would enable them to comprehend the game of life, with all its villainies, its oppressions, its crimes, and its follies. Let them vote, and at once their little hands would grow strong to bear the burdens of debt, of taxation, of oppression, and of wrong which I see men sinking under.

Woman, so delicate, so frail, and yet so strong in the very frailty of her beauty, to be dragged into the streets to fisticuff with the rabble rout who follow the heels of political demagogues! Woman, the most beautiful flower which blooms in the garden of life, to be transplanted to the slough of political filth! Why don't you plant your flowers out in the fields instead of in the gardens? Because they need more careful attention; they are not so hardy as other plants; they would be bruised and broken; they would perish. And yet woman, the prettiest of all flowers to an honest, upright man, is to be taken out of the family garden, where she blooms so beautifully, and transplanted into the broad field of the world.

Our country once had men,—the Washingtons, Adamses, Henrys, Jeffersons, Hamiltons, Franklins, and their noble compatriots,—men who were justly the pride of their country and the admiration of the world; men who had the talent and heroism to defend their country from the rule of the British aristocracy; men who had the wisdom, the virtue, and ability to organize, and put

into operation, the most liberal and beneficent government the world ever saw. These great and good men never thought of offering so base a proposition to their wives, their mothers, and their daughters. No, no; their strong arms and brave hearts were better security for the rights of woman than this plaything called suffrage. By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns? Family quarrels, so frequent nowadays, were scarcely heard of then. Divorces, which, under this new religion, have become almost as common as marriages, were of the rarest occurrence. Abortions and child-murders, which seem to be a mere pastime with women who live where that damning heresy was born, were unknown then. The cities of the country were not then, as now, licensed whore-houses. The pretty daughters of the poor were not compelled to fly for refuge to those conventicles of hell over whose door is written, "She who enters here leaves hope behind."

The glory of offering these privileges (so called) to woman belongs exclusively to the would-be philosophers of this generation. Men make us this offer who have lacked the courage to take care of themselves, men who have become the willing dupes of a lying priesthood, the menial tools of political factions and political demagogues, and pack-mules to carry the vast burdens of debt and taxation imposed on them by an upstart bondautocracy,—men who were brought up like horses, or driven, like the serfs of kings, to the battle-field, to toil, to suffer, to bleed, to die.

'Tis true this was done in the name of liberty, a great crusade against slavery; but their condition was such that their masters, the bondautocracy, could buy them, and that for less money than the negro slaves were selling for, whom they went to liberate. The war is over. They have come back home,—not all, either. Thousands and tens of thousands died on the battle-fields; other thousands and tens of thousands died of disease and neglect; tens of thousands died too in prison-pens. Their enemies, whom they had been taught to hate and to curse as slave-dealers and soul-drivers, with higher notions of humanity, did not want to send prison-



ers to those horrid pens to die of lice, of filth, of starvation; but their political masters, in the name of freedom and humanity, compelled them to go. Those of them who survived all these woes have come back home to toil and sweat, and their children after them, to pay back the money which the bondautocracy lent the government to buy the deaths of their husbands and fathers.

Oh, brave and magnanimous men of the North! Is this the freedom, are these the privileges, you offer your women? Is it because you are deaf and can't hear the clank of your chains? Is it because you are blind and can't see your degradation? Is it because use has rendered you insensible to the galling yoke of servitude? Or is it because, in the meanness of your souls, rather than strike down, with patriotic hands, your oppressors, you would seek to release yourselves by shifting upon your mothers and sisters, your wives and daughters, a part of your insupportable burdens?

As a woman, whose bitter wrongs may give power to her speech, whose mournful experience may give pathos to her eloquence, let me beseech you not to do it. Oh, no! Do not try to make men out of your women, for of such men there are already enough. And then too, if men must needs be slaves, they will want a mother's affection, a sister's gentle kindness, and a wife's love and service and patience and fidelity, to bear them up in their hopeless toil. Ay, they will need, too, to soothe the anguish of their souls, tears of sympathy such as only a wife and a mother can weep.

The laboring people of the country,—its bone and sinew, called by the new political masters "poor white trash," gave their arms, their legs, their eyes, their teeth, their labor, and their lives to the war. Was not that their share? Ought not the rich to have given their money? They stayed at home eating, drinking, and making merry. Their sons, too,—except such as were quartermasters, commissaries, swindling contractors, and substitute buyers,—stayed at home with their mothers and wives and children, while the sons of the laboring people were suffering all the privations, the perils, and hardships of the battle-field, and their mothers and wives

and children were weeping and toiling and sweating alone. If patriotism required such sacrifices from the laboring people, might she not demand from the rich, whom it seems she exempted from these painful duties, money enough to pay the expenses? If the laborers gave their service and their blood, ought not the rich, in justice, to have given their money?

Oh, no! The bondautocracy only lent their money,—ay, lent to the government shin-plasters, paper money, worth half price, and that must be paid back in gold. O cupidity, how insatiable is thy greed! Well did the Saviour say, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to go to heaven. So is it easier for a traitor to love his country than a bondholder.

But if they don't make good patriots, they surely do make good tyrants. They have forced on their country,—once so free and happy, once the refuge of the oppressed, once the fostering mother of labor, giving to the toiling millions the fruit of their industry; once the asylum of the persecuted Christian, where he might worship God under his own vine and fig-tree, and according to the dictates of his own conscience; once the hope of the young man, holding out to him the promise of successful business and many years of domestic peace and social happiness; once the school of childhood, setting before it the noblest examples of virtue, of Christian benevolence, and devoted patriotism,—I say, this mammon, this money-god, has forced on the country a debt as large as that of Russia, and a system of taxation more galling and oppressive. It has reduced to miserable dependencies, governed by military satraps, States which were among the oldest, the proudest, and noblest of the federal government. Ay, more, it has subjugated these brave and generous people, our brothers and kindred, to the rule of a half-civilized race of barbarians, and these same savages are instigated to every act of oppression and insult by its hireling tools, the carpet-bag spies.

Never upon any people has such a stream of filth been poured as these carpet-baggers are. They are the filthy matter which runs from the sores of a leprous political body, the puke of pharisaism, sick of the black vomit.

What a grateful return is this to children whose fathers helped our fathers to storm the citadel of British aristocratic tyranny, and to plant the flag of freedom on its ruins, to States which gave to liberty the Washingtons, the Jeffersons, and a host of other illustrious men whose talents contributed so largely in building the great constitutional defenses of our freedom!

This money-god has bought the legislative departments of the government, both State and national, the executive and judicial departments, the political factions, and the churches, with all their vast power for good or evil. In a word, it has taken possession of, either by force or fraud, and subsidized to its vile uses, every lever of political power, every spring in the vast machinery of social life, and every motive of moral suasion.

On the ruins of the American democracy it has built up a splendid despotism, and denounces as traitor everybody who refuses to subscribe to its usurpations and crimes. On the ruins of the Bible Christianity, with all of its benevolence and charity and peace and love, it has built a vast and splendid ecclesiastical power to dazzle the eyes of its insane worshipers. On the ruins of social virtue, so chaste, so pure, so beautiful, when imbued with the spirit of Christianity, it has built splendid whore-houses to seduce the young and thus pollute the very fountain of life. It casts upon the human soul the glitter of its pomp and splendor, and that soul is parched and shriveled. Its false glare falls on the human heart, and the fountains of its affections are dried up. Its fitful, flickering flashes dazzle the eyes of men, and they go blundering through the dark, their footsteps trembling with uncertainty. Doubt hangs like a veil over their faces, and dreadful apprehensions of evil, like a flock of ill-omened birds, flap their foul wings about their heads.

Such are the proud triumphs of this mammon,—this money-god and its idol worshipers, the priest, the politician, and the bondautocrat. What a feast for these idolaters, to be sure! How they exult in their success! how they revel in luxury and dissipation! how they flaunt their gilded trinkets and gaudy finery in the faces of their fawning dupes and menial tools! And yet these

servile creatures, their tongues still black with their boot-licking, impudently prate about freedom and suffrage. They vote, they choose. Have they indeed chosen all these crimes and follies, all this infamy and degradation? Or have they, duped by a canting priesthood and political factions, only been used as tools to work their own ruin?

What excellent privileges these are, to be sure! No wonder men appreciate them so highly; no wonder they are so anxious to extend them to everybody, to those who want them and those who don't. If the men who boast they have destroyed aristocracy and slavery in the South had the courage to destroy bondautocracy and slavery in the North, their wives and daughters would have no need of suffrage to protect themselves. Such men would be brave and honorable, and woman is always safe in the care of honorable men. But no wonder woman feels insecure, when she has to look for protection to men who are the dupes of a hireling priesthood, the tools of political factions, and the pack-mules of an upstart bondautocracy.

But do these men who prate so much about freedom and manhood suffrage really vote? Have they ever voted in their lives? Before our unfortunate family troubles, I attended political meetings. I found out that manhood suffrage, equality and woman's rights were only playthings invented by politicians and priests to make fools of women and slaves of men. I found out that one or two persons—politicians or priests—controlled the whole thing. These parties, in the name of religion or loyalty, would come with resolutions fixed up for the occasion. They were generally prepared in such a way as to have no particular or definite meaning. For then everybody could put his own construction on them, and, of course, everybody would be pleased. If they did have any meaning at all, it was generally hid under a rigmarole of big words, in order that nobody might understand them but themselves. These priests and politicians, after writing out the resolutions, would hand them over to their masters the bondautocrats, to be revised and corrected, and then they would submit them to the people to be ratified.



I have often wondered why the people did not hold meetings of their own, especially those classes who have so long borne the heat and burden of the day, the half-paid mechanic, the half-paid clerk, the half-paid tiller of the soil, and indeed the laborer of every class, who have so long seen the fruits of their own toil go to bolster up a vast political tyranny, miscalled government; to support a vast ecclesiastical despotism, miscalled the church; and to pay for the gaudy show and licentious dissipation of an upstart nobility, called the bondautocracy.

Suppose the young men of all classes, whose souls have not been parched and shriveled by the glare of gold, would meet with them; suppose when their old taskmasters, the preachers and politicians, would come to dictate to them, they would catch them by the neck and heels and cast them into the streets and highways; suppose they would honestly and truthfully inquire into such matters as these: why the free-born people of America should have a government as expensive as that of Russia? why the United States so called,—pinned together by bayonets—should have a public debt as large as that hateful despotism? why, in the name of freedom, the political power of this government should be enlarged for the express purpose of giving to politicians a new lease of power, and to the bondautocracy exclusive privileges? why those despotic principles which have destroyed all free governments in every age and country, and which are this day trampling under foot the rights and liberties of millions of European slaves, should be incorporated into our system?

Did not our fathers fly from all these wrongs and oppressions into this country, then a wilderness? Were they not so anxious to escape them that they lost sight of all the hardships, the toils and privations, which awaited them here? Did they not prefer to take the risk of the Indian tomahawk and scalping-knife rather than stay at home, and be the subjects of kings and the serfs of a nobility? Did they not establish for the benefit of the people at large a government for themselves? Was it not so constructed as to secure the liberties and rights of all, and not to extend special privileges to a few classes?

Was not this the fundamental idea of that government, that its officers should be the servants, and not the masters, of the people? Did they not, in order to secure those privileges,—the liberty and security of all,—build around them great constitutional bulwarks of defense? Did they not do this because they feared the servants of the people, led on by ambition and love of power, would try to become the people's masters? Was not this the case with all other governments in the world? Do not the kings and aristocracies of Europe use the great masses of the people, even in this wise and enlightened age, so called, as toys to amuse themselves with, or as beasts of burden, to carry their caprices, their follies, and their crimes?

Has not the government built by our fathers been radically and essentially changed? Does it not now claim to be a power to rule the people, instead of a servant to work for them? Did not that arch-traitor to the genius of American liberty, who has been the brains of two national administrations, boast that he wielded a power more absolute than any tyrant in Europe? Did not this base fraud, this personified lie, this double-dealer, this equivocator, this Satan's premier, who can no more tell a truth without mixing falsehood with it than a drunkard can drink water without mixing whisky with it, boast that he could ring his little bell and have a citizen of the American republic, whether he lived in Chicago or New Orleans, arrested and thrown into a dungeon without a trial? Is this what freedom means in the Christian republic of America?

Would not such a boast have cost Cæsar his crown, if not his head, in heathen Rome? Is this the progress of modern philosophy? Does not the faction which is ruling this country—to-day a nation of slaves—boast that they are acting outside of the Constitution, and without any regard to its restrictions and limitations upon their power? Have they not multiplied the powers of the government, in order that they may use its whole vast machinery to extend and perpetuate their power? Have they introduced a single measure or passed a single bill designed to promote the happiness and welfare of the

people at large? Has not the whole drift of their legislation been for the exclusive benefit of the bondautocracy, the financial and commercial gamblers, the rich owners of manufacturing establishments and large whisky distilleries? Has it not been decided by the courts of justice, so called, that this privileged class, the bondautocracy, may legitimately employ men and money to persuade the State and national legislatures to pass laws for their exclusive benefit? Do not the people at large have to pay for these gigantic frauds? Do they not pay their political masters well for their time, which they spend in distilling the sweat of the laborer into delicious wines, to please the fastidious taste of a pampered aristocracy?

Has not this faction spent its whole time legislating about the negro? Can it be presumed that this faction, which has utterly ignored the white man, can have any honest and sincere desire to promote the happiness of the negro? Is it reasonable to suppose that they will rob the laboring white man, their brother, their own kith and kin, and not rob the negro? Does not this proposition wear falsehood on its very face? Is it not perfectly apparent to every mind, not blinded by prejudice or perverted by anger, that this faction has been using every possible means to make a great political power out of the negro for the purpose of making a slave out of the white man?

Has not this faction virtually abolished the office of President? Has not its present incumbent\* permitted them to strip it of all the power and authority with which it was invested,—power not to destroy but to protect the rights of the States and the liberties of the people? Is he anything more than a weather-cock in the hands of the jacobins, to tell which way the popular breeze is blowing? Is he anything more than a drunken babbler? Has he not written as many messages almost as all his predecessors? Did he not tell the rump in his first message to the present session that they had taken from him nearly all the power which belonged to his official position? Did he not tell them if anything in the shape of

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\* Andrew Johnson.



official power was left, they might take that too? Did he not say that the only instance in which he would oppose their usurpations, would be an attempt to turn him out of the White House?

Has it come to this, that the President of the United States is paid twenty-five thousand dollars a year merely to be a tenant of the White House, merely to occupy it and to air it, and keep it clean? Need he have stayed on that account alone? Was not Mrs. Wade ready and waiting to do that very thing? Had she not selected her servants to do the work, and her special company out of the first circles, so called (butchers' wives, I guess), to grace its parlors? Does not this low-flung demagogue and weak-minded politician know that when his office was stripped of the power and authority with which it was invested by the Constitution, it was virtually abolished? Does he not know that these high prerogatives were not his to surrender? Does he not know that in surrendering them he violated his oath of office and committed treason against the people? Does he not know that if he had been tried for this offense, he would have been found guilty and condemned? Did not the jacobins put him on his trial for resisting their usurpations? Did he not prove, even to their satisfaction, that his obsequious servility was unimpeachable? Did not even his friends blush when they read the Hancock message? Have the people ever seen the pictures which a genuine artist painted of that disgraceful affair? I wish I had one to show it.

A great big man, the chief executive magistrate of the United States of America and the commander-in-chief of its armies and navies, gets frightened at the noise of the rump; he runs to a dark corner, and hides himself behind a screen,—perhaps the flimsy threat of some former message, or the child's promise to stay hid, if the rump will only let him. He is scared so you can hear his heart beat, you can see the sweat soaking through the screen. In the mean time, a little bit of a fellow comes along,—a lieutenant of this big commander, and ruler of some distant, petty province. The rump orders him to execute one of their late decrees against the people of



his province. He flatly refuses to do it; his words have the ring of the true metal. He tells them plainly he is an American freeman, a citizen of the great republic, and they must get somebody else to execute their inhuman and bloody decrees. The big man hears these brave words in his hiding-place; his heart quits thumping; he catches his breath, and wipes the sweat from his brow. He lifts his head above the screen quickly,—for this is his first chance, and it may be his last,—puts his thumb on his nose, twirls his fingers at the rump, and bawls out at the top of his voice, “Ah, ha, if I am afraid of you, here is a little fellow that is not. Bully for you, my little man! Stand up to ’em; don’t be afeard of ’em, if I am.”

Is not this a true picture of one of those poor men whom the people delight to honor, because he has become great, so called? Is he really great? Can you not as easily make a big man out of a little one by bundling him up in a heap of clothes, as you can make a statesman out of a small politician by wrapping him up in the great robes of a big office? Is not Andy Johnson the same small politician he always was? Has he not lifted himself by demagogism and chicanery to a position so high above his merits, that it makes his head swim? Is it the duty of the people to honor men who have got above them, so called, by demagogism or theft, by accident or fraud, and to give them positions of influence which they are not fit for, simply because they were once poor?

Is not Andy Johnson the same artful, petty demagogue he was when a cross-road politician in Tennessee? Did he not meet, with a bland smile and flattering words, the delegates from the different working-men’s associations? Did he not express great sympathy for them, because he himself was once a mechanic? Did he not speak very favorably of the eight-hour system? Did he not know that this eight-hour system is only another one of those pretty playthings which the political tools of the bondautocrats have invented to amuse the laboring classes, while they rob them of their real rights and of the fruits of their toil? Does not he know that the laboring people

of "the best government the world ever saw," so called, work twelve hours every day (some of them poor seamstresses, in the name of humanity and woman's rights, half the night besides)? Does not he know that they only get paid for nine hours, and that three of the nine are appropriated to that great national blessing, the national debt? Does not he know that if they only worked eight hours, their taskmasters—the preacher, the politician, and the bondautocrat—would only pay them for four? Does not he know that six hours' work is not sufficient to supply their families with the necessities of life? Does not he know that pay for four hours' work would bring poverty and want to their very doors? Is not the secretary of the treasury in the cabinet of this "people's man," so called, using all his talents and energy to bring back the currency to a gold basis? Don't this secretary and his master know that reducing the currency to a gold basis means the reduction of the price of labor thirty per cent.? Don't they know that the bondautocracy, who have all the gold in their possession, are not going to suffer it to come down thirty per cent. until they can buy labor thirty per cent. cheaper?

Don't all of these petty upstarts, who are idolized by the people because they were tailors or rail-splitters or wood-haulers, abandon the people as soon as they get a little above them? Don't they go over to the bondautocracy, and become their most pliant tools and servile agents? They make the most serviceable agents, because they have once been laborers themselves, and are supposed to have some sympathy for that class. How kindly they talk to the people! How much sympathy they express for them! But when they come to act, to carry out certain measures of governmental policy, how certain are these measures to be for the interest of their masters,—the bondautocracy!

Have not the people been flattered and cajoled and humbugged long enough? Ought there not, in the name of decency, to be some limit to this thing? Have they not been fed on the false promises of political thieves and hireling priests long enough? Whilst their masters used them to be exhibited at election shows merely for their

amusement, it might be borne ; but when they prepare to use them to suffer and bleed and die in carrying on bloody wars, and, after the wars are over, to toil and sweat to pay the expenses, is it not too much ? They use them to liberate half-civilized barbarians, and then use these ignorant slaves, whom they have set free, as a political power to make slaves of white men. Ay, more : in order to make their white slaves more obedient and tractable, they propose to infuse a little negro blood into their veins.

In order to facilitate this work, the children of both races of slaves are to be gathered together in those detestable herd-pens called free schools. Filthy and debauched priests, who have become skilled in all the arts of seduction by tampering with the wives and daughters of their dupes, are to superintend this mingling and mixing,—this ringing, streaking, and striping. Free schools ! Why, they are institutions gotten up expressly for the people ; they are public blessings. Perhaps they are, in the despotic governments of Europe, whence they were imported ; perhaps it is a special privilege for the serfs of royalty and aristocracy to be permitted to learn to read and write. They who eat their oaten bread and cold potatoes—ay, breathe the very air of heaven by the permission of kingcraft and priestcraft—may accept it as a boon to have the chance to learn the rudiments of their language. But must the freemen of America accept as a privilege the boon which tyrants grant to their serfs ? Are they so poor that they consider the crumbs which fall from the tables of kings to their serfs a feast ?

Nay, if the laboring people of this country were free, as they claim to be,—if they were justly paid for their toil, as they ought to be,—if one-fourth of the fruits of their labor were not extorted from them to pay for an extravagant and licentious usurpation, miscalled government,—and another fourth wheedled out of them by the artful tricks of priestcraft, to be offered as sacrifices upon the altars of gorgeous temples, which pharisaism has built for them to worship, instead of that God who made them, and in whose hands their breath is,—I say, if they

were not thus robbed and plundered, they would be able to educate their children respectably; they would not be compelled to send them to miserable herd-pens, to have their minds perverted and their morals debauched by the hireling tools of political factions and the creatures of an infidel pharisaism.

I repeat it: these free schools may be good institutions in the despotic governments of Europe, where man is considered as belonging to the state, and where the state means the usurper called king and his rich bondauto-  
cratic accomplices,—miscalled the nobility,—who lord it over their fellow-men. In these countries it is understood that the Creator has made the toiling millions for the use and pleasure of kings and nobles. It may be esteemed an act of gracious condescension in these lordly masters to permit their serfs to learn to read and write.

This system has another beauty, which its advocates in this country have purposely kept out of sight. It enables priestcraft and kingcraft to gather their young cattle together in these herd-pens, and to feed them on such food, physically and mentally, as will fit both their minds and bodies for the uses of servitude. Every truth calculated to teach them their inalienable rights to liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, is sedulously excluded; or, if admitted at all, it comes in garbled extract with suitable commentaries by some spiritual or political master, proving satisfactorily to men who are not permitted to think, the divine right of kings and the duty of "loyalty" on the part of their subjects. Loyalty! what a word for a citizen of the Great Republic to utter! Loyalty! for thousands of years this word has meant abject submission to usurpers and tyrants. Loyalty! what a word for the children of the Washingtons and Putnams! Ah, let them remember that when their fathers heard that word, it brought vividly to their minds the Benedict Arnolds and the Carolina tories.

I suppose these free schools will answer the same purpose in the hands of political factions and an infidel pharisaism in this country, which kingcraft and priestcraft use them for in Europe. Yellow-back novels, written by addle-pated women of low moral character,



and speckled-back Sunday-school books, written by whining, canting, hypocritical preachers, are admirable food to prepare the minds of children to be the slaves of an infidel superstition and beastly lusts.

How admirably too does this training fit them to be the slaves of an upstart bondautocracy! And then too, when some truth forces itself on the minds of the people, when truth, stern and inexorable, knocks at the wretched hovels of the deluded followers of priestcraft and political humbuggery, and sends gaunt famine to drag forth into the streets these wretched children of want and oppression with their pale faces and tattered garments, some hireling tool of the bondautocracy stands ready to invent some petty excuse, or to frame some lie to palliate these horrid wrongs.

"Our long, hard winter, not long departed, was signalized by a very general interruption of out-door labor; especially in building. Thousands had no work for months; many were reduced to subsist on public or private charity. Never before, not even in the darkest hours of our great struggle, was beggary so common and so importunate. At length we have summer weather and summer work, when building is again suddenly arrested by a collision between the bricklayers and their employers—in short, by a 'strike.'"—*New York Tribune*. journal of freedom, humanity, and progress, so called! Don't you know better than this, Horace Greeley? Don't you know that this is one of those thousand tricks you have invented since you have been in the service of the bondautocracy to delude and humbug the poor mechanic? Don't you know that this is a willful and deliberate falsehood, such as fill the lying columns of the *Tribune* from week to week through the whole year. Don't you know that this complaint among the mechanics of New York, this "strike," was not because last winter was a "long and hard winter"?

Listen, Horace, to the birds welcoming the opening spring with their merry songs. Look at the rabbit frisking over the lawn. Listen to the shrill whistle of the deer, and see it bound joyously away until it is lost in the deep wilds of the forest. See the nimble squirrel,

leaping gayly from limb to limb, now seating himself contentedly upon yon high bough to feed upon the swelling but. See how the green grass is springing up—how the trees are putting forth their leaves and buds to produce a harvest for the inhabitants of the woods and fields. Ah! the wild animals know, the birds know, that they will be provided for. Hence their merry song. How sweet is the mingled melody of their music! how like a hymn of praise to the Father of all mercies! “Last winter was a long, hard winter,” but they lived through it. They were not reduced to subsist upon “public or private charity.”

No; this privilege was left to man,—to man, whom the Creator made in his own image, and endowed with high and noble faculties, ay, to man, whom God called his son. Only man rejoices not in this spring-time of promise. Only man’s squeaking, piping voice of dissatisfaction mingles in discord with this hymn of nature’s praise. Only man remembers the pinching want and beggary of the “last long, hard winter.” Only man remembers—ah! he will never forget it—his wife and children shivering in their “looped and windowed raggedness.” Only he remembers how he eked out to them their short rations till all was gone. Only man remembers—and how did that humiliating thought bow down his proud spirit!—when necessity drove him forth to solicit the cold hand of charity. How did he drain the cup of woe to its bitter dregs, when he had to accept the grudging pittance from a heartless and infidel phariseeism, which looked upon him with a scowl on its brow and curses in its heart!

Yes, this infidel phariseeism, blasphemously called religion and humanity, had robbed him of his just hire, had defrauded him out of the fruits of his summer’s labor; and now it curses him, because he and his little ones can’t warm themselves by the north winds and feed upon ice and snow.

God of the Christian! is it in thy name that these crimes are done? Is there no thunderbolt to execute swift justice upon these phylacteried Pharisees who inflict such wrongs upon mankind, and offer such insults to

Heaven! Man, "reduced to subsist upon public or private charity!" Ah, they must have been poor negroes, the slaves of those heartless and cruel slave-owners and soul-drivers of the South? No, no; if it had been they, this philanthropic Greeley would not have dismissed the matter so unconcernedly. His Christian soul would have boiled over with holy anger; column after column of the *Tribune* would have been filled with the most distorted and exaggerated accounts of the thing; the dictionary of Billingsgate would have been exhausted for mean words to express his hatred and scorn of the guilty perpetrators; ay, each individual case would have been a theme for freedom and humanity, and a dozen deliberate but plausible falsehoods would have been invented to give point and effect to each sermon; earth and hell would have been moved (these canting Pharisees have nothing to do with heaven) to kindle the wrath of the people.

No, these poor devils whom abundant and importunate beggary dragged about the streets of our large cities during the "last long, hard winter," were only "poor white trash," enjoying their privileges of freedom and equality. Only "poor white trash," whom Greeley and his freedom-shrieking coadjutors bought up like horses to fight for the freedom of Sambo and Cuffy. Only "poor white trash," the pack-mules of an upstart bond-autocracy. What does it matter if they do suffer? What does it matter if their wives and little ones do cry for bread? What does it matter if they do shiver through the "long, hard winter?" What does it matter if their father must beg for them? Is it not enough for him to know that he lives in the land of freedom and equality? Is he not free to beg or starve? Ay, must it not be a sweet reflection to him to know that he is a voter? When he looks upon his suffering family, must it not be a great consolation to him to know that he, as a voter, has chosen this condition of things for them? Poor little children, methinks I see them now, drawing their shriveled, skinny little limbs under their scanty covering: want, like a greedy leech, has sucked the marrow out of their little bones, and the blood out of their little veins;

methinks I see them turn their wan little faces toward the door; maybe somebody comes with bread. No; it is only a chill blast from the North, breaking the flimsy latch which bars their crazy door. But somebody has come along with that chilling, piercing blast; see how their little eyes are fixed. Ah! death, wearing the bony face of famine, stands there staring on them with a ghastly grin. Stop there, my rich taskmaster, stop there; your cupidity can't follow them any farther. The flaming sword of eternal justice waves between you and them. You can never, never pass it. You would like to have kept them here, I know, if it cost nothing to toil and sweat through the long hot summer, and to beg and starve through the long hard winter; but they have passed beyond your reach. They have gone where you can never go. They have gone to the land of freedom in deed and in truth. They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more; for the Lamb in the midst of the throne will feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Was it really because last winter was a long, hard winter, that thousands of laboring men in the large cities of the United States, so called, were reduced to subsist upon public or private charity? Don't you know better than this, Mr. Greeley! Don't you and the Sumners, Beechers, the Phillipses, the Butlers, the Stevenses, the Lucy Stones, the Anna Dickinsons, and the whole tribe of scribes and Pharisees and hypocrites, who boast that all wisdom, and all knowledge, and all virtue, belong to you exclusively,—don't you then know better? Don't you know the real cause of the suffering and privation among the laboring classes of the North, and South, and East, and West? Yes, you do know. Then why do you not tell? Why do you invent this miserable flimsy excuse? Have you been so long in the habit of doing this thing, that you, like the habitual drunkard and liar, do it from mere force of habit? Or have these dupes of yours been so long humbugged and cheated by you that you think they would not thank you for telling them the truth?



I know what the matter is, Mr. Greeley; and I will tell, whether they thank me or not. I am not a candidate for their suffrage—either as an office-hunter, or as the editor of a public journal; and therefore it is not necessary that I should flatter their vanity and their pride. Neither have I deceived them in order that I might defraud them, and grow rich by the fraud, and therefore am I not afraid for them to find out the true state of the case. I am one of them. I have seen what they have seen, and felt what they have felt—not by choice indeed, but by compulsion.

I have taken physic, therefore can I feel what wretches feel. And although I have no superflux to shake to them, yet do I think that I can tell them how they can escape that pomp and power which is trampling them unfeelingly under its feet. I think I could tell them, too, how to strike so as to hit something. I think I could tell them how to make a strike which would interest even Horace Greeley and the whole band of conspirators and usurpers. I think I could tell them how to make a strike which would break the iron grip of that abundant and importunate beggary which seizes them and drags them around during the long hard winters, the pitiable objects of public and private charity.

When you started out in public life, Mr. Greeley, did you not offer to sell yourself to the slaveocracy of the South? and whatever evils the aristocracy of negro slavery had (and I confess they were many), bribery and corruption were not one of them. Nay, the Randolphs and the Wises from that section were the dread and terror of these lobby thieves and gamblers who now infest the national capitol like hordes of rats eating up the public granaries, although the labor of the country has been taxed to beggary to fill them up. When these people refused to buy you, Mr. Greeley, did you not offer yourself to the aristocracy of white slaves in the North? And did they not strike hands with you? Did you not in revenge swear eternal enmity to the black aristocracy of the South? Did you not, at the same time, swear eternal fealty (loyalty) to the white mud-sill aristocracy of the North? Have you not kept your word, Mr.

Greeley? Have you not labored in season and out of season to destroy the one and build up the other?

Did you not publish not long since, in the *Tribune*, an article boasting that under the management of the parties to which you belong, New York City, the commercial emporium of the land of freedom and humanity, had long since ceased to be a free city? Don't you know, Mr. Greeley, that the government of New York City was turned over to Albany, because the aristocracy of that city were afraid of bread riots? Don't you know that it was the dread of the muscle of over-worked and unpaid labor which led the aristocracy of New York City to buy the State legislature to take the government out of the hands of the people of that city? Is it not monstrous, Mr. Greeley, for a people to boast of their unfitness for self-government, and at the same time to make war upon another people to teach them self-government! Ay, does not this fact prove that the war was intended for a different purpose? Is it not monstrous, Mr. Greeley, for you to boast that your own people, born to the heritage of liberty, and educated both theoretically and practically in its principles, are incapable of self-government, and at the same time to claim that the half-civilized negro, born and educated in slavery, is fit for self-government? Is not this too much even for your dupes, miserable slaves as they are of a vile political usurpation and of an infidel phariseism? Is not this fraud too barefaced even for a people who have been educated by professional liars and thieves?

Could any man, except one who had commenced his public career by a crime which ought to damn him in the estimation of every honest man, utter this barefaced falsehood without a blush? Have not the bondautocracy, the masters of white slaves, paid you well for advocating their system of slavery? Have you not grown rich by it? Are you not this day one of the aristocracy yourself? Has it not been the policy of the owners of white slaves, and your policy as one of their tools, to keep their eyes turned constantly upon the poor negro slave in order that they might not see their own degradation? Did not the owners of white slaves, the Northern aristo-

cracy, buy up these white slaves at lower prices than negro slaves were selling for at the time, in order to create that national blessing (Mr. Greeley's own word), a national debt? Do you still consider it a national blessing, Mr. Greeley? To you and your rich friends it may be, Mr. Greeley; it is, perhaps, a great blessing to the rich bondholder who bought it up for forty cents in the dollar, and now gets paid back the whole dollar; it is perhaps a great blessing to the rich who get from it a big interest, and don't have any tax to pay on it.

But how is it a national blessing? These bondholders only constitute a small, very small, portion of the nation. How is it with the laboring millions, who have to toil and sweat to pay this big debt and the big interest on it? Don't it take their labor without pay? Don't it take their sweat without bread? Is it a great national blessing for the labor which builds up and sustains the prosperity of the country to be driven by abundant and importunate beggary to subsist upon public and private charity? 'Tis true they are only "poor white trash," but have they not got feeling? do they not as well as the black man feel the pinching of hunger, and thirst, and cold? But Mr. Greeley says, and calls as a witness to testify to the truth of his assertions that most accomplished political trickster Governor Seymour, that two hundred and forty thousand laborers are interested in this public debt.

Now whilst this assertion may be nominally true, it is virtually false. What impression do Mr. Greeley and Governor Seymour want to make by parading their figures before the world? Why simply this, that a large proportion of the national debt is held by the laboring people of the country. Now Mr. Greeley knows, and Governor Seymour knows, that so small is each laborer's share that all of them put together only makes a miserable fraction of the whole debt. Both Greeley and Seymour know (if I remember rightly this trick was invented by Greeley himself) that the laborers were persuaded to invest their mite, their twenty, their fifty, their hundred dollars of spare change in the national debt, in order that they might be interested in paying that debt; or in other

words, in order that they might make more serviceable tools of their bondautocratic taskmasters. But I think I know something which neither Greeley nor Governor Seymour knows. If, from their love of liberty and patriotism, the holders of these bonds will agree to offer them as a sacrifice upon the altar of their country, the laborer will be the first to offer his mite, although it be his all. If they will agree to build a great bonfire, and appoint a certain day to burn up all their paper rags, the working man will be there the first man.

The laborer cannot leave to his children a fortune. He can teach them how to toil and how to sweat, that's all. How gladly then would he give his pittance to know that his children, and his children's children, would be left in such a condition that when they toiled they would be paid for it, and when they watered the ground with their sweat it would yield for them an abundant harvest. In this infidel and avaricious age, when every virtue, human and divine, is measured by its weight in gold, I have but little confidence in the virtue and patriotism of the people of this country. But this much I will say, the little that is left is found among the working people. But they have been the slaves of priestcraft and the dupes of political jugglery so long that they are afraid to do anything. Indeed, they have been flattered and cajoled, in order that they might be cheated and defrauded, so long, and so completely have they been cheated out of their rights and liberties, that they are afraid to hear the truth. They are ashamed to recognize the fact that an infidel priestcraft and lying political factions have reduced them to a condition of servitude, as degraded as that of the serfs of Europe. They have stopped their ears, and refused to listen to the voice of reason and truth.

But men who refuse to hear may feel. They are beginning to reap the harvest of their folly; too much sweat, mixed with too little bread, makes that bread bitter. Gaunt famine walks into their hovels, and frightens their little ones by rattling his skeleton bones. Abundant and importunate beggary seizes, not the idle and the thriftless, but the industrious and intelligent mechanic, and reduces him to the humiliating necessity of subsisting



upon public and private charity. And millions who have not been reduced to this painful extremity are dragging along under the most insupportable burdens. These burdens, too, are constantly growing heavier, and they know that without some change their turn must come next. So that it is not because he is poor that he is willing to listen to the voice of reason and truth, but because reason and truth are to him the promise of future good. Ay, in his hours of need they come to him as a true and steadfast friend. They stand ready to tear off the oppressive burdens which error and falsehood have fastened on his back. They stand ready to break the chains which bind him and set him free. Truth stands ready to lead them in her ways, which are pleasantness, and in her paths, which are peace.

It may seem to be a harsh reflection upon mankind, surely it is mortifying to human vanity to say, that they will accept truth only when driven by necessity, but it is so nevertheless. It was the bitter tear of repentance for the errors and follies of my past life which opened my eyes to the truth. I accepted it, not because I loved it, but because no other friend in the wide, wide world could lift me out of the dark waters of affliction and place my feet upon solid ground. For this reason I have confidence in the laboring people of this country. Error and falsehood are dragging them down to poverty and ruin, and therefore will they be willing to make noble sacrifices for their country, for liberty, and for truth.

But what will the rich bondholders say to this? I do not know what they will say; but I know what they will do. Once upon a time a prophet came from heaven to earth,—ay, more than a prophet. He was the God-man—the Prince of the house of David—the King Emmanuel. He came to establish judgment and justice in the world; he came to show poor fallen man the way back to heaven. One came and said unto him, Good Master, what good things shall I do, that I may inherit eternal life? He answered, If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. The young man said unto him, all these have I kept from my youth up, what lack I yet? Jesus said unto him, If thou wouldst be perfect, go and

sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions.

Just so would the rich bondholder go away sorrowful, if this test was applied to his patriotism. How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven! And how hardly, let us add, shall a bondautocrat enter into the spirit of patriotism! And why should they love their country? How do the rich get rich? Look around you and see. Why is it that two men of equal talent and equal intelligence start out in life, and the one, though frugal and industrious, barely makes a living, and the other makes a fortune? Is it not because the one has no conscience? Is it not because he is willing to use means which the other would scorn to use? Does not the one deal fairly with his fellow-men and pay honorably for all he gets, while the other sets traps for the unsuspecting and overreaches the weak? Does not this money gambler take advantage of one man's ignorance and another man's necessities? Don't he take every advantage which the law allows?

And what advantages do the laws allow? Ask the political tricksters and gamblers, called law-makers, who spend whole legislative sessions selling out the people to the lobby agents of great moneyed monopolies. Ask these professional thieves who spend their time and make their living by making laws to plunder the labor of the country, in order that the coffers of their rich masters may be full. Is it reasonable to suppose that these creatures, who live by thieving and fraud and crime, would make laws to punish themselves? And ain't these rich taskmasters of the people, in most cases, canting hypocritical Pharisees? Don't they make long prayers? ain't they constantly whining about freedom and humanity? Don't they for a show attend to all the forms and ceremonies of an infidel phariseeism? Don't they contribute a large share of their unrighteous gains toward building costly temples, dedicated to mammon? Don't they pay a good portion of the gold which they have filched from labor to a hireling priestcraft? Don't they by their con-

tributions buy from this hypocritical priestcraft indulgence to rob labor of its just hire, and to plunder the weak and unfortunate, while they are bound by the hard chains of necessity?

How could they love their fellow-men, whom they look upon as machines to do their threshing and reaping at a profitable hire? How could they love their country, when they look upon it as a great political organization to be bought and sold as bank-stocks and dry-goods to make them rich? How could they love the virtue and truth of a genuine Christianity? Would it not be a bridle in their mouths? Would it not be a curb upon their rapacious greed of gain? But why should they not desire a despotic government? Why should they not approve of those usurpations and frauds which lead inevitably to tyranny? Don't the rich own everything in despotic governments,—lands, houses, horses, swine, cattle, and people too?

I repeat what I said before: it is a miracle for a rich man to be either a Christian or a patriot. The expense of our national government, when it was organized, was twenty millions of dollars, and to-day it ought not to be a dollar more. But it has been increased to five hundred millions; the expense of the State and corporate governments is about as much more; and a hireling priesthood costs about as much more, making in all about one and a half billion of dollars. Just think of it for one moment! This vast channel—as big as the Mississippi River—has to be filled with the sweat which flows from the brow of labor. When this is full, the drops which are left—too often drops of blood mingled with bitter tears of want and poverty—may go to fertilize the miserable little patch from which labor must gather its scanty harvest.

Suppose these expenses were reduced to about one-hundredth part of what they are; suppose these idle, mischief-making priests were put to some honest work, like honest and better men; suppose the gorgeous temples which they are building to mammon, and the thousand and one infidel gods which they have invented for man to worship, instead of their Creator, were converted into tenant-houses for the poor; suppose the vast

systems of political and judicial fraud, which have been built upon the ruins of justice and truth, were swept away; suppose the large armies of office-holders and hangers-on, who are nourished and fed by these vast institutions, were put to work like other men.

To have legislatures, to make and unmake from year to year thousands and millions of unmeaning and nonsensical laws, is folly. To have them to meet from year to year to make laws for the benefit of favored classes is a crime. To have vast and expensive systems of judicature to settle the disputes between men is folly. Two men in any community are more competent to decide any controversy which may arise than all the courts in Christendom. In this case injustice may be done; in the so-called courts of justice injustice is always done; for there, when matters are decided according to right notions of justice, it costs the innocent party a large proportion of his claim to make it secure; sometimes it costs him half, sometimes the whole, and sometimes double his claim.

Everybody who knows anything about this matter at all, and whoever is in the habit of thinking for himself, must know that these so-called courts of justice are gambling shops, where men meet to throw high-die, and pay half the stake for the privilege of a throw. Honest and sensible men shun and avoid them as they would places which are held by gangs of robbers and thieves. Before they will go there, they will sacrifice a considerable part of their claims, although they know them to be honest and just; for they know that it is better to sacrifice a portion of their claim than thus to have it adjudicated, where the cost will be enormous and the risk of losing it all very great. Why then should we keep up these vast and expensive systems of judicature, when they tend not to promote the ends of justice, but to pervert them? Suppose we export these unjust and expensive institutions back to Europe, where we borrowed them. They may suit very well the aristocracies and despotism of that country, but America—which God, in his providence, has appointed to be the land of the free and the home of the brave—don't want them. We want



justice; we want truth; we want liberty; and in order to have them we must destroy all these engines of oppression and power which tyranny has invented to pervert the truth of the human soul and destroy the liberties of mankind.

Ever since governments were established in the earth, three classes have conspired to make slaves out of the rest of mankind,—the priest, the politician, and the money-changer. The devil takes the money-changer up into a high mountain, and shows him the kingdom of this world, and the glory thereof, and says, "All these will I give you, if you will worship me." The bargain is struck. The money-changer hands over to the devil his conscience, his heart, with all its holy affections, and his soul with its charity and benevolence. The devil at once instructs him in all the tricks of money-gambling. He soon gets gold in his possession. He goes with his gold and hires the priest to put on the livery of heaven to serve the devil in.

The priest at once goes to work with the cunningly-devised words of human wisdom (and the devil helps him) to persuade men to worship gods of gold, of wood, and stone. When he succeeds in this the great work is accomplished; for when once man ceases to worship the God who made him, and in whose hands his breath is, his notions of right reason are gone.

The money-changer then hires the politician, which in our day at least has become the synonym of liar, and he goes to work by every trick and fraud which, with the devil's aid, he can invent, to persuade man to build up political and social systems which will give to the money-changer peculiar privileges. Thus does the priest get possession of the human soul, and pervert its judgment; the politician gets possession of the human body, and makes it a beast of burden for the money-changer; and the money-changer a king, a tyrant, or a bondautocracy, in the character of a premier or satrap of the devil, rules the world. He uses the millions of his fellow-men to gratify his pride, his ambition, and sometimes his whims, for fun. Until these powers are overthrown, man can never be free, or prosperous, or happy.

The first thing to be done is for man to go back to that God who made him, and in whose hands his breath is. Let him, like the prodigal who has been feeding swine, return to his father's house. Will he say he don't know the way? Christ has said, I am the way, and no man can go unto the Father but by me. Where will they find Christ in popery, in protestantism, in presbyterianism, in methodism, or in any of the thousand and one systems which the cunningly-devised words of priestcraft have invented to deceive and cheat the human soul? Where shall we find Christ in the splendid temples built by human pride and human vanity, and dedicated to mammon; in splendid temples, furnished with costly adornments and charming hired music for the purpose of attracting large crowds and gathering in many proselytes, so that the hypocritical priests who own this big show—this theatre of phariseeism—may get big pay and live among the first circles, so called? Not long ago I went to one of the large cities of the country, and attended churches belonging to different denominations of Christians. The glittering splendor pleased the eye; the music charmed the ear, as did the smooth and polished rhetoric of the priest. But there was no bread and wine of truth for the human soul; it was left to famish and to die. The splendor of earthly pomp and show only dazzles its eyes and leaves it to blunder its way into that gulf where the cries of its torment will ascend up for ever and ever. When returning from the services at the different churches, the good people who worshiped there, in every instance, took special pains to tell me that this congregation was the richest in the city; that this organ cost the most money; and that their priest received a larger salary than any other in the city, with perhaps one or two exceptions. Such are the characteristic distinctions of modern religion, called progressive.

What were the characteristics of Christianity as designated by its great Author? And John sent messengers to the Saviour to know if he was the Christ, or if he must look for another. What was the answer? Go and tell John that I am holding vanity fairs, making theatrical exhibitions of music, eloquence, tragedy and comedy, to

raise money to build fine houses of worship? No, no. Go and tell John that I am collecting taxes of everything, even down to mint, cummin, and anise, to get up a style worthy of the Prince of Heaven? No, no. Go and tell John I have taken possession of the splendid temple at Jerusalem, and that I have brought from heaven a choir of angels whose heavenly music will charm the ears of the children of men? Not that. Go and tell John I have brought vaults of gold with me, and that I will pay those who will be my disciples one, two, five or ten thousand dollars, according to their learning and talent, and furnish them a fine house to live in, and give them many little presents as extras, besides? Not that, either. Go and tell John the blind receive their sight, the deaf hear, the lame walk, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. These were the marks of Christ and his religion.

The contrast between white and black, between day and night, between truth and falsehood, is not greater than the contrast between the religion of Christ and that of our modern Pharisees. But these priests will say, Christ did not live in a philosophic and progressive age like this. Yes, he did visit the earth in just such an age as this. Who were as wise as the scribes and Pharisees, the lawyers and doctors? who were as philosophical? who had built as many fine systems? who had as many fine theories of theology? who spent as much time discussing doctrines and creeds? who had so many rules for the people to observe? who ever enforced rules with such scrupulous precision? who ever so exacting in collecting tithes, even down to mint, cummin, and anise? who had ever been so progressive as they? who had traveled so far from the religion which God had given to Abraham, to Moses, and to the prophets? who had ever had a temple of such gorgeous splendor? who had ever so converted their temple, devoted to the God of Israel, into a place for vanity fairs, theatrical exhibitions, and merchandise? Nobody has ever done such things, but popery in the sixteenth century and infidel pharisaism in the nineteenth century.

When did priestcraft wear such long robes, say such

long prayers, make such pretence to purity and virtue? When did they ever so heartily thank God that they were pure and holy, and not sinners like other men? But where are the scribes and Pharisees? Where is their wisdom, their philosophy, and their long prayers? Where are their splendid temples, wherein was the altar of the living God? and where is Jerusalem, once the city of the great King?

The Roman legions are battering down its walls, and on the inside civil wars, disease and famine are feeding upon its vitals. Amidst woes which it chills the human soul to remember, perished the proud and self-righteous Pharisee, the temple which he had desecrated, and the city which he had polluted. And their children, who boasted that Abraham was their father even when they were doing the works of the devil, who had forgotten the God of their fathers and dishonored his religion, were scattered in his anger to the four winds of heaven. For hundreds of years they were a reproach among the nations of the earth, a hissing and a by-word.

But still the question comes up, Where will we find Christ? Ask him and he will tell you. He came to earth to show man the way to heaven. Ask him; you have his word, it will tell you: he gave it for that purpose. What does he say himself? "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." Don't ask priestcraft, which has put on the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. They pervert the simple truths of the Bible, in order to make slaves of the souls and bodies of men, so that they can build up great ecclesiastical despotisms, miscalled the church. They will tell you, one that Christianity means popery, one that it means methodism, one that it means presbyterianism, one that it means congregationalism, and so on through the whole catalogue of theological fooleries. Only in one thing will these priests all agree: they will all with one accord tell you to pay tithes, even down to mint, cummin, and anise, so that your priestly lords may be educated in the wisdom of worldly philosophy, in order that they may be able to entertain and amuse their rich masters, and in order that they may be



enabled to build splendid temples to gratify their vanity and their pride.

We don't need to go to these self-constituted priests. We have a High-priest, who has made one sufficient offering for us all. He has promised to be not only our high-priest, but our prophet and king. God in his providence intended his word to take the place of priestcraft. Read the prophecies, and you will find it so. Can't anybody see the wisdom of this plan? When we discard priestcraft and take up the word of God, we are bound to believe it, and obey it, or else have no religion at all.

We will be brought face to face with the great God of the universe. There will be no priest to lead us in the way which leads us to perdition, and make us believe at the same time that we are journeying smoothly to heaven. We can't say then, even when we are doing things which our conscience condemns, that the priest does the same thing, and therefore we may do it. We can't say that this churchman, a bigoted Pharisee, does so and so, and therefore we can do it. Every man is brought face to face before the God who made him; he hears him talk; he hears his commandments, his promises, and the terrible judgments which he denounces against them who break his law.

This is the living fountain which has been opened up for all. Every one who is athirst may come and drink, ay, without money and without price. You need not pay any tithes, as you have to do to the priests of this world; you need no splendid temples. The human soul, washed and purified in the fountain of God's eternal love, is the only temple in which Christ will dwell. You need not wait, as the lame man did at the pool of Bethesda, for the angel to come and trouble the waters; you need not wait for the priests to get some mental or animal excitement. You need not wait for the priest to come along and trouble the waters of this fountain; for he who opened up this fountain says to them who have been lamed and diseased by sin, Take up your bed and walk.

With the Bible in your hand, you have no need of priestcraft. They are miserable hirelings anyhow; nine

out of ten would quit preaching if they did not get good pay. As a class they dress finer, and live better, ay, fifty per cent. better, than the vast majority of the people of the country. They have become the miserable tools of the aristocracy; and instead of teaching the gospel truths, they teach such political principles as are rapidly tending to put all power into the hands of the rich. And why should they not desire a monarchy or aristocracy for a government? Under these forms of government priestcraft becomes the pet of the ruling power, because priestcraft is its most serviceable tool. Priestcraft, professing to have authority from God, teaches the people that it is their duty to submit to the robbery, the plunder and oppression of their royal masters. In order that the people of this country may be free, they must first free themselves from the domination of priestcraft.

In doing this, let them not commit the false blunder of running into infidelity. Millions of people in this land of Bibles, by confounding priestcraft with Christianity, have been driven into infidelity. My countrymen, let me beg you not to plunge into this fatal delusion. France tried it once; read her history and let it fill your soul with horror. God Almighty gave them up to a delusion to believe a lie. Truth perished; folly, crime, war,—bloody and indiscriminate war,—ruled the hour. Everything was chaos, anarchy, war, blood, murder, and death. They worshiped reason and philosophy; they found philosophy a lie, and reason madness. Society was bled until it reeled and staggered from loss of blood. And then poor friendless infidelity had to beg its old task-masters kingcraft and priestcraft to save it from utter ruin.

Because an infidel pharisaism has perverted Christianity to its own vile uses, do not therefore reject it. It is the truth and the only truth in the wide, wide world. The Bible and only the Bible can teach man his true relation to his God and to his fellow-man. Upon the truths of the Bible only can governments be founded which will make a people wise and free and happy. Our fathers were Bible-reading and Bible-believing Christians. Fleeing from the tyranny of kingcraft and priestcraft, they

fled with their Bibles in their hands to the New World. Instructed by its truths, and guided by its wisdom, they founded a government which was justly the wonder and admiration of the world.

Because lying political factions have perverted that government to the vilest of uses ; because they have converted it into a despotism to trample upon the rights of the people for whose good it was ordained and established ; because they use that government which was made for all for the benefit of a few ; because they use that government to rob the toiling millions of the fruits of their labor, in order that an upstart bondautocracy may riot in licentious excess and pompous dissipation ; because these corrupt factions use the people, whose fathers were free, as cards to gamble with, and put up the people's money as the stake, so that no matter which faction wins the people pay the cost ; because, in the name of freedom, the people of this country have been made slaves : shall we therefore hate freedom ? Because, in the name of the wise and good government which our fathers made, the most infamous despotism is degrading and destroying this country, shall we reject that government ? Shall we not rather reject those who have perverted these good things to make slaves of our souls and bodies ?

Then priestcraft must die ; political factions must die ; and the vast army of office-holders and hangers-on must be put to some honest work like better people. If the people will do this they will reduce their expenses to one-hundredth part of what they are. The public debt must die : no people who are in debt can be free ; no individual who is in debt can be free ; he is from necessity the slave of his creditors. The nation which is in debt is necessarily the slave of bondautocratic usurers and money gamblers. But then "the national credit must be preserved and maintained" ; "the national honor must be preserved." Such stuff as this comes with a good grace, indeed, from bondautocratic thieves and political gamblers. It does well, too, for a hireling priestcraft to respond to this sentiment.

The priestcraft of this country have been laboring for years to pervert the simple truth of Christianity. For



years they have been laboring to alienate the affection of one section of the country from those of the other; for years they have been using every means in their power to distract and divide the people, to get up discord, enmity, and war. After many years of faithful service in the work of the devil, they succeeded. They produced strife and division in nearly all of the important ecclesiastical bodies in the country.

They were strenuously aided, too, by that other class of tools which has served the aristocracy of this country so faithfully, the politicians. These miserable factions, by every species of deception and fraud, labored to stir up the enmity and hatred of the people. These wicked conspirators at last succeeded in realizing the fruits of their diabolical work. But the people got frightened; they began when it was too late to see their danger; they began to wake up, but already were they in the power of their political masters.

In that dark hour methinks that there was but one State true to her ancient love of liberty and truth. There was but one State where disinterested patriotism rose up to the full height of the grand occasion. Why should she falter? The oldest of the States, she had never in her lifetime hesitated to lift herself up in all the grandeur of her power against any encroachment upon the freedom of American institutions and the genius of American liberty.

When a British king and a British aristocracy were plotting the degradation and enslavement of the colonies, she sent forth her Patrick Henry, the greatest of the apostles of liberty, to rouse her sons to noble resistance. When the colonial congress met, it was one of her noblest sons who drew up the title-deed to our liberties, the Declaration of Independence. When the war came, she furnished the great chief whose wisdom and heroism led it to a successful termination. When the convention met to frame a national government, one of her sons took so large a share in getting up the plan for a national government that he has been justly styled the father of the Constitution. When this new ship of state was to be launched upon the great ocean of national life, her great



chief, the "first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his countrymen," was put at the helm. With such a one at the helm her voyage must needs be prosperous; his wisdom, his humanity, his virtue, his truth, was a sufficient guarantee.

Some years afterward, when the alien and sedition laws were forced on the country, it was her firm and determined resistance which drove out that tyrannical intruder from the despotisms of Europe. Some years afterward, when the old hero of the Hermitage, who had whipped the British at New Orleans, and hung the carpet-bag spies which Spain had sent into Florida to incite the Indians to enlist and war against the American white man,—I say when this gallant warrior, who had stricken down the other enemies of his country, lifted his strong arm to crush that great money-tyrant, the United States Bank, that mighty lever in the hands of the aristocracy to impoverish and degrade labor, this State stood nobly by him. And a few years back, when political and religious proscription, under the hidden guise of know-nothingism, born where all other proscriptive, intolerant, and despotic notions have been born, came sweeping like a flood over the country, its black tide recoiled from the shores of Virginia, as the ocean wave from the rock-built shore of earth.

Why should she not love the Union? Why should she not love a government which she had more hand in making than any other State. Why should she not love a government whose infancy she had watched over with a mother's care? Why should she not love a government whose integrity in its manhood she had so nobly sustained? She did love it with all the devotion of her generous heart; and by a majority of sixty thousand she declared her opposition to disunion and civil war. Had one of the great old States, New York or Pennsylvania, come forward and endorsed this noble act, an hundred thousand majority would have responded to that sentiment of fraternal regard.

But this was not to be; for with all their idle boasts about freedom and equality and manhood suffrage, these great States had long since ceased to be free,—long since

had the people of these States passed into the hands of political gamblers. At the head of the national government, and the brains which was to run that machine, was the most accomplished political trickster of the age. He was chief even among New York politicians, who are all educated to look up trickery as a trump card. Since he has been a prominent politician, he has never spoken a single sentence which did not have a double meaning. He is the very personification of chicanery and fraud; his very smile is deceit; it is as utterly impossible for him to be candid as it is for the devil to be a Christian. This cold-blooded, soulless, political gambler, who had taught the irrepressible conflict, must bring it on. He had studied human nature, and especially its weakness, well; for he had used all kinds of persons to promote the objects of his ambition. He at once determined to precipitate the war by taking advantage of the weakest point in the Southern character,—their rash and hasty temper. He had promised South Carolina to let Fort Sumter stand as it was. He broke that promise, and sent his ships to provision and strengthen the fort. The trick succeeded even beyond his expectations. South Carolina struck down the old flag. The North was set on fire.

But even then a little time for the people to meet and talk the matter over would have prevented the war. But the politicians would not have it so: they must have war. The bondautocracy of Wall Street said, "Make war, and we'll pay the expenses; fifty millions are ready now." The satraps who governed the Northern provinces, miscalled States, said, "Make war; we won't fight ourselves, but each one of us will furnish men and money. Both the people of our provinces and their money belong to us, and we will furnish just as many men and as much money as you want." Thus, when five-sixths of the people—so called—were opposed to disunion, and nine-tenths of them were opposed to civil war, the war was forced on them by political fraud and force. Men who were friends and brothers—men who were born to a common heritage of freedom, and who were devoted to the preservation of the liberties of a common country—

were driven, by the cunning devices of a lying priestcraft and the tricks of political thieves and scoundrels, to meet on a hundred battle-fields and slay each other, until tens of thousands—yea, hundreds of thousands—had perished.

The war is over. The whole land is clad in the habiliments of mourning. One half of the country sits in the ashes of their desolated homes and wasted fields, weeping for their perished liberties. When the despots of other ages and other countries overrun and subjugate countries,—the Cæsars, the Neroes, and the Caligulas,—it was supposed that military despotism was the harshest form of government which tyranny could devise; but the freedom-shriekers of our land—the advocates of humanity and progress—have excelled those tyrants in the brutal and atrocious governments which they have forced upon the people of the South. They have insulted the pride of these brave and generous-hearted people by subjecting them to the rule of a half-civilized race of barbarians, once their slaves. Talk about civilization and the nineteenth century! A crime so infamous as this has no parallel, either in the history of heathen or savage nations; it is a pre-eminence in barbarity which stands by itself.

The people of this country a thousand years hence will blush for this black page in the record of their history; and if a just God should punish this people—who have been exalted to heaven in point of privilege—for these crimes, as he has punished other nations for similar crimes, how terrible will be that punishment! But, hush! These people don't believe in God; they believe in priestcraft, and that has taught them to worship mammon and a thousand other strange gods. Ah, shall he cease to be, who made the heaven and earth, the seas and fountains of waters, because the devil and his agents have persuaded his creatures to believe a lie? Will his brightness cease to flash athwart the heavens because they shut their eyes? Will his deep thunders cease to shake the earth because they stop their ears? Shall he be afraid of the pomp and splendor of their power who made the sun, and moon, and stars, the volcano, and the earth-



quake? Shall the golden gods they worship hold back his hand from turning them into hell with the nations which forget him?

The war is over and who is profited by it?—the soldiers? Ask them, and the voice which comes back from the silent graves around a hundred battle-fields will answer you. Ask them, and the earthy mounds, which cover heaps of unknown dead, piled together like the offal from butchers' stalls, will answer you.

Ask them, and their bleaching bones, scattered over the desolate fields of the South, will answer you. Ask them, and the lame, hobbling about on their crutches, and the blind, sitting on the street-corners begging, will answer you. Ask them, and the thousands and tens of thousands who are working hard at low price, and pay exorbitantly high for all the necessities of life, will answer you.

Who has been profited? the farmers and mechanics and all the vast number of working people of the country? Ask them, and they will tell you that they work hard from one year's end to another, and they can't make ends meet. Ask them, and they will tell you that they have dispensed with the luxuries and pleasures of life which they could once enjoy,—ay, and many of its necessities,—and still they can't make ends meet. Ask the widows and orphans of the soldiers who perished in the war, and of the laboring people of the country huddled together in the cellars and garrets of our large cities, toiling for half pay and living on half rations. Ask the pretty daughters of the poor, whom there is no moral law to protect, for priestcraft has preached that to sleep, but for whom the civil law, in the name of humanity and freedom, has filled the cities of the country with houses of infamy,—those graves of hell in which the soul and body are buried together forever.

The war is over, and who has been profited by it? The politicians—ah, what a harvest it has been for them! They have in the national treasury alone five hundred millions of dollars to disburse every year. How many fat jobs, too, do they have every year by laying taxes for the benefit of big whiskey distilleries and big manufac-



turing establishments! How much, too, have they been paid for putting the money matters of the country entirely into the hands of money gamblers! Who has been profited?—the bondautocracy. Ah! did you ever see so mighty an aristocracy built up in any country in so short a space of time? Whilst the poor white trash were doing the drudgery of the war, the government contractors, the cotton-stealing generals, and the substitute-buyers were making fortunes. Vast moneyed monopolies have been built up, and by the laws of your government, by its whole policy, canals have been dug to catch the sweat which flows from the brow of labor, and to lead it into these immense reservoirs of wealth.

Did you ever know any aristocracy in so short a time to build so many princely residences? Did you ever know any aristocracy to live in such wild and reckless extravagance? Did you ever see it make so gaudy a show? Did you ever see before in its train such useless, foolish pomp? Did you ever before see their wives and daughters adorned with so many and so costly trinkets of fashion? The aristocracy of Europe, though hundreds of years old, are not half as high in their pretensions, not half as dazzling in the splendor of their pomp, as these upstart thieves of our own land; nor are the serfs of these aristocracies half as obsequious in their servility to their old taskmasters as are the white slaves of this country to these upstart thieves and usurpers.

And yet the miserable slaves who are afraid to look upon the polished boots of their taskmasters are impudently prating about freedom and equality. Equality, poor devils! thousands of your rich masters would not permit you to come into their kitchens, much less into their parlors. What men are these to offer freedom and equality to woman in the land of Washington? Boot-blacks and ostlers of an upstart aristocracy, whose bloated carcasses have been swelled into huge proportions by sucking the life-blood of their country. Who has been profited? Priestcraft. Were their robes ever so long before? Were their salaries ever so big? Did it ever happen in the world before, that so many splendid temples were built in so short a time to mammon, and the idol

gods whom they have taught the people to worship? How many political conventions, in the name of religion, have been held in this country since the war? How many of these ecclesiastical despotisms are plotting union with the political tyranny of this country, in order that they may have the exclusive right to collect tithes of mint, cummin, and anise?

Was there ever impudence so unblushing as that of this bondautocracy? It promised at the beginning of the war, that if the working men would do the fighting, that they would pay the expenses; but now they say that they only lent their money to the government, and that they must have it back. Ay, more, that where they lent forty dollars they must have a hundred. The government promises this, and the promise must be kept. And who constitutes this government? Why, the politicians, the slaves of the bondautocracy who made the war, to please the bondautocracy. Did not the rich promise to pay expenses, if the people would do the fighting? Why don't they keep their promise? Suppose the people should demand back the blood which they gave to the war. Is there enough in the veins of all the political gamblers and bondautocratic thieves to pay it?

Let these Shylocks beware; they have gotten already rivers of blood and hecatombs of human bodies. And what oceans of tears flowed from the eyes of widows and orphans! And millions and billions of money they have gathered into their coffers. And what have the people got? Wounds and bruises, and death, and mourning in their families. A divided Union, a violated constitution, a political tyranny, and swarms of tax-gatherers fleehing from labor its hard earnings, to bolster up a corrupt and extravagant government, so called, and to feed the filthy bloated carcass of a licentious bondautocracy. What have the people got? abundant and importunate poverty, to drive them to subsist upon public and private charity.

I repeat it: if the war was just, the bondautocracy and the politicians who were exempt from all its evils, its privations and hardships, ought to pay the expenses. The people furnished the hundreds of thousands of lives,

the rivers of blood, and the agony of woe, which no man tell. Ought not those who were exempt from all these evils to pay the expenses? If, on the contrary, the war was unjust, the politicians and bondautocracy, who brought the war about, ought to pay for it doubly.

But instead of doing this they have by legislative fraud doubled the debt, and ask the people to pay this. How often does it happen that the greedy, in trying to grasp all, lose all? For once I think their usual tact has deserted them. Had the bondautocracy and their political tools estimated the public debt at what it really was,—about one-half of what it now is,—had they made the interest in it about three per cent., and taxed it like all other property, the people, so long used to bearing burdens, might have submitted to it, and they might have used it as a great power to build up in the course of time an aristocracy in this country. The way other despotisms have made slaves out of the people is to put on them a little at a time, and to increase it as they see they are able to bear it. But Providence, who intends this country to be free forever, has, in his ways of inscrutable wisdom, given up our taskmasters to a strong delusion to believe a lie. They believe that, because it is done in the name of freedom and humanity, they can persuade the people of this country to take on their backs at once, and carry burdens such as the monarchies and aristocracies of Europe have been hundreds of years training their serfs to bear.

Vaulting ambition has overleaped itself, and the very means which man is using to make slaves of his fellow-men, that kind Providence, who has watched over this country from its infancy with the tenderest care, will use to make men free. The slaveocracy of the South, with its monopoly of wealth in the property of four millions of slaves and their political tools who helped bring war on the country, are overthrown; and never, since the world was created, has man made to the world a higher or nobler exposition of truth than was made by these people immediately after the war. Their military power was broken, their civil governments were destroyed, their wealth, their property, had all perished in the wasting



fires of war. Their hopes were blasted, and their political principles, which they held dearer than life itself, had perished; confusion was everywhere confounded. Men knew not where to go, or what to do.

In this dark hour all eyes were turned to their great chief. Gloriously had he led them in a hundred hard-fought battles. His wisdom, his genius, his heroism had baffled, for four long years, the powers of the greatest nation in the world, with its overwhelming numbers and superior military armaments. Amidst the ruins of his country, and the deep humiliations of defeat, he stands grander than he was amidst the greatest achievements of his martial powers and the proudest days of his country's glory. Others have triumphed over the fortunes of war; but he, and only he, triumphed over the ruins of defeat. His words, though the simplest in the vocabulary of language, were the divinest in the power of their eloquence. What were those magic words so simple, and yet so eloquent?—"Go to work."

To give emphasis to his words, he adds the influence of his example. He too goes to work. When the people were free and great, and had honors to bestow, they lavished them on him. Now that they are poor slaves, he shares their servitude, their poverty, and their toils. Millions of hearts which once admired him as a hero now love him as a father. So effective was this good advice to his countrymen, that in a few months after the war was over no one could have told that war had been there, but for the desolation it had left in its track. For over three years this thing has continued. In the mean time the people have had as many different governments as Mexico, or been without any government, as the conceit of a low political demagogue, who imagines himself a Cæsar, because accident had made him a President, or as the malice of a fanatical Congress who imagine themselves the rulers and masters of this country because the commander-in-chief of our armies says so, might dictate.

In addition to all these things, the governing faction, from motives of hatred, revenge, and ambition, flooded the country with every disturbing element. Priestcraft, with its characteristic cupidities, rushed down there to



steal, under the license which wars of conquest and subjugation usually give to the cowardly and cruel, the church property; and in order to justify this crime, repugnant not only to the spirit of Christianity which they hypocritically profess, but at war with the magnanimity which heathen nations have practiced, assembled their ecclesiastical bodies all over the country, and put out political pronouncements full of abuse, of lies, and foul slander against these people. I say they did this to stir up the angry passions of their own people; for they knew full well that only the worst passions of human nature, anger and revenge, would justify the robberies which they contemplated.

Political adventurers, substitute-buyers, and government spies and contractors, who stayed at home during the war, making money out of the suffering, the privations, ay, even the blood of the hundreds of thousands of their countrymen who were perishing upon the battle-fields of the South, flocked there to get office.

Cowards in the South who hid themselves whilst brave men were fighting, and policy men who fought for the South until it was evident theirs would be the losing side, and then joined with the carpet-baggers of the North, like a flock of foul buzzards gathered around the battle-fields where brave men had fought and fell, to feed themselves upon their carcasses.

The wicked fleeth where no man pursueth. So it was with this dastard crew. Afraid, because their guilty consciences told them that their purposes were wicked, they sought to raise a guard for themselves by stirring up the prejudices of the negroes against their former masters. Oh, yes, if there is to be any fighting, we will put the negro and brave white men at it, and we will follow behind, and plunder as we did before. The faction in power encouraged these wrongs, because they knew these creatures would be serviceable to them in completing that system of usurpations which they have been making under the forms of law to perpetuate their power.

I have often wondered how brave men in the North, who met brave men in the South on a hundred battle fields, who stood with them on the same earth, trembling

and quaking beneath the shock of battle, whose blood mingled together on the same field, and who, perhaps, after the battle, wounded and bleeding, had their famished thirst quenched by water from the canteen of a generous victor,—I say, I have often wondered how they could so far forget that magnanimity which has ever been esteemed the noblest element in the character of a brave soldier, as to turn over the brave soldiers of the South whose heroic courage they had tested for four long years, to be trampled on and insulted by the ignorant, the cowardly, and the cruel. It seems passingly strange to me, that men would not have more respect for brave men, and more confidence in them, who met them honorably on the field and withstood them to the death, than for those miserable craven camp followers, who hid themselves from the thunders of the battle, and then came down to plunder the wounded and the dying, whether they be friend or foe; for the history of the times shows that men who served in the war as Federal soldiers, now living in the South, are disfranchised because they refuse to vote for these buzzards, and indorse their infamous political theories.

Thus a Federal soldier, no matter if he has lost an arm or a leg, or both arms and both legs, fighting for the Union, so called, can't vote in the State of Arkansas, so called, unless he will swear that he believes a negro a fit person to marry his own daughter.\* This is the test of loyalty in the South. The test of loyalty in the North is, that a man must believe that the "poor white trash" are only fit to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for an upstart bondautoeracy. Such are the modern notions of freedom and humanity, of progress and reform. All these wrongs those people have borne patiently and heroically. Is it possible to make slaves of such a people? Is it noble and magnanimous for those who overcame them to permit them to be thus trampled on?

But I have mentioned these things to get another fact. Men from the South, honest and intelligent men, have uniformly testified to this fact, extraordinary as it

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\* 1868.

may seem, that for a year after the war, and before the elements of discord which I have described above had gotten fully to work, the people of the South, without any government,—for the military stationed at prominent places were never called on by the people to settle their disputes,—had more peace and quiet and good order than had ever existed in the country before. And this thing happened among a people whose civil administrations were as equitable and whose social life was as undisturbed as anywhere else in the world.

I repeat it, the catalogue of murders, thefts, and other crimes which disturb the peace and good order of society, was shorter in the Southern States than in any other country in the world, before the war. Was it not strange that when the civil governments of these people were destroyed, and they were virtually left without any government,—for they hated the military government and never appealed to it,—that the peace and good order of society was better than it ever had been under their civil governments? The secret of it was, that everybody was poor, and everybody had to go to some honest work. There were no aristocracy, and no gentlemen of leisure; no commercial and financial gamblers, for there was no money to gamble with; no political tricksters and busy-bodies to divide and disturb the minds of the people, by schemes of plunder invented to make their own fortunes; scarcely any litigation, for a people who had just been plundered by a common enemy felt little inclination to plunder each other by the miserable tricks of fraud and chicanery which disgrace the judiciary of modern times. Men who had been born to fortune, trained by the hard usages of war, dropped the sword and the musket to take hold of the plow. Woman who had been nursed in the lap of fortune, and whose delicate white hands had never been soiled, with that noble pride which is characteristic of her sex, joyfully shared the hard lot of her brave husband, father or brother.

Obedience to Heaven's laws brings always the fruits of good. Their minds, occupied with their work, had no time to fret over their misfortune; the labor required to provide their plain fare made it both toothsome and

wholesome to them, even, who had been raised on delicacies.

How is it possible to account for this most extraordinary condition of things? Some will say that it was the military stationed there which kept order. But stern and inexorable facts refute this notion entirely. For it is notoriously true that the only instances of disorder which occurred at all happened immediately where the military were stationed. Indeed, every instance of disorder can be traced to the improper interferences of the military, where it occurred. The soldiery was looked upon as the special friends of that class of society which was the least educated in the principles of self-government, and least trained in those habits of individual and personal restraint which preserve order in society, without the fear of penal laws. Under their influence the negro was sometimes led to make aggressions upon the rights of the white man, which the latter would not submit to, although he knew that a sword in the hands of prejudice, partiality, and hatred, hung over his head. And I give him credit for it, for the man who submits to insults and wrongs from a cowardly fear of death is fit only to be a slave. But in the rural districts, far off from military posts, where nature was allowed to take its course and where the superior virtue and intelligence of the white man controlled society, there was perfect peace and quiet, perfect good order.

If these things can be for one year, why not for five, ten, or for all time? If society can live in peace and happiness without that vast and cumbrous machinery called government, why do we hold on to governments? Don't understand me to say that society can live without law: not at all. But this much I will say, that society can live without that vast complicated political machinery which requires one-half of the mental powers of the country and one-half of the physical powers to keep it in motion.

Governments ought to be a few simple and well-defined laws (like the ten commandments), to restrain the evil passions of men. Instead of that, kingcraft and priestcraft, and their masters the money-gamblers and thieves,



have made it a vast power, which they use first to destroy the liberties of mankind, and afterward to hold them in perpetual thralldom. This day, throughout the world,—not even excepting the United States,—ninety-nine men are the slaves of the hundredth. Perhaps in this country each master does not hold quite so many slaves, but even here the principle is just as fixed and as distinctly marked.

Who does not believe that our country would be infinitely better off without those political factions who, when in power, spend their time and the people's money devising schemes of fraud and violence to perpetuate their power; and, when out of power, spend their time fishing up out of the muddy sea of political philosophy, so called, pretty promises of reform, to humbug and cajole the people in order to regain their confidence? Who does not believe that with the Bible in our hand we could dispense with that ecclesiastical despotism called the church, which robs the people of whatever the politicians may leave them to keep up their usurped dominion over the human soul? Who does not know in his own community three men, who, without being tangled and confounded by miserable senseless quibbles called law, could decide any dispute which might arise between two men more honestly and fairly, and at one-hundredth part of the cost, than all the lawyers and courts in christendom? Who does not believe that mankind can live without those vast moneyed monopolies, the aristocracy, bondautocracy, or whatever you may choose to call these money-gamblers and thieves, whose tools the priests and politicians are?

Who does not know that the political factions which have ruled this country for the last twenty years have not, in that long time, passed hardly a single law which was not intended to give some peculiar privilege to some rising aristocratic power in this country? Who will not be astonished to find that during that long time every important measure of governmental policy advocated by any political party has looked exclusively to the promotion of the interest and welfare either of the slaveocracy of the South or the commercial and financial

aristocracy of the North? Who will not be astonished to find out that during that long time every important measure of public law has been dictated either by the masters of negro slaves in the South, or by the masters of white slaves in the North? And who, except the bondautocrats and their tools the priests and politicians, does not feel the evil results of this unrighteous legislation? Who that is not utterly devoid of common sense does not see that the rich are getting richer and fewer in numbers, whilst the poor are getting poorer and greater in numbers? Who that is not a fool or a fanatic can fail to see that priestcraft sells to the money-gambler, whatever his trade may be, the privilege of robbing labor of its hire? Who can fail to see that the churchman who is a worshiper of mammon can buy from the priest who keeps his soul an indulgence to deceive and cheat and rob anybody he can, provided he pays a good share of his stealings to the church?

Who does not know that the millions and millions of dollars which are spent to keep up these more than wicked despotisms are coined out of the drops of sweat which fall from the brow of labor? Who does not see with what fearful rapidity these crushing despotisms are growing? Who that labors does not feel their increasing weight? Who that labors does not recognize the fact that the time will soon come, without some important change, when the working men of this country will be what they are in the Old World, miserable slaves, without any of the blessings of freedom for the present, or any hope for the future?

But have those masters of the people given the people nothing in this long time? How have they kept them in such a good humor if they have taken all? Oh, yes; they have given the people plenty of promises. Every new faction, especially, has promised reform; they have invented baubles, too, for them to play with. The most specious and plausible of all these is suffrage. How wonderfully has it tickled the fancy of the people! Let them choose their own masters, and they will not ask you either the terms or duration of their servitude.

Even women are being persuaded that if they only had

the privilege of choosing the degradation to which the wickedness and folly of the times have reduced their sex, they could bear it better. It would mitigate the evil of separations from their husbands, which have become nowadays as common almost as marriages; it would reconcile the natural antipathies and discords so commonly found now among married people, because marriages, like everything else in this money-worshipping age, have become matters of bargain and sale. It would soothe the anguish of those poor unfortunates whom the false notions of morals and politics which govern society have forced to shelter themselves in those dens of infamy where all the beauty of virtue dies, and where the light of hope is put out, to be kindled no more forever. So admirably has this device been used to make slaves of the people of this country, who were born free, that the despots of Europe have introduced it into their kingdoms to quiet their people, and avoid, if possible, the terrific storm of liberty which is to-day hanging over that country.

But suppose the people would make up their minds to put this plaything to a better use. Suppose they would make up their minds to choose to vote for once, at least, some good for themselves; suppose they would go to the polls and vote down political factions; suppose they would vote down an insolent and domineering aristocracy, which has arrogated to itself all power, all the privileges and blessings of life; suppose they would vote down that vast political power, which with its legion of corporate auxiliaries, like so many sea-monsters, eats up half of the fruits of their labor; suppose they would vote for a radical reform of this government; suppose they would vindicate the truths of that declaration that governments are instituted among men for the good of all, and not for the good of a few favored classes; suppose they would choose to rule awhile themselves, and make the government subordinate to the welfare and happiness of all; suppose they would enact it as a fundamental law that the government should never pass a single measure for the exclusive benefit of any corporation, any class, or any individual; suppose they would decree that that

vast army of office-holders, whose slaves they have been so long, the politicians, the priests, and lawyers, should follow some honest calling like other and better men; suppose in this way they would reduce the expenses of government to the one-hundredth part of what it is to-day; suppose they would thus add to the laboring and producing part of the community all these drones of society who have heretofore lived by their wits.

These gentlemanly classes, indeed, don't make a very large part of society, and yet it requires nearly half of the products of the laboring classes to support them. For these gentlemanly fellows, who live by their wits, must live in handsome style, so that it requires just about the products of five or ten day-laborers to keep one of them going. Somebody will say that these principles are radical and revolutionary; some tool of the bondautocracy will start this objection at once. Is it not a little strange that these creatures shout and hurrah till their throats are sore for radical and revolutionary measures, so long as these measures are for the benefit of themselves and their bondautocratic masters; but once propose some vital truth, which looks to the liberation of the great masses of mankind from slavery and degradation, and all at once they will cry out that radical and revolutionary measures are dangerous and destructive. Were measures so radical and revolutionary ever adopted before, as have been in this country in the last five or six years?

When I see Virginia, the mother of statesmen, a wretched dependency governed by a military satrap, I almost think I see her Patrick Henry and her John Randolph coming up out of their graves, their eyes gleaming with the lightning of inspiration, and their burning souls pouring upon the usurpers and tyrants who thus insult their memory and their names the hot breath of their scorn. When I hear white men, who were born free, using words and phrases taught them by their political masters, such as rebel, loyalty, etc.,—words and phrases which kings and princes and aristocracies require their serfs to wear about them as badges of their obsequious servility,—it makes my cheek tingle with a blush of shame, not only for my country, but for mankind.



But this radicalism suits their purpose. The half-civilized negro can be relied on, under the management of the carpet-baggers, to vote right, and fight right, if the worst comes to the worst. These tyrants are getting afraid of their white slaves; they have been putting mighty heavy burdens upon them, and they are getting restless; they are getting tired of living on promises; they need something more than the privilege of living in the land of freedom and humanity; they need food and clothes. These are getting scarce. "Abundant and importunate beggary" seizes them and leads them around during the long hard winters the pitiable objects of public and private charity. These ignorant negroes can't govern the virtuous intelligent white people of the South, and therefore it will be necessary to keep up large standing armies, to bolster up their weakness and ignorance. These armies, wholly negro, will answer another purpose: they will hush the murmurs of white slaves in the North, as they do this day in every country in Europe.

O, yes; this kind of radicalism will do very well. These changes, violent and revolutionary as they are, all look exclusively to the interest of the ruling classes. But let some one propose to abolish slavery, not in name, but in truth; to pull down all these social, civil, and political institutions, which privileged classes have built up to defend and perpetuate their power; and at once these very revolutionists will cry out, None of this radicalism, it is dangerous to the peace of society. But they will say these propositions are extraordinary, unheard of; no people have ever adopted them before. That is true, I confess. And it is equally true that no people have ever been free, nor will any people ever be free, until they destroy those institutions of tyranny which have been successfully used for six thousand years, in every nation, and country, and kindred, and people, to hold the masses of mankind in slavery and degradation.

I thank God we have what no people ever had in the world before: we have, right from heaven, from the God who made us, a book of wisdom and knowledge and truth. Not only does it tell man to be free, as the wis-

dom of this world does, but it tells him how to be free. Not only does it tell him to be happy, but it tells him how to be happy; and this the wisdom of the world has never done.

Priestcraft will sneer at this; for, with all their learned theology, they are as ignorant of the Bible and its promises to mankind as a Patagonian; and with all their loud-mouthed professions they know less about the spirit of a genuine Christianity than honest heathens.

Political philosophy, too, will sneer at this, although their utmost wisdom has been at work for six thousand years to ameliorate the condition of mankind, and for six thousand years they have most signally failed. How wonderfully did they seem to succeed in Egypt ages ago. The arts, sciences, and civilization flourished there to a wonderful degree. But where is Egypt, and where is her ancient glory! Only the pyramids, mighty tombstones, remain to mark her grave. And Babylon, where is she? So terrible and swift was the ruin which overtook her that not even her grave can be found. Persia, Carthage; where are they? Greece, classic Greece, and Rome, proud mistress of the world, where are they? The Odyssey and Æneid of their great poets, prophets inspired by Heaven to teach mankind some knowledge of the Creator, have come down to us upon the waves of time; all else has perished in that angry flood.

The houses of heathen nations were built upon the sand, and therefore when the rains descended, and the flood came, they fell, and great was the fall thereof. When they fell they rose no more, but went back to their ancient barbarism. But our house, our social fabric, was built upon a rock. The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner. The storms of political madness and folly may beat upon it, the floodgates of infidelity and pharisaical hypocrisy may be opened, and their wild torrents of anger and revengeful persecutions poured down upon it; yet still it will stand.

The Bible and its truths are the hope of the world. Its mission is to redeem man from the curse of sin, to set him free. Infinite wisdom has decreed its mission; Almighty power has fixed its destiny. The Bible is the

truth, and the only truth in the world. Liberty is the daughter of truth. We in our madness and folly have exiled truth from our country. Liberty, bound in chains, mourns in sackcloth and ashes. Priestcraft has lulled the human soul to sleep with the opiates of infidelity; and man, devoid of all notions of right reason, has become the dupe of every artifice devised to deceive him, and the tool of every power which chooses to use him, to work his own ruin.

Our fathers believed in the Bible, and worshiped the God of the Bible, and they had wisdom and virtue, freedom and prosperity. We believe in the theologies of priestcraft, the cunningly devised word of human wisdom, and worship gods of gold and silver; and we have civil war, terrible political commotions, crushing burdens of debt, and taxation, usurpation and tyranny, crimes, folly and madness. Financial and commercial gamblers, who by the tricks of their trade have accumulated fabulous fortunes in a few years, stand at the top of society and fix its laws and customs. Political liars and thieves, adepts in all the villainous arts of chicanery and fraud, are the leaders of political factions, and direct the whole civil administration of the country. And yet a people who have deliberately chosen all these evils wonder why they are crushed with debt and taxation, why their liberties have perished, and why dark clouds of ruin hang ominously over their future. Is it not time that the people were waking up? Have they not followed long enough blind guides who lead them into the muddy ditches of poverty, slavery, and degradation.

'Tis man's privilege to choose good or evil; but heaven has reserved to itself the right to fix the consequences. When he chooses good, he will be free and happy. When he chooses evil, he will be a miserable slave; ay, he will be turned into hell with the nations that forget God. The people can continue to choose these evils, and worse ones if they desire it; but this they cannot do, they cannot avoid that harvest of woe which the wicked must reap. Eternal Justice has set limits to the angry waves of the ocean, so has He set limits to the angry waves of human folly. When they reach those barriers, they break,



roll back on themselves, and are drowned in their own flood.

I have no faith in any form of government,—democratic, aristocratic, or monarchical. These are only cold, dead forms. They have no power to protect themselves, much less can they protect us. If you don't believe what I say, ask Cæsar; ask the Bourbons of France; ask the Dantons, Robespierres, and Marats of that country; ask Charles I.; ask Cromwell; ask Abe Lincoln; or ask the empires which flourished in the ages of the past; and the echo of your own voice coming back from their silent ruins will attest the truth of what I say.

But I have faith in the genius of Christianity; I believe in its promises to redeem poor fallen man, and set him free again; and because of this faith do I believe whatever stands in its way will fall. The hand of the Almighty will strike it down, haughty as may be the pride of its strength; and bright as may be the blaze of its glory, his fingers will snuff it out like a candle. I love democracy, not because it has any virtue in itself, but because it is that form which liberty assumes when left free to choose its own form. I love democracy, not because it has any means to secure my freedom, but because it is the shadow of liberty; and I know, when I see that shadow moving about, that liberty still lives.

Not only is American democracy dead: its very shadow is gone. The tyrants who have destroyed our liberties have been deliberating for three years about the condition of ten enslaved provinces; and the question in that whole time has never come up as to how those provinces might be restored to free States. But who shall determine the condition of their slavery,—the low, narrow-minded, drunken demagogue who disgraces the executive mansion, or a gang of small politicians, thieves, and gamblers, ruled by the insolent and arbitrary dictation of an old debauchee, whose very bones are rotten from his licentious excess of beastly indulgence? The only question which has been asked about ten subjugated provinces—once free and independent States in the great family of American democracy—is this, Whether Andy



Johnson or Thad. Stevens shall fix the condition of their slavery?

But you say the other States are free. Yes, because they are loyal. So are the serfs of Russia free, whilst they are loyal. Let them continue to obey the decrees of their royal master, and the czar will not disturb them. Why should he? But let one of these free States presume to determine any question for itself against the wishes of the usurpers at Washington,—who boast that they are acting outside of the Constitution,—and such a State at once would be crushed as Virginia and South Carolina have been. Suppose the present Congress (so called) should, by a law allowing negroes to vote in all the States (and this thing will be done if there is a probability of the election going against the radicals next fall); suppose the States of Ohio or Pennsylvania would refuse to allow their negroes to vote, as probably would be the case, would not the vote of such State be considered as fraudulent, and thrown out in determining the result of the election?

And would Ohio or Pennsylvania have any just ground of complaint? Would not their mouths be stopped by their own declarations and their own actions? Have they not both sanctioned such a policy in Virginia and South Carolina? But those were rebel States. And so will Ohio and Pennsylvania be rebel States as soon as they refuse to obey the decrees of the national government, whose power they have helped to make absolute and unconditional. They would not even be permitted to discuss the question as to what constitutes rebellion, for they both have determined by their declarations or their actions that that question belongs absolutely and unconditionally to the national government.

That the American democracy is dead is no longer a disputable question. The only question which remains to be decided is, what form shall the new tyranny assume? Who will be our masters? Who will be our Cæsar? Absolute power admits of no division; it submits to no restraint. If there is a power in the United States (so called) to determine everything to rule absolutely, it must reside somewhere. Where is it? This is the next

question which tyranny, in its progress, must determine. The issue has already been made. The national legislature has claimed it. The national executive claims it. Had Andy Johnson been a man of any character, of any nerve, the question would have been settled; but as this small politician, who has lifted himself into position by the tricks of demagogism, agreed to carry out the decrees of the rump after denouncing them as unconstitutional, wicked, destructive, the question was virtually settled without any collision. Andy compromised by agreeing to surrender the substance of his office, if they would permit him to keep the form. He consented for them to take the prerogatives of his office, if they would only let him remain a tenant of the White House.

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that such an accident will soon happen again. It is a rare thing, indeed, even among the weakest and poorest of mankind, to find one who, when good fortune has made him proprietor, will tamely consent to be a mere tenant. No other age in the history of our country could have possibly produced such a man as Andy Johnson. Nor can this age, vicious and debauched as it is, produce many such. When once expediency becomes the sole rule of action, truth must utterly die; and when truth is once entirely ignored, society itself must die; chaos and anarchy follow as a matter of course. I tremble for my country when I see its chief executive head the personification of that moral weakness which is ever the last fatal premonition of national death. The cold clammy sweat upon the brow of mortality is not a surer indication of speedy death, than is a time-serving expediency written on the brow of society a sign of its speedy dissolution. But anarchy is a condition of things which is horrible even to minds of devils.

The politician, the priest, and the bondautocrat have sown to the wind; they must reap the whirlwind. They have exiled truth, they have chained liberty, they have debauched the morals of the people, they have forced on them intolerable burdens of debt and taxation, they have forced on them civil war with all its horrible calamities of privation, of wounds, of death and misery and tears;

they have virtually destroyed our democracy, and professedly ignored all its constitutional restraints upon their power; they have insulted the common sense of mankind, and blasphemed heaven by perpetrating all these crimes in the name of freedom and humanity. How shall they escape that retributive justice which they deserve at the hands of a God whom they blasphemed, and at the hands of a people whom they have outraged and insulted?

There never has been but one escape for tyrants, and that has been to put themselves, by seizing power, beyond the reach of justice. A people whom they have deeply wronged they must now make slaves of, lest they should punish them for their crimes. They have destroyed the spirit of liberty, the next step will be to get rid of its forms. And since the people have permitted them to destroy the spirit of their liberty and justice which alone could give beauty and comeliness to their government, why should they not destroy its forms also? Since the soul has departed, why should not the body too be buried? Why should it be kept to stink in their nostrils?

Has not a conspiracy already been set on foot to get rid of the whole thing? Did not the African show exhibit it at Chicago? Did not the spotted circus meet there at the same time? Was there not a convocation called? was it not agreed that Hiram Sammy should be our Cæsar? Was it not agreed that Bishop Simpson, the boss of the spotted circus, should be our pope? Was it not agreed that an inquisition should be established, and that black-hearted and bloody-minded Pharisee, the Rev. Waldro, should be keeper of the inquisition? Read the following performance of this reverend man-eater of the spotted circus. "Resolved, that all government is based upon the religious ideas of those who carry it on, and that the Northern Methodists have acquired by conquest the right to control the religion of the South. That it is just as wrong to allow the Southern Methodists to meet and worship in their own way as it would be to allow Lee and Johnson to call together and drill their armies again.



They will soon be prohibited from so doing. The religion of the North is bound to rule this continent, and it proposes to make a proper application of our Bible to all the Southern States and people. A subjugated people have no more right to apply their own peculiar moral ideas than to use their physical implements of war. Rev. Man-eater, did you not make a slight mistake? Did you not neglect to attend the last meeting of your brother spiritualists, to consult "devils and damned spirits" about your diabolical purposes against the civil and religious liberties of this country? Will not that old serpent the devil, whose servant you are, be angry with you for exposing the cloven foot too soon? You are too impatient, Mr. Waldro; you ought to have waited until Hiram was really Cæsar, and the boss of the big spotted circus really pope.

Have you not made another mistake, Rev. Man-eater? An inquisition for the nineteenth century! Don't you belong to the party of progress and reform? you surely must be progressing very slowly or else you started a long way back. Why, poor old decrepit Spain, which has been the laughing-stock of the world for generations, reached the point you are now at three centuries ago. She had an inquisition three hundred years ago. You surely must be progressing very slowly to be just getting to the inquisition.

Ah, is that—is that it—some one whispers to me that the Rev. Waldro belongs to the barbarians—that he is a nigger! Well, well, that accounts for it all; for a nigger I suppose it is a pretty good idea. These same savages have, I know, hardly reached the fifteenth century. I beg the gentleman's pardon. He has a white skin, and I took him to be a Caucasian. Confound the thing; how people get bothered these times! I think myself so much above the nigger in point of intelligence and by the immutable laws of creation, that I would not have stooped to criticise Mr. Waldro's opinions had I known he belonged to that race. When nature had the matter in her own hands, she gave the nigger a black skin so that he was readily distinguishable from a white man; but since the jacobins and the big spotted circus have taken the



thing under their supervision, they often put all the black on the inside, so that you can hardly tell a negro from a white man.

However, I might have known this man was a nigger, from the blackness of his thoughts. I ought to have known it too, from the fellow's ignorance. Why, he offers to the nineteenth century, so called, the same old lie with which the devil cheated the Pharisees eighteen hundred years ago. Because the Prince of Peace, the heavenly Teacher, taught a religion contrary to "our religion" and inculcated moral ideas contrary to "our peculiar moral ideas," the devil persuaded the Pharisees to put him to death. Saul of Tarsus thought that he was doing God service by persecuting Christians. And if Saul had read the scriptures, instead of the laws of the scribes and Pharisees, who taught for doctrine the commandments of men (as our Pharisees and hypocrites do to-day), he would have known that it was no new idea even with them, but the same old lie with which the father of lies deceived the children of Adam. Because Abel had a better religion than Cain, the devil persuaded Cain to murder his brother. And what are these peculiar moral ideas of the big spotted circus? mesmerism, spiritualism, free-soilism, divorces, child-murder, mongrelism, adultery, fornication.

Let us give a specimen of the peculiar moral ideas of the great moral teachers of the progress and reform party, the special guardians of liberty and virtue in the United States, so called: Some years ago, Dan Sickles, a member of Congress from New York, found out that a certain Mr. Key had won the affections of his wife's heart. The injured husband, driven, not by that holy indignation which would hurry an honest and virtuous man to swift and terrible revenge, but by the cry of shame raised by the harlots and whoremasters around him (none of whom could perhaps have thrown the first stone at the guilty party), met Key on the street and shot him. Sickles was tried and acquitted. If there can be a condition of things which justifies a man in taking the life of a fellow-man, it is a case of this kind; the law which required both adulterer and adulteress to be put to

death ought never to have been abolished. But Sickles followed a different law. Without the forms of law, he killed the adulterer, and took the adulteress back to his bosom. And the teachers of "our religion," and our peculiar moral ideas, pulpits and presses (including Horace Greeley), applauded this thing as a wonderful act of charity. They called all the world to witness this wonderful exhibition of Christian charity and virtue. Yes, come everybody, and witness this wonderful triumph of charity. Come and see this murderer—his hands yet reeking with the blood of his fellow man—drawing to his bosom a harlot whose garments are still dripping with the pollutions of her adultery. And, ye women of America, come and learn a new lesson of virtue taught by men who have found out a better religion than that taught by the high and holy One, who inhabiteth eternity. Henceforth it will be your privilege to put on all the airs of enchantment, to practice all the wiles of seduction, to lead whomsoever you can fascinate to your husband's bed; and your husband, in the anger of his soul, will sprinkle the polluted bed with the blood of your victims, and thus wash out its foul stain.

This is but a fair sample of the peculiar moral ideas of a bigoted and intolerant Phariseism, which blasphemes Heaven by perpetrating such crimes in the name of Christianity, and insults the common sense of mankind by holding them up as models of virtue.

But how does Mr. Waldro propose to force his peculiar moral ideas on the people of the South? The thing has often been tried, but never succeeded. It came nearer being a success in Spain, than in any other country in the world. I suppose Mr. Waldro would model his religion after that of Spain. Whilst that wretched mimicry of popery, English episcopacy, was persecuting Catholics, Presbyterians, Baptists, and everybody else who refused to accept its "peculiar moral ideas," popery in Spain was forcing its Bible and its religion on those whom the secular power had a right to rule, by the divine right of kings. Horrible prisons were built for the reception of those unfortunate wretches who dared to have religion and a Bible different from our religion and

our Bible. Every species of torture which hatred and revenge could invent was provided. Bigoted and bloody minded priests, like the man-eater of the spotted circus, were appointed to superintend them.

Often at midnight, the home of some peaceful family was entered, and some member of it, father, mother, sister or brother, dragged forth to those earthly hells. If the victim entertained a belief not in accordance with the peculiar moral ideas of popery, he or she was commanded to recant, and abjure her faith. If the party refused, the torture commenced. The thumb-screw, a powerful vice which clamped the thumb of the victim, and crushed it by the slow turning of a screw; the rack and wheel, where the limbs of the heretic were stretched until they were torn out of their sockets; the pendulum, a ponderous semicircular axe, which swung back and forth by means of powerful machinery, descending a little lower at each vibration; under this the heretic was bound fast to a bench; he was laid on his back, so that he could see this horrible implement of destruction moving down with slow speed, but awful accuracy, to split him in two. By such means Spain succeeded in hiding if not destroying all opposition to her "peculiar moral ideas;" she succeeded in crushing out at last all religious freedom.

When Spain commenced this horrid practice, she was equal in arms, in arts, and literature, to any nation in Europe. Besides this, her peninsular position gave her great maritime advantages. Her soil was as fertile as any in the world, and her climate delightfully mild and salubrious. And yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, Spain with the fearful blight of religious intolerance upon her, has been slowly sinking into weakness and decay, while the less favored nations of Europe have been rapidly growing in wisdom, happiness, and prosperity.

How long has England been trying to force her peculiar moral ideas upon Ireland? How long have the Irish people been compelled to pay for "our Bible" and "our religion?" How long have these people been forced by the right of subjugation to pay a hireling

priesthood to insult their moral sense, and abuse their religion? How has that beautiful isle of the ocean been blighted by this curse of pharisaical intolerance? How, like a festering sore, has become Irish hatred of England! But that sore will yet be healed. Eternal justice will yet wash out that dark crime against a brave, generous, and hospitable people, with rivers of English blood.

Even now do I see a bow of promise to Ireland stretched across her soft and balmy sky. The God of the Bible, the Christian's God, has hung it there; and who shall take it down. Only the impious hands of a pharisaical priesthood will attempt this horrid desecration. Will they prevent the Almighty, and thwart his purposes? Nay: they will only make sure their own destruction, and seal their own doom. The Bible the hope of the world, not "our Bible," but the Bible of the Creator of the Universe, of the God who made man, and the heavens, and the earth, and the seas, and fountains of waters—not "our Bible," but the Bible of the believing Christian to whatever nation, or tongue, or kindred, or people, he may belong,—the Bible, I say, has been silently, noiselessly, moving upon the hearts and minds of the English people. It is rousing up the human mind to break the shackles of an infidel philosophy. It is rousing up the human soul to break the chains with which a pharisaical priesthood has bound it.

Already has this spirit of genuine reform extorted from the British aristocracy the right of suffrage for two hundred thousand Englishmen, from whom that vast moneyed oligarchy has hitherto withheld it. But is the extension of suffrage necessarily an evidence of onward progress and healthy reform? Oh, no; not by any means. These things have no intrinsic merit in themselves. It is only by the use which is made of them, and by the fruits which they bear, that we can judge. The very livery of heaven is sometimes put on to serve the devil in. Pharisaism itself sometimes puts on a sad countenance, uses a sanctimonious whine, wears phylacteried robes, and says long prayers, to cheat the soul out of heaven. They build around them whited sepulchres, to hide the rotten bones and filth within.



Does not this reverend man-eater of the spotted circus propose in the name of Christ, and his religion of love, to re-establish the Spanish inquisition in the United States? Does he not propose to force them (the people of the South) by persecution, by torture and by death, to deny the God whom they worship, and to abjure the faith which they hold? Is it not clear to any one who has seen the fruits of the charity and benevolence of the Christian religion, that this canting hypocritical priest is possessed of a devil?

When I see a man plant his vineyard, and make from its fruits delicious wine, I say it is an evidence of material progress; when I see him use those wines temperately and healthfully in his family, I say it is evidence of moral progress. I pronounce the wine a good thing; it administers to man's pleasure, and promotes health. When I see another man, by the use of these same wines, bring on himself drunkenness and disease, and on his family trouble and sorrow, I say it is evidence of retrogression; I pronounce the wine an evil thing. The first is Christianity which teaches temperance, and gives to man power to practice it; the other is fanaticism which gets drunk, and revels in excess, because wine is a pleasant thing. What is good medicine in the hands of truth, is poison in the hands of falsehood. Truth gives just enough to promote health; falsehood doubles the dose until the patient dies.

So, when I see the elective franchise used in the name of freedom to give license to a half-civilized race of barbarians and used at the same time to make slaves of the noblest family of the most enlightened race in the world, I say it is evidence not of progress but of a backward movement. I pronounce it a bad thing, just as I do the wine in the hands of the drunkard. When I see the elective franchise offered to woman in order that man may have an excuse to disregard the duties imposed upon him by nature and nature's God, to love and cherish and protect her, I pronounce it a bad thing, just as I do wine in the hands of a drunkard. When I see the elective franchise extended to ignorant negroes in order that they may be used as tools in the hands of political

usurpers, bondautocratic robbers, and hireling preachers, to destroy the ancient democracy of America, and to make slaves of its millions of white men whose birth-right was civil and religious liberty, I pronounce it a bad thing. It is wine in the hands of the drunkard. And just as surely will it bring disease and death upon the government, and trouble and sorrow upon the people.

How different a spirit animates the reform movement in England! The white slaves there, instead of going into other countries on a crusade against slavery, demand their own freedom first; and when they secure it they use it not to make slaves of the people of other States; but one of their very first acts is to blot from their statute books a law requiring a sister State to keep up a religious establishment to which they are opposed. Yes, to abolish the church establishment, which has hung for years like a weight of oppression and a badge of dishonor upon that proudest and noblest family of the Caucasian race. To do good to your neighbor, that is one of the evidences of genuine progress and reform; that is one of the tests of Christian benevolence.

But the bill has not yet become a law. Why not? Who is opposed to this act of tardy justice to Ireland? Who is opposed to this wholesome reform, demanded alike by reason, by justice, and Christian truth? Who would you think? the devil and his angels. Surely no good and sane man would oppose a measure so just and so wise in itself. Surely no true friend of liberty and humanity would want to see the Irish people taxed to pay for the support of a religion so much opposed to their own. And surely no Christian could desire a thing so repugnant to civil and religious liberty. Yes, the English church, so called, English pharisaism, English priestcraft, is moving heaven and earth to prevent it; yes, the whole pack of pharisaical wolves, high priests, lawyers, doctors, and scribes have broke loose on it. They are moving heaven and earth to defeat it. Is it not a singular coincidence that just at a time when pharisaism in England is trying to prevent the government from abolishing a despotic and oppressive institution in Ireland, that at the same time pharisaism in the United States should be

seeking from its government the privilege of building a similar institution in the Southern States. The deeds of Christians are the same, no matter how far apart they may be separated. Their deeds are those of charity and love. So are the deeds of Pharisees and hypocrites the same—hatred and cruelty and oppression, no matter if an ocean roll between them. They all have the same father, and serve the same master, the old serpent the devil. Ye scribes and Pharisees, and hypocrites, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?

But will the Irish reform bill be defeated because the English priesthood is opposed to it? Not by any means. The time for priestcraft to rule the world has passed by; the time for kingcraft to rule the world has passed by. Not because this is the nineteenth century, for it is nothing but the glare of an infidel philosophy; not because the world has accepted the genius of civilization as its guardian deity, for the genius of civilization, with all her gaudy finery and pinchbeck trinkets, is a filthy whore; but because every man has in his own house the Bible, the source of all wisdom and knowledge and virtue, he will refuse to be any longer the dupe of priestcraft and the slave of kingcraft. English pharisaism, by identifying itself with oppression, will only make sure its own destruction. If it persuades kingcraft to join it in its unholy purpose to withstand the mighty flood of truth which the Bible is pouring over the world, it will only add the destruction of that power to its own.

Just so will it be with priestcraft in this country. We'll have no Cæsar and no pope, even if the African show and spotted circus have determined on the matter. But who is this Hiram Sammy,—this modern Ulysses, this elephant of the African show? A Cæsar would he be if there was a Rubicon to cross and a Rome which needed a master, did he with a few veteran legions add by conquest all of Gaul and Germany, and indeed all of western Europe, to the empire of Rome. Is he the classic scholar, the elegant historian, the able debater, the astute politician, and the great master of the art of war, the dread and terror of the enemies of Rome, the conqueror of its liberties, the magnificent despot, the magnanimous tyrant?



Did the republic of Rome refuse to surrender her liberties without a desperate struggle to one so great, so grand, so princely, so noble? and shall we, without a struggle, surrender a republic greater than Rome to Hiram Sammy, a military adventurer, without birth or education, promoted by political prejudice to the command of large armies at a time when the enemies of the government were worn out and exhausted by many a hard-fought battle with abler generals? A drunken butcher who staggered his way to victory over innumerable defeats, and blundered his way to success over vast heaps of his own dead. A general who spent time and money and men uncouthed to take fortifications which had no men behind them, who captured the little remnant of the rebel army without men or arms, ammunition or rations. A politician who betrayed his master, and had not sense enough to make his duplicity respectable in an age when chicanery is the trump card in politics, who told a falsehood to hide his knavery, and told it bunglingly as to be laughed at by the petty liars who do the lobbying at Washington.

Has he not got a keeper, too, this Elephant of the African show? Is not his keeper a small politician, with just about mind enough to study grammar and rhetoric, with just about brains enough to superintend a Yankee herd-pen, familiarly called a free-school? Is not his keeper, too, a servant of the bondautocracy? Did not the prince of bondautocrats—the most successful commercial gamblers—the biggest measurer of calico—what material for nobility!—go on to see his servant, the keeper, to know in what condition the Elephant was before the African show met? Did not he report that the Elephant was all right? Did not the African show lead him out with a gold chain fastened to a gold ring in his nose? Did not his keepers pinch his ears? Did not the animal bawl or squeal?—or what do you call the noise an elephant makes when you pinch his ears? Did not he say he had no mind of his own? no conviction of right or wrong? no purposes? no plans to interfere with the will of the people?

Don't the will of the people, in the parlance of the



African show, mean the caprices of the jacobin tools of the bondautocracy, and the decrees of the military satraps of the provinces, and the opinions of the carpet-bag spies who gave Sambo the right ticket? Have not the white men of this country ceased to be a part of the people? Has not their interest in the government of their fathers been utterly ignored? Will there be any further use for them until another war comes? Won't another Hiram Sammy (has this one got a brother?) want heaps of them for a stepping-stone to fame? Oh, customs! oh, times! where in the world are we? Is this Rome, and this our Cæsar?

Well, I guess if a dead ape will do for one of the saints, a live butcher would do for a king. Oh, wretched infatuation of a people whose fathers were noble and proud and free! The Washingtons, the Adamses, the Hamiltons, and Franklins were the servants of your fathers; and you, their children, want Hiram Sammy for a king. Listen what the masters of Hiram Sammy's keeper say,—I mean the yard-stick nobility,—the big measurers of calico. A private circular has been sent out to the people by the prince of the bondautocrats of New York, and some half-dozen others of the yard-stick and goose-quill nobility, in which they ask the people if they do not desire to have Hiram Sammy Grant for their President and ruler.

Mark this language,—President and ruler! The American democracy want a ruler! Why, there is no such word in the political dictionary of this country as ruler. The Declaration of Independence, backed up by an eight-years' war, repudiated this thing of a ruler entirely; our fathers refused to recognize it in the organization of our government; they declared that man was free,—that man himself was a sovereign, and the only one whom they would recognize. A ruler for a people who claim that sovereign power belongs to them!—who claim that this right is the gift of God, and that it cannot be transferred or alienated! Why, the down-trodden serfs of Europe have rulers, kings, and princes, better known among our people as usurpers and tyrants. These are rulers.

No wonder these people talk so much about loyalty. If we are to have a ruler, why we must have loyalty too. A ruler has the power to put to death those who are not loyal, no matter how monstrous a tyrant he may be. This thing will do well enough for a few people, perhaps,—the rich few, who become lords, dukes, and princes. Perhaps it would suit the yard-stick and goose-quill gentry,—men whose fame and merit is just equal to their pile of gold and paper rags.

And what stuff is this to make a nobility out of, to be sure!—men whose only talents were a shrewd trick of putting off on their unskilled country customers more bolts of fading calico and damaged cloth than anybody else could sell,—sharp, but narrow-minded money-gamblers, without any soul, or any humanity, or any conscience, who watch for their fellow-men to blunder or fall, and rob them while they are down; and their business, after they get rich, is, by tricks and lies, to disturb the currency, and keep the prices of marketable products so constantly fluctuating that the whole business of the country becomes one big gambling concern, in which unconscionable and unscrupulous sharpers only can win. Thus is villainous dishonesty ever kept at a higher premium than gold.

But how is it with the common people,—the millions who have no money to buy a dukedom or a lordship from the ruler?—Americans who were born free, and whose fathers were free before them?—Americans whose fathers had the Washingtons, Adamses, the Henrys, the Hamiltons, and Franklins for their servants? Do they want a ruler? And the foreigners,—how is it with them? Do they, who come to this country to be free, want a ruler? Why, did they not leave their homes and friends in Europe to get rid of rulers and the pains and penalties which rulers inflict on their subjects?

No, no, gentlemen; you are mistaken. The people of this country do not want a ruler, nor do they want a man for President who wants to be President in order that he may be a ruler. And I can tell you more than that: not only is it true that they do not want a ruler, recognized as such by the forms of law, but it is equally true that

they have made up their minds to rid themselves of that hard and unbearable rule which an illegitimate, upstart, moneyed power is exercising over them.

The slave power of the South wanted to set up for themselves, in order that they might have an aristocracy. The Southern politicians—the tools of its aristocracy—were wishing, for years, to bring about that condition of things. The result has been the destruction of their power. The Northern politicians—the tools of their moneyed aristocracy—were working for the destruction of negro slavery, because they discovered that white slavery paid better. The masses of the people of the North were opposed to negro slavery, because of the manifest cruelties which it practiced. The politicians who were the tools of the moneyed power of the North opposed negro slavery, because they found out that their masters could work their white slaves to more profit. But they, like the negro aristocracy of the South, will be disappointed. Slavery can't live in this country. The people are awake: its death-knell has been sounded; and not only will it die, but all those institutions which have been built up to defend and perpetuate it must perish,—the banking institutions, the manufacturing and commercial establishments, the ecclesiastical hierarchies, and that vast system of fraud miscalled law, which has for hundreds of years been perfecting its schemes to make the personal liberty and individual rights and happiness of mankind dependent on and subservient to the interest of property, must die.

The people are going to take this matter in their own hands. They are going to use the ballot which their masters have put into their hand as a plaything to strike down all these evils. This thing has been used to humbug and cheat mankind long enough. Let the people hold meetings of their own, especially those classes who have so long borne the heat and burden of the day,—the half-paid mechanic, the half-paid clerk, the half-paid miner and digger of ditches and canals, and the half-paid plow-holder; in a word, the working men of every class who have seen the fruits of their own toil go year after year to support a vast political tyranny miscalled gov-

ernment; to feed a huge ecclesiastical despotism mis-called the church, and to pay for the gaudy show and licentious dissipation of a bastard aristocracy called the bondautocracy. Let the young men of every class, whose souls have not been parched and shriveled by the glare of gold, meet with them. Let them, when their old taskmasters, the priests and politicians, come to dictate to them what they shall do, catch them by the neck and heels, and cast them into the streets.

Suppose they would inquire into such matters as these; why the free-born people of America should have a government as expensive as that of Russia; why they should have a public debt as large as that of Russia; why the laboring people of this country should be the slaves of these despicable tyrannies; why politicians whose name has become the synonym of liar should meet and spend six months of the year making laws, and spend six months of the next year repealing those laws and passing others; why these legislative assemblies, both State and national, should sell themselves out, a half dozen times during every session, to moneyed monopolies, and make the working people pay the cost, in the shape of new taxation. Is it not a notorious fact that the legislative bodies sell themselves to the lobby agents of whisky distilleries, manufacturing establishments, commercial tricksters, and financial gamblers? Is it not a notorious fact that politicians have lost sight of the people and their welfare entirely? Is it not a notorious fact that they spend their time perfecting and strengthening their party organization, so that they may keep in their own hands the vast power and patronage of the government? These things would serve as a good joke, while the people could pay the expense without serious inconvenience; but since the evil has got so big that millions of the people have to give up the comforts of life, yea the necessities of life, in order to keep it up, is it not time that it was put a stop to?

What does it matter to the great masses of the people what political faction has control of this mighty engine of oppression and plunder? What is the use of millions of laws, so called, that they make from year to year? Who



knows what they are? What are laws, or rather what ought laws to be? Nothing but a few common-sense rules to govern society, the fewer and simpler the better, for then everybody could know what they are. What is the use of our hundred cart-loads of foolish rules, called laws? Who knows what they are? The wise ones who make them? no. The lawyers who spend their lives studying them? no. The judges who interpret them? no. Then who knows what they are? nobody. They are nothing but a vast labyrinth of sophistry, or an unintelligible, nonsensical jargon, a huge pile of contradictions and absurdities, a tower of Babel with such a confusion of tongues, and such a contradiction of opinions, as puts everybody out of his right mind. What man of sense will not sacrifice a good portion of his claim, even when he knows his cause is a just one, rather than go to law? 'Tis only a man who has a bad cause that wants to go to law, for it is a game of chance, where the wrong wins as often as the right.

What are these courts of justice, so called, but gambling shops where men go to throw high die, and pay half the stake for the the privilege of a throw? The very bulwark of oppression and wrong; where murderers and thieves go to evade the penalty of their crimes by the contemptible quibbles of technical rules, the refined sophistries of contradictory laws, the artful dodges of learned declamation, and the plausible deduction of moral arithmetic, dubbed logic; where the strong go to have confirmed the wrongs they have done the weak; where rascals go to have the tricks sanctioned by which they have cheated the innocent and unsuspecting; where the rich go to have approved their unrighteous oppressions of the poor.

Suppose the people would ask honestly and fairly, what is the use of paying tithes of mint, cummin, and anise, to keep up a pharisaical priesthood, a huge ecclesiastical despotism? What do we want with preachers at all? Has not the Creator in the ways of his providence put his word into the hands of every man? Ah, but say these priests, the people must have somebody to explain it to them; they can't understand it. And why not?

Who made man? who formed and fashioned his mind, his reason, and his faith? What is the word of God? A revelation of his will to man. Has God tried to tell his will and purpose to man, and doesn't know how to commune with him? Does not he know how to tell him what he wants him to do? The word is a picture of God, painted by the hand of God: must this picture needs be varnished by the sophistries of some bigoted priest before man can recognise it?

The word is God made flesh and dwelling among us; we have in the word the example which we are to follow. Can the priest show us a better one? The word is a sword, a sharp two-edged sword, going out of the mouth of God; when both edges are sharp, must it needs be ground by the priest before it will cut? The word is the wisdom of God, and the power of God unto salvation; must it be made wiser by the cunningly devised word of human wisdom before it can save? Must it be made strong by human logic and human sophistry before it can redeem? These priests never try to make the word plain; they try to make it dark; they try to perplex it so that we will have to be dependent on them. God says his way is so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. A Presbyterian picks out one text, the Methodist another, the Catholics another, and every other creed one to suit itself, and calls this isolated text God's will. On it they build a great political organization, and impudently and blasphemously call it God's church.

These sects always pick out some mystery which God never intended to reveal, and puzzle their own minds about it, and call this puzzle Christianity. No human mind can understand them, for they are the mysteries of God, the clouds and darkness which are the habitation of his throne, the curtains which veil the splendor of his power and the glory of his majesty. You see around you a hundred different sects with as many different creeds. Are these differences immaterial? Then why should there be any difference at all. Do they differ about matters which are essential? Then are ninety-nine out of the hundred wrong. When one looks at the many

different kinds of gods which priests have set up for men to worship, he cannot but be amazed at the ignorance and credulity of human nature and its low groveling instincts.

The pope of Rome sets himself up as the vicegerent of God, and commands men to accept his say-so, instead of that word which was in the beginning with God and which was God. German infidelity sets up poor blind human reason for God, and commands man to follow that dim flickering light, that will-o'-the-wisp of philosophical speculation which leads him into the fogs of doubt and the slough of despond. English episcopacy to-day is exerting all its powers, learning, and wealth to prevent the English government from doing an act of tardy justice to the Irish people, when even publicans and harlots are willing to abolish the church establishment, a proscriptive and tyrannical measure which has so long oppressed that brave and generous people; the scribes and Pharisees lift up their voice against it.

In the Southern States of this country the different ecclesiastical bodies are urging their people, crushed and impoverished by the desolations of a long and bloody war, to increase the salaries of their preachers and to build new churches. The same parties at the North seem to have given themselves up to a ruthless spirit of hatred and revenge. Nothing but the more charitable spirit of the outside world prevents them from setting up church establishments in the South and compelling their unfortunate brethren of that section to pay tithes of mint, cummin, and anise to listen to their preaching of hate and revenge. The Methodist church, one of the largest and most influential of the Christian denominations in this country, has its agents running over the South, taking possession by the forms of law of meeting-houses which were built by the Southern people and for their own use. These people must then absent themselves from their church or go there to hear themselves abused. To-day in the most populous section of our country this ecclesiastical hierarchy is but the tool of an infidel faction, whose avowed object is political and religious proscription. Such are the fruits of the impu-

dent attempts of weak and erring mortals to reduce to method and order the moral government of that God whose universe is the paragon of beauty and the perfection of order.

Modern humanitarians teach that Christianity consists in hating people who are better than you are, and in trying to drag them down to your own level by subjecting them to the rule of a half-civilized race of barbarians. A sect of humanitarians teach, for Christianity, vague generalities and contradictory opinions. These unmeaning absurdities they aim to hide in a fog of big words and highfalutin sentences. Let a man's crazy fancy once lift him up into this fog, and I'll warrant him that while there he will never get a glimpse of either heaven or earth. Such style themselves liberal Christians.

Out of all of them another sect has sprung up, the craziest of all. They teach that the Creator did wrong in making woman unequal to man, and subjecting her to his authority; that the Almighty has imposed upon her an unequal share of the burdens of life. This order must be changed; hereafter the woman will take the man's place, and man hers; she will take charge of the government, the courts, the church, and in a word do all those things which have hitherto been considered as pertaining exclusively to man. Man will stay at home and bear the babies, and suckle them. I would call the attention of all men who want to make this happy exchange to Mrs. ———'s last advertisement:

The wonder of the age! progress and reform! Take notice, all men who are humanitarians. None others need apply. Bubbies, wombs, made to order. Any shape you want. One-eyed, lop-eared, buck-kneed, bandy-shanked, hump-backed, gourd-headed, shriveled-bellied, beast or human, as the purchaser may desire. Color to suit: blue, green, tawny, or yellow. Every shade and tint, from the tropical polished black of Africa to the Caucasian blonde. Black is all the rage. Our supply of that color nearly out.

N. B.—His Majesty Pluto's merchant ship, skepticism, just landed with a new supply fresh from Erebus. No 666 ——— Street, N. Y.



Let me call their attention, too, to the advertisement of that eminent female surgeon, Dr. ———, who performs such wonderful operations in moral surgery:

To the friends of freedom and humanity. The millennium. Woman redeemed and disenthralled. Wonderful achievements of modern science. Woman *manised* and man *womanised*.

Read the following certificates from distinguished equals:

———, *Professor Moral Surgery, Academy of Female Sciences:*

The undersigned certify that we have been the friends of freedom and humanity for many years. That we have always been anxious to give to the world some practical demonstration of the truth of our philosophy. In a word, to prove that modern science is fully competent to change the laws of nature, and annul the decrees of heaven. For this purpose, we submitted ourselves to a surgical operation, performed by that distinguished surgeon ———. The operation is called trepanning. A slight portion of the skull, just over that portion of the brain called common sense, was removed, and a small piece of silver put in its place. The silver was so put in as to press slightly on the brain, and suspend its operation. Immediately after this operation was performed, we discovered that we're women; we stopped in at Mrs. ——— on our return and purchased *wombs* and *bubbies*.

N. B.—As a matter of expediency we selected black wombs, as stronger and better bearers, and white bubbies as more tempting sucklers.

From the old who have become scarred and hardened, nothing can be expected. It would be useless to reason with them; they have fallen in love with Mammon, and on the altar of that god have they sacrificed sentiment, feeling, and affection. Their souls they have turned over to the keeping of a lying priesthood, and they have kept them so well that even the father of lies will find no fault with. But can the young man when he looks upon his sweetheart, and sees those pretty blushes, tints of

beauty, which only love can paint; when he feels his soul dissolved in the tender, melting expression of those eyes, can he forget the instinctive impulse which seizes him to throw round that frail beauty the protection of his brawny arms? Can he forget how that delicate form bent to shelter itself under his manhood, his virtue and his honor? Can he get his own consent to transplant that pretty flower out of doors, to be scorched by the world's scorn, to be frozen by its indifference, to be broken and bruised and trampled under foot? Oh, no; he cannot. The world has not seen that flower's beauty. His eyes only have seen those blushes. He only has seen those bright eyes veiled in the mists of their love. He only has trembled before the majesty of that beauty's triumph. He only has felt the wild ecstasy of joy which thrilled his bosom when that sweet voice, modulated to its softest key, told him that his eyes, and only his, should feast themselves upon that wondrous beauty. Surely he would be lost to virtue, lost to manly thought, lost to noble sallies of the soul, if he could tell her that he would accept those rich treasures she has offered him, if she will agree to *take care of herself*.

**THE FOURTH WITNESS.**

**He said:**

I was in the army, and went through the terrible four years' war. A preacher was appointed to go with us and look after our spiritual wants; to take care of us when wounded and sick, and to pray for us when dying. This priest wore a fine uniform, and stayed at headquarters. The best of our scanty rations, the choice bits, were always carried to headquarters. When a beef was killed they got a choice bit of steak. If flour was scarce they got it, and we lived on hard tack. Of sugar, coffee, and rice, which were almost always scarce, they got a regular allowance, and we only an occasional bit.

The priest stuck close to headquarters, and shared their good things. They were permitted, too, to have a sufficient amount of clothing, both for wearing and sleeping, to make them comfortable. We had the scanty supply which we could carry on our backs. But all those things we were willing to bear for the good of the cause.

Nor did we complain, for we did not believe in equality as our enemies did. Indeed, I sometimes envied my enemies, for since they, both leaders and followers, officers and privates, held the doctrines of equality, I felt sure that they did not make such discriminations against the poor privates. How encouraging it must have been to the privates in the ranks of our enemies, to see their officers sharing, not only their dangers, but their hardships also; for be it said to the credit of our officers that they were ever in the front when danger was to be encountered, except the priest, who on such occasions deserted headquarters and took up his abode with Company Q, the maimed, the halt, and the blind. I say the officers of our enemies (believing in the doctrine of equality) did, I suppose, not only share with their privates their dangers, but their ragged, scanty clothing, and

hard fare besides. Then I suppose, too, that this same idea of equality would make their pay equal, and this would make all comfortable alike. But these priests—whom I come here to make complaint against—they lived at headquarters, strutted around there in their fine uniform, as unmindful of the private soldier as if he had been a dog.

It is true that we were often, from necessity, dirty, lousy, and itchy, and hardly fit to associate with a gentleman dressed up; but then we had souls—yes, spirits endowed with infinite capacities and immortality of being; spirits which trembled not when the earth shook beneath them, jarred by the shock of battle, and when the fiery meteors of death, like spirits of devils, went howling and bursting through the air.

Ah, where were our gentlemanly priests then who on calm, sunshiny days looked down on poor soldiers as beneath their notice? How do the dread terrors of the battle-field humble the pride of man! How they take the conceit out of the vain, the haughty, and the stuck-up! How do they cast their pale tremor over the face of the hypocrite, who has been false to God, and his fellow-man! You could find them at such times—I mean these preachers—away back in the rear, with Company Q. How they would scorn to keep such company at other times!

There was the cook, who would rather burn wood to make bread than burn powder to make victories; the butcher, too, who would rather kill cattle than the enemy, considering the risk; and the teamster, who took more pride in driving commissary wagons than artillery wagons. And there, too, were the commissaries and quartermasters, who had in too many instances wronged the government, the army, and the people. There you might find also the flankers and dodgers, the faint-hearted, who had the will but not the nerve to do what they believed to be right. And there likewise were the sick and the wounded, as brave as any, and indeed the only leaven to leaven this whole lump.

Was it not strange that these priests, who on other occasions put on such airs and make such pretensions,



were willing even to keep such company? Even here they might have done some good, for nearly this whole field was full of moral delinquencies. But what could a dodger say to a flanker, and how could one in the very act of betraying his own trust lecture quartermasters and commissaries? He took good care not to hint such things, for they would have cast the same back in his teeth; but now and then we could hear one quarreling with a brave man who was sick or disabled, for not being at the front. This he could do without fear of a retort, because he knew that the brave are always patient and deferential, and always more ready to defend themselves than to attack others. Sometimes, on a pretty bright Sunday, these preachers to keep from going clear to sleep would bring out one of their old sermons and read it to us. The cold rhetoric of the thing itself, and the cold indifferent manner in which it would be delivered, would have chilled the soldiers to sleep had they not been kept awake by the novelty of hearing a sermon.

Maybe I expected too much of the good man; I thought he ought to go round to the tents or camp fires of the common soldiers and get acquainted with them. I thought he ought to look out the Christians among them, and counsel and advise and comfort them; to strengthen the weak with the promises of Christianity, and to rebuke and restrain the wicked with the threatenings of its judgment. They were far away from their friends and home, many of them young, their habits as yet unfixed. They had no father to advise them; and cut off in part, and in some instances altogether, from a mother's entreaties, that sweetest of all earthly persuasions.

At best the soldier's life is the extreme of earthly hardships. Deprived of all the sweet refining and ennobling influences of home, home's affections, its loves, and its promises of future good, his bed often the cold earth, his pillow a stone, his heart, weary and sad, would fain persuade itself that the shrill and melancholy winds whistling around him were singing for him a lullaby, did not memory bring to his startled mind the bloody field around which night has just hung her dark

curtains. Ah! then he knows but too well that mournful sigh of the winds is a dirge for the thousands of dead who lie unburied there. Only the starry eyes of heaven look tenderly on him; will they not too in pity shed their dewy tears upon the unmourned-for dead? When another day is gone by, and those stars shall look down again to count its evil deeds, they may bend their soft beams tenderly once more upon his eyes; but, alas! they will meet no more perchance this friendly recognition, for the icy film of death will ere then, it may be, have veiled their sight forever.

How sweet to the soul was a word of religious comfort and consolation under such circumstances! How could one commissioned by heaven to tell its glad tidings of great joy to the suffering children of earth fail to do it, at such a time? Such was the conduct of these men, but not all. Here and there were found noble exceptions to this rule. Men who were not merely preachers by name, but in deed and in truth; men who were not afraid of the battle-field, but went close enough to be in danger, so as to be able to attend to the wounded and administer comfort to the dying. How beautiful are the feet of those who carry to the bleeding warrior the message of peace: a message not, indeed, from an earthly potentate, but from the Prince of Peace! Ears which gladly listened but just now to the thunders of battle, for they heard in those harsh sounds liberty and glory, turn eagerly to listen to the glad tidings of great joy.

How changed is the whole aspect of things! How changed is the warrior's face! But a little while ago the angry flush of battle was there, and begrimed, with smoke and powder, it was fearful to look upon. But now anger is gone, revenge has melted away; forgiveness, gentleness, and mercy take their place; a smile of unearthly beauty sweetly blends these heavenly virtues; the good man has pointed his eye to the glories of the better land. He is no longer the stern warrior, but the gentle loving boy, who once smiled in the joy of a mother's caresses; and yet hath he one fight more—calmly and joyfully his withered hand, his hand shattered and palsied by the weapons of war, grasps the sword of faith, and, following the

Captain of his salvation, the Prince of the house of David, he goes forth to meet his last enemy in the dark valley, and to fight his last battle. Here indeed was a shepherd of Israel, for here is one of the lost sheep saved. By their fruits ye shall know them.

But alas for the hundreds and thousands who had no shepherd, except to shear them, but who were suffered to wander away in a dark and cloudy day, and be lost! Woe to the shepherds who feed themselves, and not the flock! The Almighty will require the flock at their hands.

But the war is over. The last remnant of the broken and shattered army had surrendered. The sword was broken. The cause, so dear to our hearts, seemed lost. With that cause went down all our hopes of earthly good; henceforth that land which had once been the land of the free and the home of the brave, would be a land of slavery; the descendants of the Washingtons, the Henrys, and Lees, would be serfs. O liberty, what crimes are done in thy name! A people who pretend to be so much in love with freedom that they are willing to wage a long and bloody war to liberate the half-civilized descendants of Ham, make slaves of the children of the Washingtons, Marshalls, Masons, and Lees; men who for intellect, virtue, and truth, stand without models among men. Yes, in the same crusade, they make freemen out of semi-barbarous Africans, and slaves out of the noblest families of the Caucasian race; men who for intelligence, virtue, honor, courage, genius, and talent, by their own admissions, are inferior to no people on earth. And these too their kith and kin. O shame, where is thy blush! And what was our offense? Simply this: we had refused to accept their boasted ideas of an enlightened and progressive civilization.

If these are the fruits which grow on their trees of superior knowledge and wisdom, God forbid that we should eat them. It seems to me, from the effects they produce, to the same tree which furnished fruit for mother Eve in the garden of Eden,—a fruit which has marred the beauty of the whole human family and filled all the earth with thorns and briars.



What are the effects of their superior wisdom? One-half of the country is a waste and a grave-yard. What is the condition of the other half? Their legislative bodies are filled with political thieves and gamblers. They used to spend six months out of the year, but now the whole year, laying plans to keep the power in their own hands, and selling themselves out to the lobby agents of great moneyed monopolies. Their temples of justice, which ought to be a bulwark to defend the young and unsuspecting, the ignorant, the weak and the innocent, are traps in which all of these are caught by the crafty and the strong. Who that has a just cause will not sacrifice a large part of it rather than go to a court of justice, so called? For he knows if he goes there and wins, it will take half to pay the expenses. Their churches are theatres, where people go to show their fine clothes and to see their preacher enact some theatrical tragedy, or comedy, as his humor may be; mostly tragedy, for their religion consists for the most part in hating the sins of other people. Their cities are filled with licensed houses of infamy, where the pretty daughters of the poor are sold to the lust of men; those vestibules of *hell*, where a curtain blacker than the night falls around them forever. No sunlight of hope shall ever enter there.

Daughters of sorrow, are there none to pity you? Where are those pious preachers, who in the excess of their benevolence persuaded their people to make war upon other people in the cause of humanity? Do they never think of you poor unfortunates, lying upon your couches of infamy after the midnight debaucheries are over? Exhausted by your licentious revelries, you can't sleep, tired and worn-out as you are, the innocent sleep. You would fain weep; but conscience has kindled in your bosom the fires of remorse, and they have dried up even the fountain of your tears. Brief and fitful will be life's dream to you. Eternity's waking, what will that be! If your preachers had taught their own people half as faithfully the divine commandment to love one another as they taught them the cunning words of their own wisdom to hate other people, you would not be left friendless and hopeless.



But where is that grand army of brave young men, who out of their love for justice and humanity endured the privations and hardships of four years' war? Where are these modern crusaders in the cause of freedom and justice? Have they who had so much feeling for the poor negro, and sacrificed so much for his welfare, have they no feeling for your welfare, who are their daughters and their sisters? God has made them strong that they might defend your weakness, and guard your frailty. The same God has thrown around the frailty of your sex the mystic veil of chastity, to man the most beautiful of all created things, that it might wake in the bosom of man his affections, and call forth all his powers of mind and body to defend that beauty.

'Tis no wonder our enemies scoff at the sentiment of chivalry, so dear to our hearts, since their cities have become vast whorehouses. No wonder their women are clamoring for suffrage to defend themselves with, since those whom God has made strong to defend them have given them to be the slaves of the lusts of men. God help them if their right to vote is their only hope! This has failed to protect men; how then will it protect women, who are so much weaker?

It has divided society into two classes. The few, the bondautocrats who bask in the sunshine of prosperity, who revel in the luxuries of wealth and licentious indulgence; and the many, who toil and sweat to pay for the extravagant indulgences, the licentious pleasures, and wasteful dissipations of the few. Are these the privileges of universal suffrage? Why the masses of the people, the "poor white trash," as one of our modern reformers in Congress called them, can enjoy these privileges in Russia, or Austria, or any other country where they don't vote. What is the use of going to the trouble of voting, when you can enjoy these privileges without voting?

But these are my enemies I am talking about. It is easy, I know, to see the faults of others. Let them see to it; if they are satisfied I ought not to complain. I come to make complaint of our own people. I was saying the end of the war left my country a grave-yard, a waste

and a desolation. All earthly good to us had failed. How earnestly I looked to the meeting of our ecclesiastical bodies—our synods and conferences. I felt more than, than at any other time of my life, the need of religious comfort and consolation. My hopes of earth had perished, and I felt the need of something higher and better to love and live for, something which human power could not destroy. How natural then was it for me to look for advice to those who claimed to be priests, appointed by heaven to instruct us, shepherds to guard and watch over us.

Well, the first grand council met. Yes, it met just as we were sinking under the awful judgments which Heaven had sent on us! How anxiously I waited for the result of their deliberations. How joyfully I received and read them. I thought they would be full of that pure and beautiful spirit which Christians often exhibit just after they have passed through the fires of affliction. How terribly was I disappointed. God grant that my faith may never again be subjected to such a trial. The sum and substance of their advice to us, afflicted and downcast as we were, was, Don't dance, but pay your preachers good salaries. To brothers standing on the graves of their brothers and on the graves of their liberties, to mothers weeping over the graves of their sons, to widows weeping over the graves of their husbands, and to fathers weeping because their sons, perhaps the staff of old age, had fallen, they said, Don't dance. And to a people who had lost all their money, all their personal property, and whose barns, and houses, and fences were destroyed, and their fields a waste, they said, Pay your preachers good salaries.

Was ever the human soul so mocked? Was ever the God of the Christian so blasphemed? The first impulse of my distracted mind was to plunge into the dark abyss of infidelity. But for my Bible, where else could I have gone? I found abundant comfort in the word of God. It was a light to my feet, and a lamp to my pathway. Wisdom to understand, and strength to bear up under my great troubles, I found there. I then asked myself this question: If the word of God, the simple plain

word, could give me such wisdom and strength, things which I could not get from a whole assembly of learned priests, why need I ever go to them for information? I asked them for bread, and they gave me a stone; I asked them for fish, and they gave me a serpent.

"Don't dance" was to me a stone of stumbling over which I came near falling. "Feed the preachers" was a serpent of pharisaical cunning. Yes, to administer to the temporal wants of a pampered and tyrannical priesthood, this they wanted me to accept as my religion. Such a religion may do for days of prosperity, when the sun is shining and everything is peace and plenty. But it won't do for days of trouble. Those who build on it will find that when the rains descend, and the floods come, it will fall, and great will be the fall thereof.

When I remembered that warning taught by him who teaches only truth, "judge not that you be not judged," I was afraid to come to the conclusion which I have been driven to since. I thought at least that I must wait and see further. I waited until these learned divines met again in council. When they did meet, I observed this fact, that two-thirds of their time was taken up in devising ways and means to increase their own pay. I was struck with the many politic plans which were suggested to extort a liberal pay from a people broken and crushed by the desolations of a ruinous war. But one of them, whom it seemed to me, both from his manner and the temper he exhibited, nature or education had fitted for acting tragedy on the stage, asserted boldly, that unless these poor people would pay him a liberal salary he would quit preaching for them. The speech of this good man, divested of all its sophistry, was to this effect: "Hearken unto me, all ye poor and oppressed people. The Son of God, in his infinite mercy, came to earth, and died to save man from his sins, while on earth he made for man a revelation of his will. By his Holy Spirit he has called me and given me commission to declare unto you the glad tidings of great joy which that will contains. By his special command I have come unto you, furnished with wisdom to break the seals of this testament, and show you its glorious promises, which



are fullness of joy and life everlasting. Now if you people will promise to give me so much gold every year, I will teach you the truth of this book, that you may inherit its promises of eternal happiness. But unless you make me this promise, the book may remain sealed to you forever, and you may perish in your sins."

I trembled when I heard this horrid blasphemy, and saw nobody get up to rebuke it. I thanked God that we were no longer the slaves of a pharisaical priesthood. The Saviour in the merciful dispensation of his providence has put within the reach of every Christian, in our land at least, a copy of his will. There can we find his promises to us in all their simplicity and truth, so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. When I considered these things, I wondered why it was that we were so concerned to employ these learned lawyers and doctors, these scribes and Pharisees, to confuse with their sophistries, their doctrines of human wisdom, truths which are as plain as infinite wisdom could make them. Why, had we not better go to the fountain of truth itself? How much purer and sweeter and fresher are its waters, than after they have been muddled and poisoned with their theologies.

This would not suit the preachers, I know, but are we made to serve them? I find that they are willing to be shepherds as long as the sheep furnish them good fleeces, but when they come into the fold, and find that somebody else has sheared the sheep, then are they ready to go and leave them to wander off in a cloudy and dark day. Yea, they will leave them to the mercy of the cold winds of adversity and want, to shiver and to die. When we were rich, we did not think after these things.

These ecclesiastical hierarchies suit the rich very well. They let the rich make as much money as they please, without being scrupulous about the means; they may get rich by overreaching the weak, by trapping the young and unsuspecting, by cheating the ignorant, by giving the laborer less than his just hire, and by taking advantage of the necessities of their neighbors. All these unrighteous means they may use to make money, and the preachers won't rebuke them for it, provided,



they will divide liberally with them their ill-gotten gains.

Once again did I watch the meeting of these preachers. Again did they spend their time discussing plans for better pay; again did I hear their infidel theology preached, and that, too, more boldly and unblushingly than before. I will not attempt to give you the gilded rhetoric and pompous periods of this priestly philosopher. For he, with this whole tribe of modern Pharisees, has studied the maxims of that astute diplomatist who said that words were made to hide our meaning, more devoutly than the truths of the Bible. But the sermon was substantially this. He said the Bible was an old foggy book. The apostles and prophets did well enough for their times; but the glory had been reserved for us, to discover in these wise and enlightened times that money is the great power to Christianize the world. This lie too went unrebuked.

Then came into my mind that awful denunciation of the Saviour. Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees and hypocrites, for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves. By means of money the world is not converted to Christ, but the Christian church is sold to the world. How sad it is to think that the church to-day is made up of fine churches, fine music, and learned discourses, polished with the deceitful words of human wisdom! The churches have been bought up by the world for the use of a hireling priesthood, to discuss philosophy and politics. Instead of the divine commandment "love one another," they preach hate; instead of peace, they preach war.

Well, this kind of Christianity suits the world, 'tis more palatable to human nature, it requires no change of heart, no change of life, no charity, and no benevolence. But will it answer the purpose? By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns? War with all its bloody horrors and desolating wastes, vast burdens of debt crushing out the energies of the country, floods of taxation swollen beyond their banks, by the wild and reckless extrava-

gance of a corrupt and factious legislation, sweeping away the resources of the country and the fruits of its industry. The toiling millions sweating without just remuneration; and on the ruins of all I see springing up a vast moneyed aristocracy, that monstrous tyranny whose dark shadow has blighted the liberties and put out the hope of every other nation, and tongue, and kindred, and people under the sun. So sure is it that the wicked are turned into hell, with nations that forget God.

Since our country has been desolated by the war and our people became poor, churches are being deserted everywhere. The preachers who used to preach for them when they were rich and prosperous, are leaving them. They were willing to share their good things, but not the evil. They are not willing to take the hard fare of a people who are become poor. They are not willing to share with these poor people their hardships and privations. Not they; these fat, sleek, well-fed priests, who have been in the habit of wearing broadcloth and eating chickens. Be it far from them to wear coarse clothes and eat rough fare. What if human souls are at stake? Will they even for so high a consideration as this forego the indolent, easy lives they led, with all their epicurean pleasures? Not they. But rather will they go off and preach for some other people who are rich and can pay them good salaries.

These fellows have got their brother priests begging for them all over the country. I heard one of them presenting their petition not long ago. I don't ask you for bread, he said, for those poor, starving people, but for money to pay their priests. 'Tis true those poor people in many of those ravaged districts, at least the poor among them, are suffering for want of bread; but let them suffer, that matter don't concern us. We don't ask you for bread for the starving, but for money to pay their priests. He closed his appeal with the threat that unless money was furnished these preachers they would go and leave these people, who used to provide so kindly and so liberally for them, to die in their sins. This he thought would be an awful thing, to suffer poor people to

perish for the want of the ministration of the gospel. He even grew pathetic here and shed tears.

I wondered if those tears were sincere. Does he really believe that those poor people will lose their souls unless they have somebody to preach for them? Then why don't he go and preach for them? His commission is not to sit down and preach to some rich congregation. No, it is go into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature. Go out into the highways and hedges. If this is not his commission, he's got none. For this is the only one ever given. When the great Head of the church was on earth, and the prophet who went before him to prepare the way for him sent messengers to know if he was the Messiah, what was his answer? Simply this, Go and tell John what I am doing; tell him the blind receive their sight, the deaf hear, the lame walk, and the poor have the gospel preached to them.

What is the highest boast of a modern preacher? I preach to the largest and richest congregation in the city or country, as the place may be. He might indeed add, to heighten the effect, All these proselytes have I gathered in by the cunning words of my own wisdom, or by some new-fangled, infidel philosophy which I have substituted for Christianity.

I have an idea why he did not go. He is getting a good salary. His congregation is rich, and will pay him more after a while. If he would go and preach for these poor people, he would have to become poor, and that is not palatable to the carnal appetites of modern preachers. When I considered all these things, I remembered the words of the prophet Jeremiah, about things which would come to pass in the latter days. I have seen in the prophets of Jerusalem a horrible thing. They commit adultery, and walk in lies; they strengthen the hands of evil-doers, so that none doth return from his wickedness; they are all of them unto me as Sodom and as the inhabitants of Gomorrah.

Therefore, thus saith the Lord of hosts concerning the prophets, behold I will feed them with wormwood and make them drink the waters of gall. Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Harken not unto the words of the prophets



that prophecy unto you. They make you vain, they speak a vision of their own hearts, and not out of the mouth of the Lord. They say still unto them that despise me, the Lord has said, Ye shall have peace, and they say unto every one that walketh after the imagination of his own heart, No evil shall come upon you. I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran. I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied. (But if they had stood in my counsel and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from the evil of their doings. Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off. Can any hide himself in secret places, that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do I not fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.

At this time some good people said we ought to gather up our dead and bury them together. It was fit that those whose grief was common should weep together. It was fit too that those who had loved the same cause, who fought for it and died for it, ay, whose kindred spirits had gone up together in the cloud which arose from the field of their fame, should sleep together. This was a beautiful thought. Sweetly, tenderly, feelingly, was it done. But then pride came along. It said we must build marble monuments to the dead. Methinks if the dead could have been consulted, they would have forbade it. I know them. They were as modest as they were noble and brave. Like the great Irish patriot, Robert Emmett, whose deathless heroism made his name a talisman of power, which wakes to-day in the bosom of every son of Erin the wildest aspirations for liberty, our dead, like him, would have said, Let our humble graves be unmarked, until another age and other men can do justice to our memory.

But pride has no reason, no feelings, and no sense; we will build tombstones. They went at the work, but could not finish it. The rich who had brought the war on, who had sent their sons to the battle-field to die, but who had kept their property, and thus starved our armies and murdered the cause, they had no money to give; they had lost a part of their big fortune; and, although they had tens of thousands left, they were the



poorest of all poor people. Every nerve must be strained, every luxury cut off, and every penny saved, to get back the portion of their wealth which the war had destroyed. But monuments cost money, and how will we get it? Among the many tricks which a hireling priesthood has used for many years to serve their rich paymasters at the expense of the common people was a gambling concern, aptly called by John Bunyan *Vanity Fairs*. The way this thing started in the world was this: an old Pharisee of the priestly order wanted money to buy some fine fixings for his church; the rich deacons and elders, and other influential members of his church, were not in a humor to give the money.

"Well," says the old priest, "I have fallen on a plan to adorn the house of the Lord, and thus honor him, that won't cost us anything. Brother Easy Conscience and Brother Crafty, you must go around and see Brother Avarice and Sister Keep-all, and the rest of our have-plenty and well-to-do brothers and sisters, and get them all to provide some good things to eat and drink. We will then gather it all together at the church, have a feast, and sell it out. Bring your pretty daughters along, and let them be salesmen; they will be able to sell our goods for many times their value. Ay, let them put their smiles and coquettish airs into the market, and sell them to anybody that comes along. This of itself will bring a heap of money. Let me see, I can tell you the persons who will buy our good things without regard to price. There is Joe Careless, Simon Simple, Peter Good-nature, Jake Eat, Tom Drink, Jack Spendthrift, and Love-my-daughter (but he can't get her) among the men; and among the women who will bring there a heap of good things and costly, for sale, are Dolly Charity, Peggy Pride, Sallie Won't-be-outdone, and Betty Brag, and so on."

This trick of pharisaism to take the advantage of the frailties of their fellows, and to rob them, has been most unfairly called a fair. And this iniquitous scheme was resorted to by our people under the pretext of doing honor to our dead. Was this not a solemn mockery of the memory of those noble men who had given their lives as a pledge of their honor and their devotion to truth?

Did I say solemn mockery? Ah, no! the levity and folly of the thing forbade even the tear which some generous heart, not lost to all sense of propriety, might have let fall upon their sleeping dust.

When you talk to these people about these sinful practices, which are not only wretched mockeries of the beautiful charity of Christianity, but abhorrent to every sentiment of honor and propriety in man, they will hide themselves in the church; that great fortress of pharisaism, built not to save men from the blight of sin and its endless death, but to shelter their guilty consciences from the arrows of truth which fly from every page of God's word. Poor, miserable, deluded children of earth, you may hide your guilty conscience from the searching eyes of truth, but when the great day of his wrath shall come, when the heavens shall be rolled together like a scroll and the earth shall melt with fervent heat, will this flimsy covering shelter your guilty heads? Why do you trust in priestcraft when the God who made you, and in whose hands your breath is, comes into your own house by his word ready to judge you, to condemn you, to pardon and to save you? I saw two letters on this subject, which, though written by an uneducated private in our army, pleased me so well, that I must needs give them a place here.

*“Mr. Editor,—*In your last issue you published an article signed ‘Indignata,’ which I took to be a hit at myself. The writer was wrong in supposing I wrote the article which she criticises, equally wrong in thinking that I had forgotten my pledge to the Ladies’ Memorial Association. On the contrary, whenever they are ready to use what I promised, it shall be ready for them. I will go still further, and say that as long as I have a dollar, and it shall be needed to do honor to the dead, who gave their lives, the richest of blessings, to save me from the political degradation to which I am now subjected, it shall be at their service. But I was not willing then, nor am I yet willing, to see the beautiful and sacred service, instituted in honor of the Confederate dead, desecrated by the levity and folly of a feast.

*“I believed then, and still believe, that the people have*

hearts in their bosoms; hearts that can be touched by the sacred memories that cluster around this institution. I did not believe then, nor do I yet believe, that the people's hearts have all gone down into their bellies, and that the only way to get at them is by cake and ice cream, or some other gluttonous bait. But if this be true, if indeed we have no hearts to do appropriate honors to the memory of our dead, if so soon we are ready to forget them and their heroic deeds, if the spirit of patriotism which thrilled them and hurried them to the front of a hundred battle-fields, animates us no longer, let us say so. Humiliating as the confession may be, let us make it.

"But let us not, I conjure you, by their virtue, by their patriotism, and by their love of truth, let us not mock their memory by a hollow and unmeaning ceremony. It were better, infinitely better, that we had left their bones on the battle-fields where they fell. These places at least are sacred. And we think the dumb earth, more generous than we, would have sent forth its green grass and wild flowers to shelter their bones, and hide our shame from the face of heaven. The genius of Liberty, when driven from every other spot of earth, flies for refuge to the graves of her martyrs. Let us not frighten her away by our Vanity Fairs.

"We are slaves, I admit; but the more is the necessity for keeping some little spot of earth consecrated to freedom. Let the children growing up around us, when they visit that spot, go not as to a feast and a frolic, but teach their little feet to tread lightly that hallowed ground; teach them to feel that sacred awe and religious veneration which rightly belong to the place. Then, indeed, will the spirit of liberty, which still lives there breathe upon them, and kindle in their young hearts the highest and holiest aspirations for freedom. Then, too, will tyrants, under whatever disguise, and for whatever pretext they may choose to trifle with the liberties of mankind, do it at their peril.

"I was a Confederate soldier, and though I did but little, yet was that little done from a general honest thought of common good to all. I know what the feelings and wishes of my comrades were, because their feel-



ings and wishes were my own. Deeply did I feel, when committing to earth a brother soldier, and when I remembered how soon his fate would probably be my own. My feelings at the time I wrote out in verse, and rude as my verses are, they express the sentiment of the soldier's heart. His only request was, that he should not be forgotten! How little to be asked for by those of whom we demanded so much! Shall that little be denied them?

## THE FREEMAN'S GRAVE.

Farewell, thou bravest of the brave;

Patriot soldier, fare thee well.

The muskets' salute o'er thy grave

Alone can break the silent spell;

Which holds thy weeping friends in arms,

The friends whom friendship's chains can bind;

But not the dread of war's alarms

Can chain the spirit of their mind.

For, born like thee in freedom's land,

Like thee they'll fill a freeman's grave

Before they'll kiss the tyrant's hand

Or bow before oppression's wave.

The freeman's grave, oh, dreary waste!

Whence life and joy and hope hath fled;

No shroud his moveless limbs to grace

No marble marks his sleeping head.

Not e'en a rough, unpolished board

Betwixt him and the clammy clay,

To shield him from the vermin horde

Which ere he's cold makes him their prey.

Instinctively I dread this doom,

Yet even thus would dare to die

Would some fond friend come near my tomb,

A sigh for me, one long, last sigh.

Would some kind hand whose rapturous touch

Once woke the warm heart's wildest thrill,

Plant flowers above my sleeping dust

To bloom and say, I love thee still.

Would 'neath affection's shower of tears

Those flowers of memory sweetly bloom,

And on the waste of long, long years

Shed fragrance round my lowly tomb.

A SOLDIER."



*(Second Letter.)*

"*Mr. Editor*,—My reply to 'Indignata' was not written merely for the purpose of controversy, nor was it dictated by a spirit of unkindness toward the association or any one of its members. My object was simply to defend the truth. In what I am about to say, and in what I may be led to say at any other time, I will be governed by the same motive. If I should be compelled to say things which are harsh, let it be distinctly understood once for all they will have no personal meaning, for I do not know who either of the writers are whose censures of my opinions and conduct have been made public through your paper. Indeed, it would seem, from the pretensions which 'a member' sets up for herself, that I, and every body else who has anything to do with the association, ought to know who she is. Because I haven't talked to her about the matter, haven't proposed to pay her, haven't asked her how the association is getting along, therefore does it follow as a matter of course that I have neither manifested any interest in its welfare nor expressed a willingness to meet the promise I made to it.

"I confess I know nothing about the government of the association, but this one-man power has to my mind a strong squinting towards absolutism? Have they like the rump become Cossack in their opinions and sympathies, and followed Russia as a model for their governments? I can well understand the consistency of the rump, whose avowed object is to establish a despotism on the ruins of the liberties and constitution of their country; but really I can't see the propriety of the thing in a government whose professed purpose is to honor the memory of those who fell defending the principles of American republicanism. Nor have I ever heard that they sent a special embassy to congratulate that unlimited despot, the Czar, upon his escape from a blow of righteous justice, aimed by the hand of some serf, driven to desperation by the exaction of tyranny.

"I don't think I should have answered this article of a 'Member' at all, but would have squared my account and thus removed the cause of her complaint, but for the

fact that she wants to play off on me the same game which 'Indignata' has evidently played on her. She tries to shuffle into my arms that monster which I've had nothing to do with at all but to expose its hideousness. She says, *your Vanity Fair*. No, madam, not mine. I disclaim it altogether. At the first sight it seemed so frightful to me that I resolved never to touch it. When I first saw it I set it down as one of those many monstrosities which have been born of Yankee cupidity and Yankee infidelity. I am sure it is a cousin, if not nearer kin, to mesmerism, spiritualism, woman's rights, equality, miscegenation; etc. Why, look at it, where the head ought to be I can see nothing but what phrenologists would call a big bump of cupidity: the rest of the thing is all belly. It looks to me for all the world like one of these big ticks I've seen hanging to the ear of a dog.

"Madam, don't you begin to think that 'Indignata' has played sharp on you? Why, as soon as she saw the deformity of this creature, she made haste to shift it off of her hands. How on earth did she fool you so? She must surely have had it dressed up in baby clothes. Maybe she showed you a picture of it in 'Harper,' that vulgar satire upon literature and taste. But the question now is, not how you got it, but, how will you get rid of it? This I fear will be hard to answer. I don't think anybody about here will relieve you of your charge. Madam, I pity you from the bottom of my heart, but I can't take it. Why, I'm a bachelor, at best not very popular with the ladies, but if you should send me round carrying this creature in my arms they would run at the very sight of me. But even if I were doomed to be a bachelor forever (I don't believe that though) I might, to save myself from the odium of being utterly friendless, be persuaded, in lieu of something better, to pet a snake, a toad, or even a lizard, but not that thing.

"I am inclined to think, when the other members see you in your present unenviable predicament, they will hardly be willing to admit that you are the association. And should you be able to prove that you are, I think at least many of them will be anxious to prove that they are not. I have not taken the pains to trace the pater-

nity of this monster, but think I could guess it in at least three guesses. I don't think that there are but three brains in the world which could have produced it, and these are Charles Sumner's, Lucy Stone's, and Beast Butler's. Madam, I think, if you will write to these parties, and tell them that you have accidentally picked up a stray child which bears a strong resemblance to their other children, they will come after it. Should you write to the Beast, don't forget to tell him that it has had a heap of experience in handling spoons; if you write to Lucy or Charles, it will only be necessary to state the fact that the creature is getting into bad odor here, and that it will not be able much longer to maintain a position of equality.

"I will make one other suggestion for your benefit, and then I will be done with the thing. Will it not be the best thing you can do with this monster to lay it quietly in the grave of scorn which I've dug for it, and let silence sprinkle over it the dust of forgetfulness?"

"I will now turn gladly from this subject to one more congenial to my thoughts and feelings. A 'Member' says her appeal is made for the dead, and not for the living. My appeal is for the living, and not for the dead. I thank God the fame of the dead is not dependent upon Vanity Fairs, memorial associations, or upon the patriotism and benevolence of an avaricious and infidel age! An age in which every virtue, human or divine, is measured by its weight in gold. No, the fame of the dead at least is secure. Their battle-fields are their monuments, and their heroic deeds the imperishable records of their fame. Manassah can no more die than that Thermopylæ could die. And although ages have elapsed since that memorable battle, Leonidas and his Spartan band live as freshly in the memory of man to-day as they did the day after their glorious defense of Greece. A truth was born there, and truth can never die. Greece herself was born at Thermopylæ. She learnt that day the invincibility of patriotic heroism. It was that truth which made her armies invincible, her governments wise and liberal, her laws just, their administration equitable, her social life mild and genial, her fine arts the highest models of beauty,



and her civilization the noblest type of heathen civilization.

“But when Greece forgot Thermopylæ, and the truth which was born at Thermopylæ, she soon fell a victim to intestine broils and fratricidal wars. Yes, when she learned to trust in the glory of her power and the splendor of her riches, the light of her glory went out, and her money gods perished. But the truth which made her glorious and prosperous did not die with Greece. When it ceased to be appreciated where it was born, it fled to more congenial climes. Leonidas lived again in the Scipios and Bruti of Rome, in the Hampdens of England, and in that noblest of all heroes and patriots—George Washington. Thermopylæ lived again at Lexington; it lived again at Manassah. Like Thermopylæ and Lexington, Manassah will live forever. And while it lives, the Confederate dead can never die. Your Vanity Fairs will die. Only an age prolific of monsters could produce such a perversion of truth. When truth shall live again, as it most assuredly will, oblivion will draw around them her dark curtain, that man may not always have to blush for his kind. Your memorial associations too will die, unless they are honorably connected with the imperishable fame of the dead.

“This and only this, has been my object: that we might live in the memory of future generations as a people who were worthy of the virtue, the truth, and the heroism of the brave men who made Manassah and the hundred battle-fields of the Confederacy immortal. I was willing, to the utmost of my ability, to contribute to this object; but I was not willing to see the memory of the dead mocked, and the truth which was born in their death insulted, while the blood-stains of their martyrdom were still fresh upon the battle-fields of their glory.

“A SOLDIER.”

But the Creator, in his infinite mercy, determined in the counsels of eternity that man should again be free and happy; not indeed by force, not by constraint. He desires the love and obedience of his creatures; but he will not force it. He wants man to serve him, not from



necessity, but from choice. He puts before him good and evil, and while it is his will for man to choose the good, he leaves him free to choose evil. To secure this end, he has made obedience to his laws the condition of man's happiness and prosperity. Not only his happiness in the future world, but in this world. For six thousand years he has been gathering the proofs of this truth. The history of the world during that long time has been a perpetual demonstration of it. The prosperity and happiness of every people who have obeyed the laws revealed to them by Heaven is a historical fact, which cannot be disputed. The awful destruction of those nations which disobeyed the commands of God, and violated the laws of religion and virtue which he had revealed to them, stand as conclusive proof of this truth.

The history of the Jews is the most striking, because God, in the ways of his providence, did make to them clearer manifestations of himself, and fuller revelations of his will and purposes to mankind. He chose them as a peculiar people, and blessed them with especial and peculiar favors. He sent them leaders and lawgivers whose commissions were sanctioned by the most impressive and convincing manifestations of his wisdom, his power, and his glory.

In the garden of Eden, Adam gazes with wonder and astonishment upon Eve, a created miracle of God. The inhabitants of the ark look out upon the flood of waters, sweeping over the face of the earth, and swallowing up hills and mountains, and tremble at the omnipotence of the Deity, and adore the mercy which preserves them who have not forgotten to honor him. The servant of God stretches his rod of faith over the sea, and it opens like a gate to let his people pass. The enemies of God, trusting in their own power and glory, enter the deep chasm, and its watery walls fall on them and crush them beneath its ruins. Where now is the Egyptian host, with all its pomp, its splendor, and its power? where their proud boasts? The angry wave, as if in mockery, spits out their vaunting breath in frothy bubbles; the people tremble while Sinai thunders forth the ten commandments; the proud king of Babylon is driven from his throne to

live with the beasts of the field, until he learns to obey the king of heaven. Then the Almighty bestows on him power, and wisdom, and happiness. His son forgets these things, and insults the God of Israel by using holy vessels, consecrated to his service, at his impious feast. A mysterious hand writes, in letters of fire, his doom on the wall.

Where is Babylon, with all her riches and her glory? So deep was she buried beneath the judgments of an angry God, that even her grave can't be found. Where is Jerusalem, the City of the Great King? where is its splendid temple, with its glorious service? "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that were sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her brood, but ye would not!"

The children of Israel the Almighty had chosen to be a peculiar people. He had blessed them above all other people in the world. He had brought them out of their enemies' land with a high hand and an outstretched arm. His pillar of cloud guided them by day, and by night his pillar of fire. The sea got out of the way of Jehovah when he went before his people to lead them. He drove out other nations, and gave to his people a land flowing with milk and honey. Under the protecting care of Heaven, these people enjoyed a freedom and happiness such as no people in the world could boast of. But the Jews, like the king of Babylon, forgot their Creator and benefactor. The priesthood, to whom was committed the sacred mysteries of the temple, forgot the God whom they pretended still to worship. They indeed continued to observe all the ordinances of religion, to collect tithes of mint, cummin and anise, but the weightier matters of the law, truth, judgment and justice, they forgot. They laid upon men heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, but they would not touch them with their little finger.

Such was the wickedness of these people, when Christ came to earth, that when he commanded the one who was without sin to cast the first stone at an adulteress nobody could be found. But the day of judgment came upon the wicked city, and it perished. Christ's predictions

were literally fulfilled. "For the day shall come upon thee that thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee and compass thee around and keep thee on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee, and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another."

Not long after this prophecy the Roman army commenced digging their trenches about the doomed city. For months the terrible siege was kept up. The Jews inside the city, divided into hostile factions, destroyed one another whenever their enemies gave them a little respite. Famine crept into their midst, and disease and death in every horrible shape. For months and months did these judgments of Heaven consume this proud and rebellious city. At last the crash of ruin came, and the city was razed to the ground, and its very foundation plowed up.

Since that time the Jews, despised and friendless, have wandered over the earth a hissing and a by-word among the nations, and unto the Gentiles has been given the inheritance which they were unworthy of. Ay, a richer inheritance than theirs has been committed to us. The gospel of Christ with all its promises of freedom, of happiness, and prosperity, has been given to us. A better land than the promised land of the Jews is ours. Stretching from ocean to ocean, its extent is almost limitless, its innumerable valleys and plains inexhaustibly fertile.

Hundreds of years ago the persecuted exiles from other nations found an asylum on its shores. They, true to their faith, dedicated it to freedom and Christianity. They accepted the Bible as their religion, and yielding to its influences on their social and political institutions, they presented to the world a government different from all other governments which had ever existed before. It recognized the right of no power in the world to rule. It declared that there was no power in the world which had authority to use man for any purpose, or in any manner, which would violate his personal freedom and individual happiness.

It declared that man is a child of God, and, as such,

entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that no person or power had the right to take his life, his liberty, or his property, without his consent, either by force or fraud; no king to rule by divine right; no legislature to rule by fraud or force; no president to be our ruler by usurpation; no bondautoocracy to buy the servants of the people to make laws for their special benefit; no golden gods to make man the slave of cupidity and greedy selfishness, so that he might be thus fitted to be the slave of kings and princes. In a word, it recognized the divine truths taught by the New Testament, that man is the child of God and the brother of his fellow man.

It was this divine principle which united the colonies in their memorable struggle against European despotism. It was this spirit of truth which united the States in a federal union. It was this spirit of truth which kept those States for years and years bound together in domestic peace and tranquillity. Lying politicians and hireling priests tell us it was the spirit of power and despotism which made our union, and that must be kept up to preserve it. Oh, no, that was the kind of union England wanted to make with us; the same kind of union she had with Ireland: a union in which one part commands, another part obeys.

England wanted our fathers to pay a penny a pound on all the tea they drank. They refused to do it. Why, that was a mighty little thing! Only a few persons were able to drink tea in those times, and they did not drink much. Our fathers drank tea Sunday morning for breakfast; a penny a pound on that would be a mere matter of form. The people could pay it, and not feel it. But our fathers said God had made man free, and endowed him with the right to live and hold property, and to preserve his happiness in his own way; that he was answerable for his life only at the tribunal of justice; that no power in the world had a right to take his property without his consent, by theft or robbery, or that legalized robbery called taxation. Thus, for the sake of right, they went into a war and fought it out to the bitter end. They went to war with the greatest power



on earth, and, at that time, the best government the world ever saw.

Mr. Webster, who was good authority in this country years ago, when politics meant virtue and patriotism, and not lying and stealing, as it does to-day, said that our fathers fought eight years against a preamble and resolution. Virginia and South Carolina refused, at the risk of life and property, to have a union with England, whose king they accepted as their rightful sovereign, because England claimed the right, by reason of that union, to make them pay a penny a pound on tea.

And yet lying politicians, usurpers and tyrants, belie the record of history and insult the common sense of mankind, by declaring to the world, both by their word and actions, that Virginia and Carolina, after fighting eight years with England to break up such a union, did turn right around and form such a union with Massachusetts and New York. Ay, that they did form a union by which they authorized and empowered those States to overrun their country by invasion, to make it a heap of ruins, to murder their people, reduce them to a degraded slavery, and impose on them the most intolerable despotism the world ever saw.

Was ever the world insulted by a more shameless or more barefaced lie! Can anybody be so lost to all sense of reason and justice as to believe it? Or have usurpers and tyrants only invented these monstrous falsehoods to excuse not only the wrong which they are doing Virginia and Carolina, but the crimes they are perpetrating against the genius of American liberty and those inalienable rights of mankind which are the foundation of all liberty and happiness and prosperity? If a people can be so lost to all notions of truth and justice as to believe falsehoods which have not even the shadow of a probability to sustain them, then indeed has the Almighty, the God of truth, given them up to a strong delusion, to believe a lie, that their destruction may be sure and their damnation just.

These are the same people who yesterday cursed Virginia and South Carolina, because they had by a degrading system of slavery reduced the negro to a condition

of ignorance and barbarism like that of the brute, and to-day swear that that same ignorant and imbruted negro is equal to the American white man, the only man who has by his practice ever demonstrated the capacity of man for self-government. These are the people who in the name of freedom and humanity have forced on Virginia and Carolina governments more infamously tyrannical than heathen nations or even barbarians ever forced on their conquered provinces. Military despotism was considered among heathen nations the worst form of tyranny; but Virginia and Carolina have begged these modern crusaders in the cause of freedom and humanity for a military despotism, in preference to the infamous tyranny which they have established over them.

The time will come when the children of these people will seek to wash out with their tears these foul stains upon their country's history, unless eternal justice in the meantime washes them out with the blood of the tyrants who made them.

If to oppose such usurpation and crimes as these makes a man a rebel, I thank God I offered my life and my little property to prevent this horrid despotism which has been established on the ruins of my country's liberties. Let them call me rebel and traitor. George Washington and John Adams were called traitors and rebels; Benedict Arnold and the Carolina tories were *truly loyal*. I did not fight to destroy the union our fathers had made. That union was born of liberty and of love. I fought to keep that union from being changed into one of hate, of power, of despotism. I did not fight for a separation from the old government because I did not love its forms and the spirit of its liberties; but because I saw an infidel faction who had publicly trampled the Bible under their feet, and denounced the constitution of this country as a league with death and a covenant with hell, get possession of the government and declare to the world that it was their purpose to use all its power, and to usurp all other powers which might be necessary, to destroy its freedom and make it a despotism. A faction whose god is mammon, and whose religion is hatred, war, revenge, power, despotism, divorce, child-murder,

adultery, lying, stealing, in a word, every sin which dishonors God, and every crime which disgraces human nature. A faction whose religion and politics have made *whore-houses* one of the institutions of the country.

While they are harping on negro slavery, they are building up and protecting, by their public laws, prison houses of hell, where not only the bodies of the pretty daughters of the poor are sold to the lusts and passions of men, but where even their souls are buried in the grave of despair. A few brief years they revel in wantonness, and then, in the anguish of their souls, they curse God and die. Ay, a faction whose religion and politics have made the big cities themselves licensed *whore-houses*, where fornication, gilded with the dazzling gewgaws of wealth, and protected by its illegitimate power, flaunts its insolent triumph in the face of day. A faction who used the power of the government to wage a war of subjugation and conquest against a people whose liberties it had been made to protect. A faction who have excelled heathens and barbarians in the infamy and degradation of the tyranny which they have imposed on that people. A faction who, in the name of freedom and humanity, have destroyed from the face of the earth a million of African slaves, and turned thousands and tens of thousands out upon the world penniless, and homeless, and friendless. A faction who, immediately after they got the power, sent their pious preachers and missionaries to rent cotton farms at half price, and to hire negroes at proportionable wages. These pious thieves raised their crops and sold them, and then went off leaving the poor negro to beg or starve, as they had been in the habit of doing their poor white trash at home. A faction which has boldly and unblushingly declared their purpose to use the negro as a political power to enslave the white man. A faction which has used the whole power of the government, ay, despotic power, which the government never had, to rob labor and reduce it to beggary and starvation, in order to support in all their licentious dissipations and drunken extravagance an upstart aristocracy. A faction who have permitted a half dozen of the yard-stick and goose-quill nobility to

force on the people, whom they pretend to represent, contrary to their wishes, a drunken butcher for their president and ruler.

I did not fight for slavery, nor did I ever approve the plots which the slave power of the South were constantly laying to organize a separate government, in which negro slavery would be the mud-sill of their aristocracy. Such schemes they were aided and abetted in by Beast Butler and other Northern Democrats with Southern principles. As far as the negro was concerned, slavery as it existed in the South before the war, and more especially as modified in South Carolina, was the best system of slavery in the world; considering the good of the slave only, it was better than the slavery of England or France, or the Northern States of this country. The condition of the negro slave of South Carolina was vastly better than the condition of the white slaves of this country is to-day. The negro slave there was sure of comfortable and healthy food and clothing, from childhood till death. He was sure of good nursing and kind attention during sickness or accidents. He had his odd times for recreation, and opportunities to provide for himself the little luxuries of life.

The white slaves of this country, including the millions of intelligent laborers, mechanics, and all, work hard, and live with a scanty supply of both food and clothing. Political thieves and gamblers, by taxation and a thousand other schemes of legislative robbery, plunder them of their just hire. While they are in good health they can barely supply themselves and their families with the necessaries of life; when they get sick they are left to take care of themselves, and when they get old and decrepit, their task-masters turn them loose upon the poor, bare-picked commons of public charity.

Negro slavery in the South had many ugly features, some outrageously wicked practices. These abuses good men in the South deplored as much as anybody, and were anxious to remedy them. But Northern abolitionists, with a few exceptions infidels, madmen, and fools, prevented us from discussing the matter among ourselves at all. For we knew that if ever we divided,



these fanatics would force on us negro equality,—a crime against nature, which no white man whose soul is not depraved and whose mind is not utterly debauched, can think of without disgust. But if man must be a slave, I say even now, let that slave be the negro, and not the white man.

I am sure that God has made the negro unequal to the white man, and that men and devils can't make him equal. These same men and devils who are trying to make the negro equal to the white man are trying to put the negro above the white man. They know that if you put them on an equal footing, the negro will go to the bottom, where he belongs, and therefore do they want to fasten him on top of the white man by the arbitrary laws of power. These same men and devils are trying to unsex woman and make a man out of her. These same men and devils want to make a mixed race of slaves by crossing the negro with the poor white trash, for the use of that mean, low-born, upstart aristocracy, the bondautocracy.

Yes, poor white trash; the men whose garments are often poor and patched, and soiled with the sweat of labor. Yes, the millions of plowholders and mechanics, the fruits of whose honest toils are taken by lying, thieving, political factions, to pay for their drunken bacchanalian revelries, and the grand pomposities of their bondautocratic masters.

But the worst feature of slavery was its aristocracy. By that I mean, more especially, its political power as a monopoly of wealth. As such, it was mean, dishonest, and unpatriotic. It was anxious for the war, and helped to bring it on, because it thought war meant separation, and that in a separate government its relative power would be vastly increased.

It craved, however, only the privilege of bringing the war on. It was perfectly willing to leave it to other people to do the fighting and pay the costs. Had the slave power of the South been liberal and patriotic, we could never have been defeated. But this power was rich, and the rich can neither be liberal nor patriotic. The rich worship mammon as their god, and those who

worship that god have no soul. And on no altar but that of the human soul can the fires of patriotism be kindled. While the negro race is destined to serve the white man forever, slavery, as an aristocratic institution, as a political power, is gone forever.

Mongrelism and miscegenation are only the lascivious dreams of infidel whoremongers. A thought so filthy is not entertained by any decent mind. The negro, despite all the efforts of usurpers and tyrants, will go back where he belongs, to a condition of inferiority and virtual servitude. This will be his condition until he leaves the white man's country. The white man will never meet him on terms of equality. He will never mix with him, never, never, never. When the great working masses of this country shall be fully waked up on this subject; when they shall realize fully the infernal plot which has been laid to make a race of mules of them, by mixing them with the negro jackass, in order that they may be fitted for perpetual slavery, I say when these things shall be better understood by the common people, it will be more than a man's head is worth to hint such a thing as mongrelism, even by the fine name of miscegenation.

Had we succeeded in establishing our independence there would have been a terrible reckoning. Union men in our midst, who never had any faith in man's fitness to govern himself, who had been educated in the political faith of old John Adams and Alexander Hamilton, and always believed in monarchy and aristocracy rather than in democracy, would have escaped. But Union men so called, who went with our enemies from the motives of cowardice or cupidity or from fear of losing their property, secessionists, who were blatant for separation and war until war came, and then shirked out of it, contractors, speculators, thieves and plunderers, who got fat upon the blood of their country, and got rich out of its necessities, —Woe unto them! Upon such men as these we would have saddled the expenses of the war, and made them pay every dollar of it.

Night after night was this question discussed by the private soldiers, around the camp fires. Nor was ever

any question discussed about which their opinions so well agreed and so firmly fixed.

But the war terminated differently, if it has ended at all. The lying infidel abolition faction, who brought it on the country, don't want it to stop. It has been a fruitful harvest to them. It has put into their hands that great national blessing, the public debt, which puts into their hands the disbursement of five hundred millions of dollars every year, one-half of which is stealings according to their own count, and according to mine about nine-tenths of it. It keeps in the hands of their masters, the bondholders, the whole political power of the government. It enables them all to get rich by gambling with the great moneyed monopolies, and taking the labor of the country to pay the expenses.

These greedy extortioners who plundered us during the war, with the negro, have possession in the South. They can take any oath or make any professions. They have no god but mammon, no country but their own farms. They would not hesitate to sell their liberties, their country, or even their souls, to the devil for money. These constitute our new aristocracy. How much are they like their brother bondholders in the North. They have set up mammon for god, and command everybody to worship him.

He rules all the political institutions of the country: the legislature, the courts, and the churches. The supreme court of West Virginia, the creature and tool of this infamous power, have decided recently that the rebels had a right to take the life of loyal men, to kill Union soldiers or home-guards, because as a general thing they were only poor white trash; but if the rebel army took any property, a horse or cattle from anybody, whether they were Union men or rebels, that the party who lost this property, even if he himself had been a rebel, had a right to sue any private in the rebel army, and make him pay for it, because (and this is their theory all the time) men who own horses and cattle and other property are rich men. The rights to life and personal security are matters of small moment, and may be violated with impunity, but the rights of property are sacred and holy, and no condition of things can excuse their violation. A

rich rebel, who furnished four substitutes for the rebel army and fifty thousand dollars in money, has a right to sue a poor private in the rebel army for a horse which a rebel general impressed into the rebel service.

The courts of this bastard State are full of these suits. Against myself and other privates in the rebel army there are suits of this class, covering up all our little property. We wrote to General Grant, insisting that under the stipulations of our surrender we were entitled to protection from these barefaced robberies. His answer was substantially this, that the commander-in-chief of the United States Army was not under any obligation nor did he have any authority to protect those who were wronged and oppressed; that he was not bound to keep promises he made to enemies, who had surrendered upon the faith of these promises. That on the contrary it was his duty to defend and protect the oppressor, and to compel those whom he had put in their power to submit to such wrongs. He added that if we had been generals in the army, or great men, or rich men, he would see that we were not wronged; but he considered it a piece of impudent presumption for poor private soldiers to ask him to stoop to notice them.

"Why, don't you know," he continued, "that I did not take any account of private soldiers in my own army, except to order my subordinate officers to pile up their dead carcasses heaps on heaps?" How sadly are the times out of joint, to be sure! How are things misplaced! How are they miscalled! Am I crazy, or is it the world around me? Am I walking on my head, or is it other people? Is my judgment perverted, or has the world perverted the truth until everything is in the wrong place, and everything called by the wrong name? Has the Almighty in his anger given us up to a strong delusion to believe a lie, so that everything which is false looks to us like truth, and every truth like falsehood?

Compare for a moment General Grant with General Lee, not in the style of fine panegyric, or sharp criticism, but in that plain common-sense manner which we adopt in looking at our common business matters. The one was born low—and by that I don't mean born poor, for



poverty is the companion of the highest nobility of soul,—but I mean that he was born with low and brutish instincts. Fortune, ever capricious and whimsical, seized him, and dragged him through blood and carnage and death, not to greatness or glory, but to power. His small narrow brain is made dizzy by the height to which it has been so suddenly and unexpectedly lifted. Wrapped in the mantle of ignorance and conceit, mistaking the accidents of fortune for great talent, he already imagines himself a Cæsar. Without any heart to feel either for man or beast, he would be a cold, calculating politician if he had mind enough to make calculations. But being without either education or common sense, he has been overreached and duped by that smallest of all the little politicians, Washburne, a man who has education enough to teach, but not brains enough to manage, a small country school.

Through Washburne, he was recommended to the master manufacturing monopolies, and through them to the goose-quill and yard-stick nobility, as one who would be a pliant tool in their hands, to consolidate and perpetuate their power. This insolent power, speaking to the people as if they owned them, bids them take this man Grant to be their president and ruler (this is their own language). General Grant in the instincts of his soul is low and vulgar. In his heart he is cold, selfish, aristocratic and cruel. Vain and conceited, he likes to have power, so that he may lord it over his fellow-man.

In one respect only is he democratic: in his hollow professions of friendship for the people, and in his use of low demagogue phrases, which the politicians of this country have used so long and so successfully to humbug the people, and make out of them tools to work their own ruin. The friends of freedom and equality have selected this man Grant to build up and consolidate and make perpetual a great moneyed power in this country. They selected him, too, because they feared the people would vote against them in the coming elections, and because they supposed that Grant at the head of the army could hold on to the power, whether the people wished it or not.

This moneyed power, which this lying political faction are trying to build up in this country in the name of freedom and equality, is to-day the foundation of every aristocracy in the world, and has been the basis of every monarchy and aristocracy which has ever existed in the world. It has been the cause, too, of all the political and social inequalities which have ever existed in the world. One would suppose that some sense of shame, and some little regard for the common sense of mankind, would restrain the people from doing the very thing which they have been declaiming against for years and years. In the name of freedom they have made slaves out of the best people in the South, and in the name of equality they purpose to make a mudsill out of the laboring people of the North, and on that mudsill to build a great moneyed aristocracy.

Grant is the tool of this aristocracy, its representative man. Ay, the very personification of this upstart bondautocracy, for he himself did like a mushroom spring from a dunghill over night, without brains, without heart, without modesty or shame. Those who believe that the American people will accept such a creature as this Cæsar, and consent to be the serfs of him and his bondautocratic masters, know nothing about the hopes and aspirations of thirty-five millions of freemen, their mission and their destiny.

This age, which is one vast lie, one universal perversion of truth, calls this upstart aristocrat, with his ignorant conceit and arrogant pretensions, the friend of freedom and equality, and calls Robert E. Lee the friend of aristocracy. Like servile Rome, it applauds Anthony the licentious usurper, the libertine tyrant, and makes war on Brutus, the patriot who had survived his country's love of liberty.

Lee was born noble,—not rich in money, I mean, but with those noble elements of character which make him worthy of our respect, our admiration, and our confidence. Like his father before him, he is brave, and chivalrous, and talented, and upright and noble. No intemperance of word or deed mars the stainless purity of his private life. And his public career, the most busy,

stormy, and checkered, has won the admiration even of his enemies.

Without men, without military accoutrements, without the munitions of war, he did by his talent, his heroism, and by the ardent patriotism his self-sacrificing example created among his countrymen, baffle for years the overwhelming powers of the greatest military people in the world, encouraged, aided and sustained by the public sentiment of the world, and by its positive aid. A messenger brings to Grant news that his line of battle is broken, and unfeelingly and indifferently he answers, "Pile on the men." A messenger comes to Lee, and tells him a breach has been made in our fortifications, and the enemy in overwhelming numbers are rushing through. No cold senseless glare of strong drink, but the spark of genius, kindles in the hero's eye. He orders a tried and trusty brigade of veterans to fill, not with numbers, but with Spartan valor, the fatal breach.

A few days ago you might have seen him sitting quietly at his tent, so modest and unassuming, so deferential and polite to the poorest and meanest man in the world, so plain and unadorned in his manner and dress, that you would not have known, unless some one told you, that it was General Lee. It was not General Lee; it was a citizen of the great democracy of the western world.

He vindicates his democracy, not by prating of freedom and equality, but by treating his fellow-man as a brother, recognizing in him, no matter how humble or obscure, a child of God. But look at him now, see him now, see him ride along that veteran line of battle: 'tis General Lee, now a war god, Mars himself. These men were always brave, but with this Leonidas at their head they are Spartans, they are invincible. They have already caught the deathless inspiration of their hero. A wild shout of heroic confidence answers their general, when he asks them, Can you retake these lost works? The heroic inspiration, which he himself had started, swollen by the flood of feeling rushing from a thousand brave hearts, comes sweeping back and bears him away on its bosom.

How mighty is the human soul when the shores of mortality are broken down! How like a vast river running over its narrow banks, and covering the earth with its rushing waves! The great captain is lost in the heroic grandeur of the hour. "Forward!" falls from the warrior's lip; "Forward, men; I will lead you, and, if need be, die at your head!" Earth has no nobler place for a hero to die.

But what's the matter? That line as if by instinct pauses—it halts. Hath sudden fear seized them? Is the day lost? A moment's surprise, and a voice runs along the line: "General Lee to the rear! General Lee to the rear! We belong to our country, to liberty; we are ready to die for its truths, we are ready to throw ourselves in the fatal breach, and wall it up with our dead bodies. Ten thousand of our brave men will be left behind us, to fill another breach and fight other battles. But only one leader have we, great and gifted and noble. Only one Robert E. Lee! One only, fit to lead in the long and bloody struggle before us. We are ready to die, but he must live to fight the battles of his country and liberty!"

In these hours of highest inspiration, man is divine. When he has made up his mind to die for his home, his wife, his little ones, for truth, for God, and his country, his actions are noble and his words prophetic. Methinks I see that battle line, martyrs to truth, for they are going to offer themselves a sacrifice upon the altar of their country, they are going to pile their dead bodies like a bulwark before the proud wave of invasion. Methinks I see the fires of the human soul burning up the film of futurity which covers the mortal eye, and as the future breaks on their view, they see Robert E. Lee leading his countrymen through the wilderness of defeat, and, like Moses, striking from the solid rock the living refreshing waters of truth. Two subordinate officers rode up to the general, seized his horse, and led him back to the rear. The hero is conquered at last, subdued by the love and confidence of his fellow-men. A flood of tears gushes from his eyes; he weeps like a woman. But another breach is made in the rebel lines, a wider one than before.



The last bulwark has fallen, the last battle line broken, the last scattered fragment of that gallant little army has surrendered. The unobstructed wave of invasion sweeps on, leaving in its wake a barren waste of subjugation and slavery.

Again the old hero rushes to the front. Thrilled with a higher inspiration, he gives a nobler command, he utters a diviner truth, "Go to work." By his own example and with his own hands (he never commanded his fellows to go where he was not willing to lead) he vindicated the truth his lips had uttered. Labor has at last found a hero and champion. The greatest of living men has bowed at her shrine, and offers daily on her altar the sweat of his brow and the works of his hands. With such a hero for her champion, labor will vindicate the dignity of her calling and the majesty of her power. Children of toil, poor and despised as you have ever been, robbed and plundered as you have been for six thousand years by usurpers and tyrants, kings and aristocracies, bondautocratic thieves and their hireling tools, the political factions and a hypocritical priesthood, wake up, the tocsin of your liberty has sounded. Her battle flag, "Go to work" written on its folds, has been flung to the breeze by the greatest of living heroes, and the highest type of man ever given to the world. The usurpers who have seized the government, and who are now using, not its legitimate authority, but, instead thereof, their own usurped power to degrade labor to the level of the serfdom of Europe, and to make it like it is in Europe, the basis, the mud-sill of a great moneyed power, these usurpers I say denounce Robert E. Lee as a traitor and rebel.

And the same upstart tyrants, in the halls of your national legislature, denounced the mechanic, the plowholder, and the millions of honest working men, whose drops of sweat poured together is the mighty river which bears on its bosom the liberty, the prosperity, the greatness, the power and glory of this country,—they denounced as "poor white trash." These men's only offense is, that because their shirts are stained with the dust and sweat of labor, and because their persons are

not adorned with the gaudy pinchbeck trinkets which gild the vulgar fashions of a bastard nobility,—I say, because these men don't submit willingly to the burdens imposed on them by their taskmasters, they are denounced as "poor white trash."

This low slander, this foul insult to five-sixths of the people of this country, was uttered in the halls of their national legislature, and nobody answered it. O, deep humiliation! Three millions of half-civilized Africans have, in the popular branch of the American congress, one hundred and fifty representatives, who stand ready at the drop of a hat to rush to the defense of the negro, to defend him from any aspersion, just or unjust; but twenty-five millions of white laborers have not a single representative in that body, not a single solitary friend to defend them against the foul abuse of slander.

These tyrants are themselves traitors: traitors to truth, to liberty, to God, and their country; traitors to those fundamental rights of man, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which lie at the foundation of all political freedom and social happiness.

R. E. Lee: how like Washington, for wisdom, for temperance, for moderation, for justice! Like Washington, how evenly balanced! The elements are so mixed in him that nature may stand up and say to all the world, "This is a man." And yet his greatness is of a milder and softer type than that of Washington. Washington was born and reared under monarchical and aristocratic institutions. These had impressed themselves upon his character. There was a baronial cast about him. He was a republican, and not a democrat. He had more faith in government than he had in the people. He went with Adams and Hamilton, and not with Jefferson. Nature had made him great and noble. He was the nobility of republicanism, its representative man. Lee is a democrat, the nobility of democracy. The nobility of monarchy is power justly and temperately used. The nobility of republicanism is liberty wisely restrained. The nobility of democracy is liberty set free; it is the triumph of love, the victory of Christianity over the world. It recognizes man as the brother of his fellow-

man, and God as the father of all. The badge of this nobility is the stains of sweat; its title is truth; its labor love; its fruits liberty, peace, and prosperity. Christ is its king, and heaven is its home. Earth, too, shall be its home, when man, tired of being cheated and deceived by preachers and politicians, shall accept the truth and obey it.

The worst enemies of Christianity to-day are its professed friends, a hypocritical hireling priesthood. The worst enemies of freedom and equality are these political liars and thieves, who use these things as a trick to fool the people, and get into their own hands power and riches. The Greeleys, and Phillipses, and Beechers, and Butlers, who prate so loudly about freedom and equality, are using their utmost efforts to build up a military despotism on the ruins of American democracy, and on the degradation of its labor a moneyed power, the lowest, the meanest, and vilest, that ever robbed any community in the world. A bondautocracy, a bastard aristocracy, begotten by that lecherous devil, war, upon the body of his own daughter, licentiousness.

Shall this harlot, which, although not yet seven years old, has already committed whoredom with the two great political factions of this country, be permitted to debauch the morals and destroy the liberties of thirty-five millions of freemen? Can it be that men who met me on a hundred battle-fields, and fought so nobly, fought for these evils, these follies, these crimes? I do not, I can not, I dare not believe it.

The battle-field is an awful place. In the very midst of it is death, eternity, the judgment; without some conviction of right men can't go there, can't stand there. How then can man be persuaded to do such evil deeds, when the harvest he reaps is death and mourning, and slavery and debt, poverty and degradation? How is it, that men born to a common heritage of freedom, men who ought to have been friends and brothers, should meet on a hundred battle-fields to murder each other, and destroy their common liberty?

A hireling priesthood and lying political factions in the service of two heartless and unfeeling moneyed powers,

the slavery of the South and the aristocracy of manufacturing and commercial monopolies in the North, did for years pervert the truth, and tell lies to us from our very infancy, to make us hate each other. Then, by a trick of political legerdemain, they did divide us into hostile armies, to kill each other, our country and its liberties. The wrath of man shall praise me and the remainder of wrath will I restrain.

The slave power of the South, which struggled for so many years to bring on a war for selfish and ambitious purposes, succeeded at last. But how terribly it has been deceived! It thought the war would give it absolute power over half of the country, but instead of that the war destroyed its power entirely. As a political power in this country, it is gone forever.

The advocates of white slavery at the North, the great aristocracy of bonds and banks, and tariffs, who live solely and exclusively to make money, who worship mammon as their god, have for years been laboring to bring on a war in this country, to destroy the power of negro slavery, because they found out that white slavery paid better. They, too, will be deceived. Their power too, must fall, and their slaves, too, will be free. The hundreds of thousands of working men of the North, who fought to set the negro free, are not willing to be slaves themselves. If it was wrong for the half-civilized negro, born in servitude, to work for another, how much more so is it for the civilized Caucasian, born to the heritage of freedom, and whose fathers were free. No, no, they can't be persuaded to take these pills of slavery, although they are as nicely covered over with sweet promises of freedom and equality as the doctor's pills are covered with sugar.

The great rebellion had a significance which has not been rightly interpreted. It had a meaning which has never been understood. There were four distinct powers engaged in that great contest. On the one hand stands the great slaveocracy of the South, disgraced by barbarous practices, which gave daily offense to Christian people, not bigoted churchmen, but to men who in their hearts believed in the sermon on the mount, so full of



wisdom, benevolence, and charity. This power had control of the morals and politics of that section for years and years. A hireling priesthood there, instead of rebuking the manifold sins of this institution, and endeavoring to reform it and modify its evils, so as to make it harmonize with the changed condition of things, attempted to defend all of its abuses.

They forget that the same treatment which was right and proper for the negro, when he first came from his savage home, debased and degraded, was unjust and cruel toward their children, who had been for four generations educated in the principles and practices of a people superior to all other people in the Christian virtues; knowledge, and wisdom, and virtue, and freedom. They forget that the negro had been for nearly three hundred years under these refining, ennobling, and Christian influences. They ought to have remembered that their slaves were vastly superior to the slaves of their fathers, morally and intellectually (can the advocates of white slavery say as much?), and ought to have changed their treatment of them to suit their improved condition. But the hand of power is made of iron, and its heart too. It knows no feeling, no relenting.

The political factions of that section were as subordinate to this great power as the priesthood. By trickery and fraud they so shaped the politics of the country as to identify the institutions of slavery, including all its evils, with the rights and liberties of the masses of the people. The political power of the North, for self and ambitious purposes, worked into its hands. For years and years, every political question in the South was decided by its relations to the slave power. At the same time there was a great aristocratic power springing up in the North, the same power in a different shape; money invested, not in negroes, but in merchandise, manufactures, and financial cards, low gambling saloons, called banking houses. This power had its slaves, too; not in name, but in fact: its white slaves, men, women and children, who work for it for half price. It pays half wages to its slaves, and out of the other half it builds up princely fortunes. The greatest of living authors

and thinkers has said that it differs from negro slavery only in this, that it does not require its masters to take care of their slaves when they have worn them out in their service.

The priesthood in the North was as subservient to this power, as the priesthood in the South was to slaveocracy. While they were cursing negro slavery, they were teaching false notions of religion and morality, which was making the vast masses of their own people slaves. They taught that power has a right to rule, that power, and not justice, was the thing to believe in and trust in; and that since money is a universal power in the world, mankind ought to worship mammon as their god. They taught as the first lesson in the catechism, that the chief end of man is to get rich; that for this purpose he has a right to rob the laborer of his hire, to cheat the innocent and unsuspecting, to plunder and oppress the poor, the widow, and the orphan, provided he will give a liberal share of his ill-gotten treasure to themselves.

Misled by these heresies in morals, their politicians soon become professional liars and thieves. Skill in trickery and fraud soon became a lever of power, a badge of honor, and a cause of preferment. The political faction of the North, the tools of its great moneyed power, played into the hands of the political faction of the South, the tools of slavery. For years and years they carried on in national politics a great system of log-rolling. Slaveocracy would offer to bondautoocracy tariffs and monopolies for fugitive slave laws.

On the public record of the national legislature is found this disgraceful proposition. The politicians of the North did publicly offer to pledge themselves to the politicians of the South to catch their runaway negroes and send them back, if they would in lieu thereof give them protection to their manufactories. By this system of bargain and sale, the Southern States were impoverished, and their politicians found it an easy matter to persuade the people to hate a government whose policy was, and had been for years and years, to rob them for the benefit of Northern manufacturers. These same

manufactories were creating by their monopoly of wealth inequalities great and unbearable in their own society.

The masses of the people were, by degrees and insensibly, being reduced to slavery. They began to feel its oppressions. Hence it was an easy matter for northern politicians to excite the hatred of these people against negro slavery. In the North, slavery went in disguise; men did not see it, although they felt it. In the South, slavery made no concealments. Whatever other faults it had, it was at least candid and manly. In this institution, the open and professed advocates of slavery, the northern people who felt the oppression of slavery without understanding exactly how or where, found an unmistakable enemy. Hence this hatred of it.

The money power of the North, taking advantage of this feeling among their own people, determined to change its tactics.

They say, We have the power, the numbers, if we can unite our own people we can tax the whole country for our purposes. This slave power has hitherto permitted us to tax the labor of the country to a limited extent, but if we can get the power in our own hands we will tax it just as high as we please.

The slaveocracy played into the hands of this faction so completely as to secure its success. The slave power, which had control of the politics of the South, said, We will so manage our political matters as to secure the success of the abolitionists or a northern sectional party. Then we will have a confederacy in which cotton will be king, and negro slavery the basis of a great aristocracy. The feeling of the Southern people was this: We don't want disunion, we don't want a separate government. But we can't consent to be ruled by a government whose power is derived solely from one section of the country. New York and Pennsylvania have no right to propose a policy contrary to the wishes, and destructive of the rights of Virginia and South Carolina, and to force that policy on these two latter States simply because they have the power to do it. They have no right to take possession of the national government, which was created to defend and protect all the States, and

use its vast powers to promote their own prosperity and happiness at the expense of the other States. These were the sentiments of the masses of the Southern people. Virginia announced them by a union majority of sixty thousand votes.

But when Abe Lincoln, the poorest and weakest of the creatures of earth who ever attempted to mimic power and play the tyrant, commanded Virginia to furnish men and money to subjugate and enslave a part of the people of the United States, and to reduce a number of the States to dependent provinces to be ruled by military satraps, the proud old mother of States and statesmen, ever true to her love of liberty, answered the tyrant in the thunder tones of a hundred thousand majority, Never, never! It may not be in the power of a few little States to prevent being overrun by invasion, but it is not in the power of tyrants to prevent the sons of liberty from washing out the foul foot-prints of invasion with their blood.

Could a vote have been taken in the North at that time, upon the right of the national government to reduce the States of the South to subjugation, could they have been held up to the masses of the Northern people in the condition in which they are now, five out of six would have voted against it. Indeed, they did say, such of them at least as had any love for liberty and truth, We are opposed to disunion, but let us rather have that than tyranny and despotism.

Horace Greeley said—and he had not yet sold out to the bondautocracy; he had not yet discovered that a vast moneyed power, which plunders and impoverishes the labor of a country, was a great national blessing—he said then that disunion was better than a union “pinned together with bayonets.”

But the great moneyed power of the North said, We can't let these people go. We taxed them for years and years, to build up our large cities, our commercial, financial, and manufacturing wealth and power. By means of this wealth we have been enabled to control the political affairs of the country. We have used it to promote our interests and prosperity exclusively. We



have used it to build up a grander aristocracy than the slave power of the South. Our white slaves are more subservient and more profitable than their negro slaves. We can't give up all this power and these privileges. We will have war first. What if war does mean tyranny and despotism, these things won't hurt us. In despotic governments the rich rule, and we are the rich. Indeed, if by war we can destroy this democracy entirely, we may be, ay, we will be, the nobility of the land. We are the nobility now, in fact, but then we will be in name, too. We will be the lords and dukes and princes. Let us have war. We will pay the expenses—no, we will promise that, until we persuade the poor white trash to do the fighting, and then we will make them pay the expenses, too. Oh, yes, the war will be a good thing. It will give us that great national blessing, a huge public debt. What a blessing it is to England! A few hundred thousand of rich people own all the land, and other wealth, of that best government the world ever saw, and thirty millions of poor white trash work for them. They are the lords and dukes and nobility. The masses of the people are not in name—that wouldn't sound well—but in fact, their slaves.

War too will increase vastly the expenses of the government, for it will amplify its power, and thus put into the hands of our servants the politicians hundreds of millions of dollars, to be disbursed every year. We will manage it, for we have for years had these politicians completely in our power, so as to get a large share of the current expenses. We will see to it too that our servants, the politicians, by means of whisky, taxes and tariffs, and laws to exempt bonds from taxation, do pay to us magnificent premiums.

Thus by direct and indirect means will we filch from labor its hard-earned trash; trash did I call it? oh, no, it was Brutus the old patriot of Rome who called it trash. Had Brutus lived in this wise age of progress and reform, could he have seen how money enables us rich to revel in all the pleasures and glories of life, could he have seen how omnipotent its power is, how it rules every political, religious, and social organization in

this land, he surely would not have called it trash. He surely would not thus have insulted our great god mammon; but he would have bowed down to worship it as we do. Bill Seward, the devil's premier on earth, did by trickery, of which he is the grandest master in the world, precipitate the war. As a war of conquest and subjugation means despotism, he did wisely go to work to make slaves out of his own people first. He taught them to honor and applaud that regal power, which has no more to do than to ring a little bell when it wants some person obnoxious to itself cast into a dungeon. He taught them at the outset to ignore these notions of our fathers: that man in order to be free must carry about with him rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. War has no time to be bothered with such foolish things as these. Nor has it any pleasure in them. Its pleasure is to command, and have others to obey. It likes to ring its little bell, and cast men into bastiles, and inquire into their guilt or innocence at its leisure. Northern political factions, the tools of its moneyed power, was one party to the war.

The Northern masses, the dupes of political scoundrels, were another party to the war. These were the more readily persuaded into it, because they looked upon slavery as a great political power, a great aristocracy, dangerous to the liberties of the American people.

Another party to the war was the political factions of the South, the tools of the slaveocracy.

The fourth and last party was the masses of the Southern people, the dupes of these politicians.

Thus you see there were four parties to the war. Two sets of politicians to provoke it, to bring it on, and two sets of people to fight its battles, and endure all its privations and hardships, its woes unutterable. And this is the great Democracy of America. This the land of the free and the home of the brave. 'Tis here all men are born free, and entitled to certain inalienable rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." For years and years a hireling priesthood has perverted the simplest truths of Christianity, in order to make the people hate each other. For years and years they have taught the

people to worship other gods, not the deified virtues of the human soul, but the lowest and meanest passions and lusts of the human body. Such a people fall a willing prey to political factions, for when once a people lose their religion

“The magnet of their cause is gone, or only points in vain  
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch again.”

When the human soul launches its frail craft upon the dark waters of infidelity it is gone forever. That ocean has no sheltering port, no harbor of safety. The fearful storm of Heaven's anger sweeps over this sea, and drives the reckless adventurer of unbelief upon the rocky shores of Heaven's judgment which bound the destroying waves.

Our fathers were wise and virtuous men, they worshiped the God of the Bible, and He blessed them with showers of blessings. We their children worship mammon, and all those lusts and passions which wealth and licentiousness produce. Mammon, through his agents, the rich moneyed monopolies, the bondautocracy, rules every sect of priestcraft, every political faction, every social organization, even that of matrimony. What a harvest of woes have we reaped, and what dread evils are in reserve for us yet! The politicians and priests, the tools of the slave power of the South and the money gamblers of the North, divided the great masses of the people, who were, or at least ought to have been, friends and brothers, into two great armies. They set us to killing each other on a hundred battle-fields, to devastating our country.

Who can measure the evil of that war? who can count its cost, not in money, for to one who has a heart to feel for others' woes, money is trash, but the cost in rivers of blood, which flowed from bleeding hearts, and showers of tears, which fell from weeping eyes? Let the thousands and thousands of torn, mangled, bleeding wretches upon a hundred battle-fields, tell. Let the thousands of armless, blind, and legless men staggering, limping, crawling over the country, tell. Let the thousands of widows and orphans whose piteous cry mourning over their buried hopes, is as piercing as the mournful sigh of winter winds mourning over the dead year, tell. The wrath of man shall praise me, and the remainder of wrath will I restrain.



The slave power of the South said, Cotton is king, I will rule this continent, and that institution as a political power is dead forever. The bondautocracy of the North have said, Gold is king, and we will rule this continent. The knell of its doom has been sounded, and it will perish forever. And with it will die that vast political power which has made the masses of the people of this country, as it has done in every other, pack-mules of debt and taxation, and that huge ecclesiastical despotism which sits like a nightmare upon the souls of men. Does anybody believe that the democracy of America, which was born fighting against taxation, could be educated (precocious as Americans are) in seven years to bear a public debt and endure a system of taxation as oppressive and unbearable as that of Russia? Does anybody believe that a people born free could be educated in seven years to endure a system of tyranny as proscriptive and intolerant as that of Russia? Does any one who is not a crazy fanatic or an infidel without any belief, believe that American liberty, born of truth, can die?

American liberty is the daughter of Christianity; Christianity is divine, her child, liberty, is immortal, America is her home. Nor shall any power, whether it be priestcraft or political factions, slaveocracy or bondautocracy, be able to drive her hence. The Bible is the thunder of her authority, the human soul the lightning of her power. Already I see its lurid flashes across the sky. I hear in the distance muttering of the coming storm. The earth trembles in apprehension. When the day of judgment comes, what will become of a hireling priesthood, who have preached infidelity and hate instead of faith and charity, and taught the people to worship mammon instead of that God who made them, and in whose hands their breath is? What will become of political factions, who, in the name of freedom and humanity, have destroyed the liberties of the country, and built upon its ruins a tyranny as hateful as that of Russia, who in the name of equality have established an aristocracy, the meanest, the lowest, and most heartless, that ever robbed the labor of any people? a bondautocracy made up of commercial thieves, and financial gamblers, political liars, and tricksters, and preachers, who have prostituted the



sacred truths of Christianity to the vile uses of securing for themselves riches and power?

Woe unto you, politicians and preachers, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men, for ye neither go in yourselves nor suffer ye them that are entering to go in! Woe unto you, scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers, therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation! Woe unto ye, scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves! Woe unto ye, blind guides, which say, Whosoever shall swear by the temple, it is nothing; but whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple, he is a debtor. Or who say, Whosoever shall neglect the deeds of charity and mercy, it is nothing; but whosoever shall neglect to make money by robbing and plundering his fellow-men, and to spend it, building splendid temples, and hiring out the pews for one hundred, or five hundred, dollars for the benefit of the church, is a debtor. Ye fools and blind, for whether is greater the gold or the temple which sanctifieth the gold, or whether is greater the charity and benevolence which makes the Christian poor, or the avarice and cupidity which makes the bigoted churchmen rich. Woe unto ye, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites for ye pay tithes of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matter of the law, judgment, mercy and faith; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone, ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel! Woe unto ye, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess! Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside may be clean also. Woe unto ye, scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?

## THE FIFTH WITNESS.

I saw another witness.

He too had been a soldier and wore a blue uniform. And like the other soldier, he had no hands. They had been shot off in the war. He said he had been a soldier in the Federal army, a Union soldier. From his childhood he had been taught to look upon the American union of free States as the great bulwark of human freedom. Its wisdom, its broad and comprehensive notions of freedom and justice, secured liberty and happiness to its own people, and its power was a sure defense against the tyrannical governments of Europe.

Without ever having thought about how that Union had been formed, and what was the secret of its glory and power, I worshiped it as the noblest and the best thing in the world. I had been taught to believe that the freedom, happiness, and prosperity of this country, which was indeed the wonder of the age in which we live, all sprung from the union. Washington, Adams, Henry, Webster, Clay, Jackson, and indeed all the great and good men of the republic, had loved the Union, and enjoined it upon us as a last, solemn admonition, to frown down the first dawning of an attempt to separate one portion of the States from another. With these convictions, I entered the army as a Union soldier,—not an officer for pay, but a private, to fight for my country. To fight for the Union which I thought was necessary to save the liberties of this country, and perpetuate them. I fought for the Union and the Constitution. I fought for the States united in a great federal brotherhood. I fought for Congress, for the President, and for the Supreme Court.

Where are the Union and Constitution? broken up and destroyed. Destroyed, not by war, but by peace. Not by their enemies, but by their professed friends. The very States themselves blotted out, so that the Union

might be made an utter impossibility. Where is the Supreme Court? abolished, by legislative restrictions. Where is Congress? an infidel jacobin band of usurpers and tyrants. Where is the Presidency? surrendered to the jacobins by the weak-minded blatherskite who disgraces it. I loved the Twenty-second of February, the Eighth of January, indeed every thing connected with the birth and preservation of my country and its liberties. How ardently and fondly did I love the Fourth of July! I once drank from that silver cup delicious wine, the nectar of freedom. Its drops became wings to my soul. They did carry it away to realms of bliss. But now, though it hath more glare and polish, the stuff it holds is bitter to the taste, and brings on me a heavy sleep, an oppression like the nightmare. May tyrants use this pretty cup, with freedom writ on it, to give to man the bitter bane of slavery? How pale, how still, how icy cold! 'tis now but a poor piece of outcast clay. And will it speak to me no more, that voice whose soft sympathetic tones once soothed the anguish of my woe? And those ears, how listless now!

Once, when all others turned coldly from me, I had leave to tell them the sad story of my wrongs. And though you heed me not, I must yet whisper to those dumb ears the sorrow of this overwrought heart. Thus fondly do we cling to the form, even when the spirit which once animated it is gone.

The Fourth of July was once a beautiful day, because the spirit of liberty and truth animated it. And men do yet fondly cling to it, although the life principle, which once made it beautiful and lovely is gone.

Over eighteen hundred years ago there came to earth a divine Lawgiver, the Prince of the house of David. He gathered together, from the poor and obscure corners of the world, twelve disciples. One he saw sitting on the receipt of customs, and he said, Follow me. Another was a poor fisherman, and so on. He taught as one having authority, and spake as never man spake before. The philosophy of the world taught that the princes should hold dominion, and the great should exercise authority. But this divine lawgiver taught a new commandment:



Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever would be chief among you, let him be your servant. To make his doctrine impressive, he always added to his teaching the influence of his example. He girded himself with a towel, and washed his disciples' feet. For over seventeen hundred years this divine truth was cherished and exemplified by religious societies only. No one had yet dreamed of introducing it into the civil politics of a country, and making it the basis of a great political organization. But on the fourth day of July, 1776, there met in the New World a body of men who for probity, wisdom, and a firm belief in the truths of Christianity, were superior to any body of men who had ever assembled before, to determine the relation which subsists between man and his fellow-man.

These men were the Christian refugees from the religious persecutions of the old world, or the descendants of such. The constituency which they represented were pre-eminently a Christian people. They, too, were in a great measure the refugees from the intolerance of kingcraft and priestcraft in the old world. They put forth, for the first time in the history of the world, a declaration embodying the wonderful truths revealed to mankind by the great Prophet, whose mission it was to fulfill the law, and finish that plan of salvation for man which had been decreed in the counsels of eternity. They declared that man was morally accountable to his God alone, and politically amenable to no tribunal but that of justice; that each individual man derived from God, his Creator, and not from kings or aristocracies, or any other power whatever, the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that each and every man was entitled to the fruits of his own labor; and that nobody, whether it be a person or a political organization, had a right to infringe his rights of personal freedom, or to take from him the fruits of his labor, without his consent. They further declared, that those men among the people whom heaven had endowed with superior wisdom, and talent, and virtue, owed it to their fellow-men to serve them in whatever capacity the people might elect, for the general



welfare and common good ; that such public servants should be the only government known among the people, that they should derive all their power from the people, and should be amenable to the people for the proper use of such authority.

For the better defense and security of these great truths, a fundamental law was made, called a Constitution, by which certain specified and limited powers were delegated for a time to the public servants of the people, and all other exercise of power, for any purpose whatsoever, expressly and pointedly prohibited.

It was these principles of eternal justice which made the great democracy of America the wonder and admiration of the world. It was these divine truths which made it the beacon light to millions of human beings, who were drifting on the broken fragments of empires, upon the dark waves of political speculation. The toiling millions of the old world, who had drudged for centuries in hopeless despair, felt their hearts kindling with gladness when they saw this new light, and hailed it joyfully as a harbinger of good. With tears of joy in their eyes and rapture in their hearts, they saw springing up, like magic, a political society in which freedom did not mean license nor government tyranny. But above all did their wonder and admiration know no bounds, when they saw this people, weak in numbers and warlike preparations, held together by no arbitrary power, but by mutual expression of amity and friendship, and by acts of reciprocal justice, withstand for eight years, in the dread shock of battle, the greatest empire in the world. An empire whose armies were invincible in the field, and whose vast naval power had won for her the proud title of mistress of the seas.

Never before, in any age or among any people, did man enjoy a freedom so large, with such perfect security to life and property. Millions of the oppressed from every other nation, and country, and clime, came to enjoy the blessings of a country where the maxim of justice to all had secured to all safety, peace, and prosperity.

Another Fourth of July, memorable as the birthday of those truths which have secured to man such unheard-of

blessings, has just passed by. What wonderful changes did that day witness, in a country which once justly boasted that it was the land of the free and the home of the brave. It looked upon eight millions of people whose fathers' virtue had helped to make that day immortal, and whose truth had hallowed it by offering on its altars their lives and their fortunes, a nation of slaves. Their land desolated by the ravages of war; their cities pillaged and burnt; every valley and hill-top a cemetery for their dead; their mothers widows, and their children orphans. It looked upon old age, who, under the lead of the immortal hero of the hermitage, had met and driven back the proud invaders on the memorable Eighth of January, the last sons of their early manhood, the staff of their old age, stricken down with a groan of despair, blundering into their graves. It looked upon the descendants of Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, stripped of every political privilege, and robbed of every civil right, clanking their chains around the very graves of the greatest apostle of liberty and its ablest advocate. Ashes of the immortal dead, can you sleep, even in your graves, when such foul deeds as these desecrate your resting place? I thank God that only the dust of noble men belongs to the grave. Sparks of truth, which their souls cast off in their hours of holy inspiration, are stars in our political heavens, and they, like the fixed stars in the sky above, will—

Whilst endless ages roll along,  
Forever twinkle, twinkle on.

“Cæsar had his Brutus, and Charles the First his Cromwell,” still rings like a death-knell in the ears of usurpers and tyrants. And the Declaration of Independence will thrill the human soul as long as its aspirations shall be to be free. The spirit of John Adams and Patrick Henry made Lexington and Bunker's Hill immortal. That same spirit hallowed Manassah with its rivers of blood. That man cannot be found, I care not from what section of the country he comes, I care not of what sect of priestcraft he may be the dupe, or of what political faction he may be the tool,—I say, that

man cannot be found, who would have the hardihood to stand on the hallowed ground of Bunker Hill, and say that he shed his blood at Manassah to make Manassah what it is to-day,—a land of slaves. The insulted shade of Warren would rise up to rebuke him and choke his utterance.

That Fourth of July witnessed another spectacle—if possible—more startling still. On that day a convention of the great Democratic party—so called—assembled in the city of New York. They met in the name of the people, and for the ostensible purpose of selecting, as a candidate for the presidency, a man who believed in the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitution of the United States. In other words, to select a chief servant from among the great men of the nation, to labor for the people and to restore those truths of which liberty itself was born. Long before that convention met, the laboring people of the country, crushed to earth by the insupportable burdens of debt and taxation, had, through the public press and popular meetings, expressed their unqualified disapprobation of that gigantic moneyed power which had destroyed the liberties of the country and converted the government, which our fathers had made a servant to serve the people, into a great engine of oppression and tyranny. Not only did this feeling of dissatisfaction exist among the working men who belonged to this political faction, but it had become widespread and universal. For every man who gets his living by the sweat of his brow, no matter what his political prejudices had been, saw the fruits of his labor eaten up by a foul, bloated, drunken, licentious, moneyed aristocracy.

Long before that convention met, another convention had met in the city of New York. It was composed of the commercial and financial gamblers, the goose-quill and yard-stick nobility, with their hireling tools, the New York politicians. It was determined in this convention that the purpose of the people to restore the great truths upon which the American Democracy was founded, and with these truths the freedom, prosperity, and happiness of all the people must be thwarted. For this purpose

a political journal—the *New York World*—was purchased, and men belonging to another political faction hired to conduct it in the interest of this infamous conspiracy. The chief of this damning plot against the people was ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, a politician who, with the exception of William H. Seward, is the most thorough master of all those arts of fraud and chicanery which have made the politics of this country infamous. This new paper was sent out by the conspirators to feel the public sentiment of the country, to find out whether the masses of the people were servile enough to accept its infamous policy. As the people did not believe in the sentiments of this paper, nobody subscribed for it,—yes, the money aristocracy in the North, mighty in power but weak in number, took it; and a few chicken-livered original secessionists in the South took it. These latter had advocated secession and war as a matter of policy. They wanted a new government, of which they might be the aristocracy or the political masters. But to the people at large this thing was wholly repugnant.

But the public press, which is universally under the immediate control and supervision of the bondautocracy and the politicians, driven by the pressure of political sentiment, exposed this fraud, and held its authors up to the indignation of the country. And Governor Seymour especially—the head of this monster, the brains which produced it and controlled it—was denounced, as he justly deserved to be, in most unmeasured terms. Nettled by the insolence of their slaves, who had submitted so long and so patiently to their usurpations and oppression, the bondautocracy determined to administer to them a sharp rebuke. They at once invoked the aid of that idol whom they worship, and in whom they believe,—mammon. They knew full well what power that god has over the minds and hearts of a people who believe in Pharisaism and priestcraft. Among idols, mammon is the great god, and among a people who worship idols, mammon always has supreme power.

But even mammon had over-estimated his strength. So long and absolutely had he ruled this country, that



he thought he might dispense with those tricks which he first used to establish his power. He persuaded himself that he was Cæsar and had authority to issue decrees. He did issue this decree: To you it is commanded, O, people of the United States, to worship the golden idol, and whosoever refuses to worship this god, or to obey that power which he has established to rule over this country, the bondautocracy, with their tools, the priests and politicians, shall be destroyed. If any political party shall dare, in the name of the people, my slaves, to disobey this decree, they shall be cast into that desert where there is no spoils and plunder—no fat jobs and rich contracts—no public cribs to rob, and no slaves to work for them. The curse shall be on them which is on the people, to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, and half of that bread even will I take from them as I have taken it from the masses of the people, and give it to my servants, the bondautocracy, the priests and the politicians. To carry out this decree, my faithful servants, the New York bondautocracy, have already raised a mighty army—two hundred millions of dollars. Let the people of the North remember that it was this army which crushed the rebellion in the South and made slaves out of their white brothers there, and take warning lest a similar fate overtake them.

Signed, First imperial decree ever issued in the United States—so called—by

MAMMON,

For six thousand years the great destroyer of the liberties and happiness of mankind.

The masses of the people, oppressed with unsupportable burdens of debt and taxation, and many of them pinched by beggary and want, were startled by the impudent mandate of this usurper and tyrant. In thunder tones of defiance they answered this insolent threat. The flash of their indignation passed on the wall, like the hand-write at the impious feast of Belshazzar, and the bondautocracy read in it their doom. For a moment they turned pale and trembled. But a little more wine, and the drunken revelry goes on. Hath not this our Babylon,

they say, mighty walls of defense? Hath it not, too, impregnable bulwarks at every point?

There is the great ecclesiastical hierarchy, with its ramparts of superstition guarded by our hireling priests; there, too, are the great political factions with their citadels of prejudice, from which our faithful sentinels, the politicians, can hurl at our enemies, the people, the slings and arrows of deceit, trickery, fraud and falsehood. There, too, are the great manufacturing, financial, and commercial corporations, which hold in their hands the bread of millions of slaves, and have power to lash them with the cat-o'-nine-tails of want and beggary, if they dare to revolt. And there, too, is that mighty river Euphrates,—the great national bank,—which the armies of the people cannot cross. We will worship the great god, mammon, who hath given us this power. We will use, too, those holy things which have been consecrated to truth and to liberty, the Fourth of July, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and even those temples which, with all their holy sacraments, have been dedicated to the God of the universe. We'll drink, we'll revel, we'll sleep. Sleep of the doomed, who shall awake thee? Hark, the Persians are at thy gates, not to wake thy deep sleep, but to make that sleep perpetual!

Had the bondautocracy been wise, they would not have provoked the spirit of resistance which they saw so clearly manifested. The people won't be driven to subscribe to these monstrous usurpations. Then they must be cheated into it. Mammon changes his base of operation and his whole plan of campaign. It won't do to fight it out on that line. In the open field he can't meet truth. He will bushwhack, and lay in ambush. He will even put on the uniform of his enemy. How often is the livery of heaven used to serve the devil in! Belmont, Seymour's tool, takes charge of the New York delegation to the convention.

As soon as the convention meets, he takes charge of some other delegates, enough with those from New York to defeat, by the two-thirds rule, any other man before the convention. He makes a speech, and talks wisely. Gov-

ernor Seymour, too, makes a speech, and, very much against his personal feelings and real political sentiments, as repeatedly expressed before that time, he talks harshly about the robberies and oppressions of the bondautocracy. Governor Seymour, whose birth and education, and whole political life, had been identified with this money-power, now abusing its wrongs! Governor Seymour, the author of the conspiracy to sell out the democratic party to money-gamblers, making a speech against the bondautocracy!

There surely must be something wrong about this. Has he no sinister motive? Is this late conversion so unexpected, honest and sincere? Does anybody believe him? Can anybody trust him? Did not Salmon P. Chase, the vilest of the whole negro-worshiping crew, and the most ultra of the radical conspirators, turn suddenly and unexpectedly against them, just as soon as he found out that he would not be their candidate for the presidency. Is there a sane man in the whole country who believes that Chase was actuated by honest motives in making this change? Is it not patent to every man, not utterly devoid of common sense and common honesty, that this political trickster turned that summerset for the sole purpose of getting the nomination of the New York convention?

Exactly similar was the conduct of Governor Seymour. Well, maybe we judge him harshly, maybe he is an honest man, if it is not a contradiction in terms to call a New York politician an honest man. Honest men have some modesty, some sense of decency and propriety. If he is honest and sincere he will use the New York delegation, and others which he and Belmont hold in their hands, to secure the nomination of some prominent man, who was not his preference, and who has been a consistent advocate of those political notions which Governor Seymour has opposed all his life up to this very hour. He does no such thing. But, on the contrary, he uses his hireling tools to defeat the nomination of any man who would likely honestly entertain these principles, and be acceptable to the rank and file of his party.

He does worse than this. In order to frighten the



convention into a willingness to accept him, the only prominent man in the party who was distinctly and certainly identified with the bondautocracy, he holds over their heads, as a terrorism, the name of S. P. Chase, a man who did not and does not entertain one single political principle in unison with those professed by the democratic party. A politician so lost to all sense of shame, that he prostituted to the use of a faction of usurpers and madmen the highest judgment seat of his country, and thus sullied with dishonor the ermine once worn by John Marshall.

The trick succeeded, and Seymour was nominated. Had the members of that convention been honest and upright men, actuated by the highest motives of patriotism and virtue, as were their fathers who met on the Fourth day of July, 1776, they would have driven from their midst Seymour and Belmont and their hirelings. They would have appealed to the people, and the overworked and over-taxed millions, without regard to their former party predilections, who have seen the fruits of their industry year after year eaten by a greedy and debauched aristocracy, would have responded in tones of thunder, which would have shaken not only the tyrannical corporations of this country, but the despoticisms of the world. But as they were only a band of political gamblers, whose only idea of patriotism is to get the power in their hands, in order that they may have the plunder, they submitted to the insolent dictation of that moneyed tyrant who rules the country with a rod of iron.

Thus is the anomalous spectacle exhibited to the world, of a little band of politicians, perhaps not over a hundred, and maybe not over a dozen, representing the money power of this country, dictating to thirty-five millions of people, professing to be free, who shall be their president and ruler. Everybody who has kept himself at all familiar with the political sentiments of the country knows that General Grant was not the choice of one man out of ten in the ranks of the republican party; but that Stewart of New York, the prince of the yard-stick nobility, and three or four lords of the goose-



quill, commanded the republican politicians to take him and force him on their party, and the politicians dared not disobey.

Equally well does everybody know that Governor Seymour was not the choice of one man out of a hundred among the democratic masses. But Seymour and Belmont, the representatives of another branch of the aristocratic family, ordered the New York convention to accept Governor Seymour, and that convention dared not disobey the insulting mandate. Thus has it been determined, long before the wretched farce of an election comes on, who is to be the President of the United States.

Was ever such a spectacle exhibited to the world before? Thirty-five millions of people professing to be free, whose fathers were free, and upright, and noble, reduced to such abject slavery, that they no longer have left even the poor privilege of choosing their own masters! The chiefs of the yard-stick and goose-quill nobility, the most successful commercial and financial gamblers of the country, living in the city of New York, who, years ago, out of fear of the beggared and starved masses in their own city, sold out the freedom of that city to Albany politicians, have just purchased from two political conventions the rights and liberties of thirty-five millions of people.

Am I mad, or are my countrymen mad, who suffer such crimes as these to go unpunished? Some time ago a friend asked me who would be the nominees of the two conventions about to meet. I told him I thought Jeff Davis would be the nominee of the friends of freedom and humanity, and Beast Butler the choice of the friends of constitutional liberty. He expressed some surprise, and asked me what I meant. I answered that the radicals, by their unblushing acts of tyranny, had lost the confidence of the people of the North, and would have to depend in a great measure upon the Southern States, so called, and that it would be a wise measure of expediency to select a distinguished and popular statesman from that section; and that inasmuch as the democracy is made up of the masses, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, and live hard generally to accom-

moderate the bondautocracy, they might easily be persuaded to vote for a man who had it in his power to furnish each family with a set of silver spoons. It did not occur to me then, that the power of the bondautocracy was so absolute, that they might so entirely disregard the wishes of the people as to refuse to offer them some petty trifle as a token of regard for their menial subserviency. Somebody says Seymour stands on the platform. So he does, and he stands on the democratic party, too. He rides it as every man would ride his mule. Shall the mule choose the road, or the man that rides the mule? Has not the man already bridled the mule, and got on its back? Didn't he spur the mule into his road at the very starting point? If there is anybody who has any faith in the platform or promises of political factions nowadays, I must pronounce such an one an incorrigible partisan. If there is anybody who could trust the promises of a political convention, which at its first meeting sold out its own honor and the liberties of the people it represented, the authorities ought to know it, and appoint a guardian to take care of him.

Why, even the Constitution, with its sacred memories and revered truths, the Constitution under whose benign influence we have reaped so many harvests of freedom, of prosperity and happiness, has been openly and professedly rejected and trampled on by the political faction now in power. If a thing made for holy uses, and imbued with the highest wisdom and truth, is not spared by the sacrilegious hands of these political factions, what would a thing be worth which was made expressly to cheat the people and defraud them of their liberties?

There are thousands of good men to-day weeping over the ruins of their country's liberties. They have despaired of being free. They have come to the conclusion, against their wishes, it may be, that people are not capable of self-government. They are beginning to believe that we will be forced, as all other democracies have been, to take refuge from anarchy in despotism. The willingness that people have shown to be slaves; the readiness with which they have sanctioned every act of fraud, oppression, and crime perpetrated by the usurpers

at Washington; the applause of the people, when the usurpers publicly boasted that they had ignored the Constitution and disregarded its restrictions upon their power; all these things, and many others which might be mentioned, have shaken the confidence of many good men in the virtue and honesty of the people, and in their capacity for self-government.

The political factions, priestcraft, and the bondautocracy, watching these signs of weakness and degradation among the people, are already plotting the overthrow of our democratic form of government, and the establishment of a monarchy and aristocracy on its ruins. But these powers are making false calculations. These hopes are delusive; their infernal machinations will be defeated; their infamous purposes to destroy their country's liberty will be thwarted, and they themselves will perish. This country was dedicated to Liberty, and it will be free forever! The genius of Christianity planted it here, she nursed its infancy, she delivered its youth from the power of European tyranny, she guided it to a glorious manhood,—will she desert it now? never, never! She will lead it to nobler triumphs than it has ever yet achieved. Guided by her wisdom and truth, it will go forth to destroy those mimic powers of tyranny which hamper its manhood.

Political factions which have sold the liberties of the people must die. A hireling priestcraft, which has, in the name of Christianity, taught every falsehood the devil could invent to hide the truth, to debauch the public morals, to debase the human soul, and dishonor God, must die. A moneyed aristocracy which has robbed labor of its hire, defrauded the innocent and unsuspecting, trampled the weak under its feet, and starved the poor, must die. The bondautocracy, priestcraft, and politicians have forgotten that there is such a thing as the human soul. They have forgotten that there is such a thing as the Word of God. They have forgotten that when that Word breathes its breath upon the human soul, that soul is set on fire, and burns up all the chaff and stubble in the world. Everything will perish in its flames but the truth. The truth, like refined gold, will come out brighter and purer than ever.



The worshipers of mammon, politicians, priests, and bondautocrats, have made the issue, let them abide the consequences. They have divided society into classes by usurpation and frauds, they have seized the power of government, they have used it for years to promote their own interest and welfare, disregarding entirely the happiness of the people at large. They have made war upon labor, and robbed it of its hire. They have made wealth the mark of respectability and the measure of merit. By this law three-fourths of the people, whom they have plundered and made poor, are stripped of that influence which they would have in society, if wisdom, and virtue, and truth were the measure of merit instead of money.

Finally, in order to perpetuate their unrighteous rule, and to make the degradation and slavery of the people eternal, they have made the powers of the government absolute, and denounced as traitors and rebels everybody who dares to resist their usurpations and oppose the wrongs and oppressions which they are inflicting on the people. So insolent and domineering have they become, that they have dared, even in the halls of the national legislature, to stigmatize the laboring people of this country as *poor white trash*. They have come to the conclusion that by means of the half-civilized negro, governed by the carpet-bag spies and military satraps, they can get along without the white man. The common people of this country have so long been the dupes of a hireling priestcraft, and the tools of political scoundrels, that their masters have learned to despise them. Because the people at large are not educated in the trickeries and frauds of a vicious system of politics, falsely called statesmanship; because they are not learned in the ten thousand quibbles and quiddities, absurd, contradictory and unmeaning arbitrary rules, falsely called law; because they don't understand (and nobody else does) the thousand devices of priestcraft, cunningly devised words of human wisdom, invented to make the human soul even the slave of human power; I say, because of this apparent ignorance of the people, their masters have learned to despise them, and treat them with utter contempt.



But thank God mankind is no longer dependent upon the philosophy of this world, so called, for wisdom. I thank God we have direct from heaven a message delivered by the Prince of Heaven himself, which is wisdom, and knowledge, and virtue. Not that wisdom which enables a few men to make slaves out of their fellow-men, to rob and plunder and oppress them, but that wisdom which gives prosperity, and happiness, and freedom, to all. The Great Lawgiver said, "If I make you free, you will be free indeed." It offers its wisdom not only to the wise, but the simple also, not only to the strong, but to the weak, also, ay, the wayfaring man, though a fool, may read and understand. Its mission is divine, its power is omnipotent. Its promises are the promises of him who cannot lie. His word shall stand when the heavens shall flee away, and the stars will wander, darkling, in the eternal space. It comes with no false theories, no specious promises, no morbid and sickly philanthropy. It does not come to man like the priests and politicians, and tell him that he must believe that all men are equal in order that he may be free. It does not tell him he must believe woman is equal to man, and entitled to equal authority with him in order he may be free. It does not tell man that he is free simply because he has the nominal privilege of voting, no matter what his condition may be. It does not tell man that he must degrade his own being, and mar the beauty of his own race, by mingling his blood with that of the half civilized and servile negro, in order that he may be free.

No, no; Christianity has no need of these cunningly devised words of human wisdom. She invents no such pretty lies to deceive man. She tells him stern, hard truths, and by these truths only can man be free and happy. She tells him that the Creator, of his own will and pleasure, has made all things unequal. The Creator himself is above all, and all things are unequal to him. The angels in heaven are unequal. In the whole world two men cannot be found who are exactly, and in every particular, equal. The moon is unequal to the sun. The stars are of different sizes, of different degrees of brightness, and consequently unequal. The different animals

are unequal. The trees, the flowers, the groves, the birds, the fishes, are unequal. And yet this barefaced lie, contradicted by everything in nature, contradicted by the reason and common sense of the weakest and most ignorant of mankind, has been accepted by learned, so called, priests and politicians, and incorporated as a fundamental principle in their philosophy. Such is the palpable ignorance of infidelity, even when aided by all the learning and philosophy of this world. It accepts, as truth, falsehoods so glaring that they do not impose upon children or even upon fools.

Christianity teaches that God made woman to serve and obey man. This is the foundation on which society itself rests. Destroy it, and there is an end to social order. Society itself can't live a day. Destroy this truth, and you at once divide every house in the land; you throw a fire-brand into every family; you make two out of those whom God has joined together and made one. Christianity teaches that God has made the different races of mankind unequal; common-sense teaches this, as does the history of the world for six thousand years. Not only is it contrary to Christianity, but to all the higher and better instincts of nature itself, for man to mingle his blood with that of an inferior race.

Look around you and see who commits this crime, and you will see that it is only such as have become brutalized and debauched. It is only those whose moral natures are utterly depraved, and who have given themselves up to the lusts of the flesh. Look, too, at the moral, political, and social degradation of those people who have made this horrible crime a national practice. Look at Mexico, a mongrel muck of whites, negroes and Indians. She has been, and is to-day, a boiling cauldron of revolutions. Anarchy instead of law, war instead of peace, desolation and ruin instead of prosperity. Yet, notwithstanding these truths do stare them right in the face, the priests and politicians, the masters of the people, are trying to force on them this crime against nature and God, with all its interminable train of evils.

It is for the purpose of making man free and happy that these lies are told. Don't these priests and politi-

cians know that they are lying? Don't they know that, as long as they can make man the slave of lust and passion, that they can be his masters? O, yes, let them once succeed in making a cross between the poor white trash and the negro, and they will have a race of slaves as tame as they desire. Will they succeed? Never, never. The time for priests and politicians to rule the world has passed away. Christianity has come into the world, to give light to every man. The cloud of ignorance which hung over the world for thousands of years, hiding its crimes and follies, has passed away.

The Bible, with its divine truths, is in the hands of every man. These truths are so simple, that a wayfarer, though a fool, can understand them. It tells man that God is his father, and that he must love him with all his heart, mind, soul and strength; that his fellow-man is his brother, and that he must love him as himself. It forbids man, by all the terrors of eternal punishment, to use the superior wisdom and power, which God has given him, to wrong and oppress his fellow-man. It commands the wise and the great not to be the masters of their fellow-men, but their servants. It commands the strong to lift up the weak and protect them. It forbids the laborer to be robbed of his hire. It commands woman to serve and obey her husband. It commands man to love, and cherish, and protect woman; to shield her beauty, to guard her innocence, and defend her virtue; to make her home the abode of comfort and happiness. How richly will he be rewarded. Her smiles will be as beautiful to him as the sunshine, and her words as soft as the dews of heaven.

The lies which the priests and politicians have taught the people must die, and all the wicked and oppressive institutions which have been built up on these falsehoods must perish. The people have the power in their own hands to destroy them. Let them go to work. Let them use the ballot, which was put into their hands by their masters to amuse them whilst they robbed them, to destroy all these wrongs and oppressions. Let them teach their masters, the priests and politicians, that they can get along without them, and their false systems and



creeds. Let them strike down, at one blow, all these despotic institutions which have been built upon the ruins of their rights, their liberty, and their happiness.

The people of this country have got on the wrong road. They have been traveling it for a long time. The devil has been traveling along close behind them. He has seized every hill-top, and fortified it. On one hill stands the political factions, with all their power over the prejudices and passions of mankind. Innumerable other points have been seized and fortified by the numberless sects and creeds of priestcraft. But the great city of his power, Babylon, around which he has built fortifications which seem impregnable, is the vast monied aristocracy. The railroad corporations, the manufacturing corporations, the commercial corporations, stand like so many formidable bulwarks around it. And then that mighty river Euphrates, the great national banks, pours its floods of currency like a deep stream around it.

But notwithstanding all these formidable obstructions in their way, the people must, and will, go back to the road of truth. Only there can they find peace and prosperity; only there can they find freedom and happiness. They must turn away from those blind guides whom they have been following so long. They must take the matter in their own hands. For years and years the politicians and priests have been promising reform. This political faction and that, this sect of priestcraft and that, has invented from time some specific for their moral and political ills. Every ism which the devil could suggest has been tried. Almost as many panaceas to heal the political evils which curse this country have been invented as the quack nostrums to cure its physical maladies.

The venders of these religious and political pills have advertised them with the same impudent assurance and unblushing falsehoods with which these quacks have advertised their vegetable and mineral poisons. The people have swallowed both with a surprising credulity. The result has been the same in both cases. The victims of medical quackery have been hurried to their graves, and the victims of the moral and political quacks have



been hurried to moral degradation and political death. The venders of these poisons only have profited by it. They have got rich, and great, and powerful. Poor, miserable slaves, they have spent all their money, all the fruits of their labor; all these they have given to their doctors, the priests and politicians, to make them free, and prosperous, and happy, but instead of these blessings, their doctors have brought on them the nightmare of debt and taxation, the sharp pangs of tyranny, and fearful apprehensions of the terrible spasms of anarchy. Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Temperance and sobriety will cure our bodily ails. Judgment and justice will cure our moral, social, and political ills. Let those who have deceived the people, those who have sold their liberties and rights to the moneyed tyrants, and those who have bartered their souls to the devil, be brought to speedy and condign punishment.

The last Fourth of July witnessed another spectacle equally humiliating and insulting to the masses of the people of this country. There was assembled in New York city, on that day, a convention representing the working people of this country. Such a convention ought to represent five-sixths of the people. It was supposed that in this democratic country, so called, that some deference would be paid to the wishes of such a body, and some respects to their wants; especially was this looked for from a political organization which depended almost exclusively upon their votes for success.

And yet they were taken no more notice of than if they had not been there. They set there like the poor boy at a frolic waiting to see if some crumbs might not fall to their share after the politicians and bondautocrats had feasted themselves to their fill. But they waited in vain. The politicians prepared the table, set at the head of it a representative man of the aristocracy, eat up the good things and cleared off the table, without so much as calling in their slaves, the working men, to pick the bones and eat up the crumbs. Did ever the owners of negro slaves in the South so far forget not only right and justice, but all the better feelings of humanity, and

even the proprieties of hospitality? And yet that convention, representing the great masses of the people, submitted to this indignity without a murmur, and endured this wrong, this foul wrong, without protest. Can a people so menial and subservient be surprised to see their masters laying plans to complete their degradation, and to make it perpetual?

The Fourth of July is gone, and the millions of people of the United States, so called, of the great American democracy, so called, who looked to it for some bold outspoken reform which would bring them relief from their intolerable burdens of oppression, are disappointed. The mechanics of every class, the laboring men of every condition, the farming portion of the people, constituting in all five-sixths of the people of this country, who work hard all the year round, and live hard to pay their taxes, have been as utterly ignored as if there were no such beings in existence. The politicians met, and, as if they had the absolute right of ownership, sold them out to the money-gamblers.

The public press too, which the people support at an enormous expense to take care of their rights and liberties, has sanctioned the infamous fraud. Even that portion of the press which had warned the people of this monstrous conspiracy to perpetuate their slavery, has joined the conspirators, and shouts as lustily for them, as if they were honest men, and patriots. Even the editor of the *La Crosse Democrat*, whom the people sustained so nobly when he had the courage to defend them against the bondautocracy, has deserted their cause. Brick Pomeroy, who exposed so ably the plot to sell out the labor of the country to capital, who held up to the scorn of all honest men the plot of the New York money-gamblers to buy the people from the democratic convention; who denounced Governor Seymour as the head and brains of this infamous plot, has accepted this accomplished political gambler as a person fit to be the President of the United States. The people supported Pomeroy, because they believed he was honest in his professions of friendship for them. Their generous support has made him rich, and how hardly can a rich man be a patriot.

I repeat it, in this money-worshipping age and country, where mammon is everybody's god, and rules every political, social, and religious organization, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than it is for a rich man to be a patriot. Pomeroy, who boasts of his hundreds of thousands of subscribers, men who took his paper because it claimed to be the unflinching advocate of the rights of labor against the oppressions and wrongs of the great moneyed monopolies, and is to-day urging these hundreds of thousands of men to support Governor Seymour, whose great talents, drilled in all the arts of chicanery which characterize the politics of this age, fit him better than any other politician in America, to perpetuate that governmental policy which has already reduced nine-tenths of the people to the condition of abject slaves to the great money-gamblers.

Grant, the confessed tool of the yard-stick and goose-quill nobility, is an acknowledged ass, and, led around by small politicians like Washburne, would soon be recognized, both by his ears and his braying. The bondautocracy would have absolute control over him, and the whole machinery of the government would be kept at work for the exclusive benefit of his masters. The intolerable burdens of debt and taxation which would in a few years be forced on the people would drive them to open and determined resistance. But Seymour an astute politician, would modify these evils so that the people would not feel them so heavily. He would reduce their burdens, so as to persuade them to bear them. He would sweeten the bitter cup of this servitude with reforms and promises. The reforms would indeed be only specious, only so in appearance, and the promises shallow and false.

What is the use, for instance, to tax the bonds, when the political faction called the government are the tools of the bondautocracy? The bondautocracy would buy your legislatures, both State and National, as they have done heretofore, to pass laws to rob the laboring people out of more money than the taxes levied on their bonds. And what are promises worth from a man whose actions during his whole life have been opposed to the promises which he now makes?



What are promises worth from a man whose opinions, expressed only a few months ago, were in direct contradiction to the promises which he now makes? S. P. Chase, who is heart and soul with the radical faction, including their negro equality and bondautocratic rule, was willing to make promises to the people and accept the Democratic platform. Andy Johnson, Bill Seward's weathercock, who hasn't got mind enough to have any policy, was ready to accept any platform, and make any promises, to get a hundred thousand dollars for occupying the White House as a tenant for the next four years. And let me ask, is there a man among the prominent politicians of this country, who would hesitate to make any false promises, or to tell any number of lies, in order to get into his hands the great power and patronage which has been of late years exercised by the President, or even for the poor privilege of being what Andy Johnson has been, a mere puppet President?

I fought too, for the stars and stripes. In twenty-five battles I carried it aloft. When I lost my right arm, I carried it with my left. That flag, which I loved and honored as the Labarum of liberty, has become the ensign of despotism. On its folds are written, not union and liberty, but conquest, subjugation, empire, power. Not only are the people of the South slaves, but the whole body of working people in this country. A Union soldier carried the old flag, with union and liberty writ on it, through the whole South not along ago. Everywhere among the rebels its authority was recognized and respected. But when it reached the national capital, it had to be folded up and laid away.

Yes, for this flag I fought for four years, gave both of my arms for it, and yet this day there is a power in possession of the national capital which forbids it to wave there. The jacobin usurpers who have seized the government, and made it a great consolidated despotism, have run up another flag. It bears some resemblance to the old flag, but it is not the same; some of the stars are black negro stars, instead of the white silver stars which were there before. And instead of union and liberty, consolidation and tyranny are written on its folds.



A tree is good or bad according to the fruits it bears, and so is everything else. When the starry banner was the symbol of union and liberty, I loved it. As a proof of that love, look at these scars, look at these stumps of arms without hands. Now that it has become the symbol of despotism, I hate it. Proud banner, since thou hast betrayed the cause of liberty and truth, is it not fit that the tongue which was ever loudest in thy praise, should speak thy curse and tell thy doom.

#### THE STARRY BANNER.

Starry banner, wave on high,  
Victory brightens every fold;  
Justice, truth, contempt, defy,  
Like the Roman flag of old.

Stretch thy folds across the earth,  
Empire! let thy motto be.  
Scorn the the that gave thee birth,  
Magic word—'twas Liberty.

Liberty, great central orb,  
Like the heliocentric sun,  
Made to light, but not absorb,  
Myriad stars that round thee burn.

Lo! no marshaled host above,  
Armed with burnished shield and spear;  
But the wondrous power of love,  
Holds each star within its sphere.

And whilst e'er that sun shall beam  
Warm with love, with truth so bright,  
Cheering, with his smiling gleam,  
Travelers through the realms of night,

Starry voyagers on the deep,  
Distant azure, ether sea,  
Steady on their course will keep  
On as long as time shall be.

Once put out thy genial ray,  
Light and life of worlds on high,  
Darkness, who'll dispute thy sway,  
Monarch of the earth and sky?

Wild chaotic storms will blow,  
Rolling hideous waves of night;  
Night on night in endless flow,  
Darkening every gleam of light.

Save the flash of a shooting star  
Bursting from its heavenly home;  
Shaking with convulsive jar  
Empyrean's highest dome.

Thus proud 'twill be with thee,  
Haughty as thy boast may be,  
When thy stars no more shall see  
The glorious sun of Liberty.

Power's splendid dazzling gleam  
Cross thy azure field may throw  
Glory's fleeting transient dream;  
But, proud banner, thou must know

Brighter glory never shone,  
Dazzling with its splendid glare,  
Than from Cæsar's haughty throne  
Made the trembling nations stare.

Hark! d'you hear that wild storm wail,—  
Bursting storm of Gothic ire;  
Rome, I see thy glory pale  
In its gleams of Vandal fire.

Whither now's thine empire fled,  
Mistress of a conquered world?  
'Neath the rude barbarian's tread,  
In the dust thy banner's furled.

Glory's but the lightning's flash  
Gleaming from an angry sky;  
Sent to guide the thunder crash,  
To the doomed of earth to die.

## THE SIXTH WITNESS.

HE, too, was a soldier ; he wore a blue uniform, and, like the other too, had lost both of his arms.

He said : Before the war, I had been an abolitionist. I had never stopped to inquire whether slavery was a paying institution or not. I was not in the habit of estimating things—moral questions at least—by their relations to gold. I could not even admit, in defense of slavery, the fact that the institution had been established by God himself, and that it had existed in every age of the world. Nor was it sufficient, in my estimation, to show (and this nobody could deny) that the Constitution of the United States recognized slavery and protected it. Our fathers were good men, and the government they founded was the best the world ever saw. Taking it as it was, slavery and all, it was better than any existing government, or any government which had ever existed in the world.

My religion is a belief, not in the perfectibility of human good, but in its progressiveness. The fact that we had organized a better government than anybody else, any other age or nation, was to my mind conclusive proof of this proposition. Before the revolution by which we established our independence of England, we looked upon her government as the model of excellence. But when we made our own government, not only we, but the world, looked upon it as a better one than that of England. At the time of the revolution, the English government was better than it had been one hundred or even fifty years before. Indeed, the governments of Europe for hundreds of years had been gradually improving. Internal convulsions, working great moral, social, and political changes, were to all heathen nations signs of decay and death, but in our own age they are milestones to mark the onward march of nations to freedom and happiness.

In the empires of Greece and Rome, and other heathen nations, civil wars were the symptoms of that political disease which resulted in their death. Modern nations, on the contrary, can all point to these great moral upheavings as epochs in their history which mark the birth of some magna charta, declaration of independence, or other clear and comprehensive recognition of man's rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Whence comes this remarkable difference between ancient and modern times? What great conservative law is that which preserves the life of a nation when it is jerked and torn to pieces by the spasms of revolution? What mysterious power is that which follows the desolating track of war, sprinkles healing water on it, and bids a new and more beautiful life spring out of the ashes of its ruins? War, the servile minister of revenge and hate, the menial tool of despots and tyrants, to break and destroy, to plunder and oppress, what invincible hand has chained thy mad spirit, and makes it serve the ends of justice, of liberty, and enduring peace?

All the wisdom of worldly philosophy can't answer these questions. But a voice comes from heaven (whence only knowledge and wisdom can come) which says, The wrath of man shall praise me, and the remainder of wrath will I restrain. All things shall work together for good to them who love God. The word of God only can answer these questions. Over eighteen hundred years ago the Messiah's kingdom was established in the earth. The Prince of the house of David was appointed to subdue the earth unto himself, and to reign over it forever. The promise of the Father was (and he cannot lie), I will give thee the heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession. How was this kingdom to be established? First by subduing the hearts of men unto God, and then by destroying all these institutions of oppression and wrong, which the world, the flesh, and the devil have set up. By sin man did fall from the favor of God; he lost his power to do good; he lost his freedom of action. Christ came to restore that power, to break the power of the devil, and make man free. He says, himself, If I make you free,



then will you be free indeed. How will he make man free? By constraint? surely not. Man must choose this freedom. It must be a voluntary act of his own will. How then will Christ subdue the world unto himself? How will he make man a child of God, and a brother of the Son of God? How will he make man free and happy without constraining him? By convincing him of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come.

The progress of eighteen hundred years has gathered together a mass of facts sufficient to satisfy any honest and candid mind that both our personal freedom and happiness, and our freedom and happiness as a nation, depends entirely upon our knowledge of Christianity and our acceptance of its laws.

If we will look at the history of nations for eighteen hundred years, you will see that they have been free, and prosperous, and happy, just in proportion to the extent to which they accepted the Bible and its truth as their religion. I would further say that the religion of a people, together with their freedom and their happiness, has been in inverse proportion to the power and influence of that ecclesiastical despotism called the church.

I repeat it, wherever the human soul has broken the shackles of priestcraft, there man has been free and happy. And by priestcraft I mean not only popery and protestantism, but every corporate body which claims the right to control the consciences of men. By priestcraft I mean every system of morals which man has built up to cheat and deceive his fellow-man. The Bible is the only true system of religion in the world. And no man, nor body of men, has a right to substitute for the Bible their own commandments. Popery is a trick of the man, and so is Methodism, Presbyterianism, and every other sect and creed in the world. The Bible is in itself, and of itself, the beginning and the end. It is perfect and complete. Nobody has a right to add to it, to subtract from it, or to substitute anything else for it. The Bible comes to each individual man as the word of God, and speaks directly to him. Man wants no priest; he has a High-Priest, even Christ. He, too, will be his prophet. He wants no king, no ruler, for the Prince of

the house of David will be his king, to reign in him and to rule over him ; to subdue all his desires and affections unto himself. When man accepts this truth he will be free. God will be his father, and his fellow-man his brother. Love, and not power, will rule the world.

This is the promise of Christianity to mankind. This is her mission in the world. This is her glorious destiny. Whenever mankind shall be convinced of this truth, whenever they shall be willing to accept it, then will all of its precious promises be theirs. Christ can't force it on them. He could have done that eighteen hundred years ago. Know ye not that I could call to my Father and he would presently send me twelve legions of angels ? But how then would the scriptures be fulfilled ? How would the great plan of salvation devised in the counsels of eternity be carried out ? God did not create man like a clock, to work by wheels a certain way ; he did not, and does not now, want his forced obedience. He could easily have made man like he did the brute creation or the vegetable kingdom, or the celestial world,—to be passive, to act only as he is acted on ; to move only under the impulse of some positive force called law. When he made man, he wanted him to be an intelligent being, with power and liberty to choose good or evil. He wanted beings who would serve and honor him from choice, and not from necessity.

A man don't govern his child like he does a saw-mill. The latter he drives by the power of water or steam, the former he leads by the constraints of love. It is the constant effort of the parent to convince the child that obedience is for its own good. How very long does it take parents to accomplish this matter ! The customs of society have fixed the time at twenty-one years, and this is more than half the average duration of life. So was it heaven's purpose, in making man, to have a child who would love and obey its Creator, because his ways are pleasantness and his paths are peace. But man sinned, and fell under the curse of heaven. Then the great question in the divine mind, was, how could he be saved ? How could the prodigal, who had wasted his substance in riotous living, be brought back to his father's house ?

The Lion of the tribe of Judah prevailed, to break the seal and declare this mystery to the world.

It is the mission of Christianity to accomplish this wonderful good for mankind; to fulfill this beneficent promise of heaven. For over eighteen hundred years she has been silently, noiselessly, yet omnipotently, working out this great problem. Just in proportion to the extent to which individuals and nations have accepted the Bible and its truths, they have been happy; and just in proportion to the extent to which they have rejected the truths of the Bible, they have been miserable. And whenever a nation or people shall accept the Bible as their religion, its commandments as their law, and Christ its author as their king, they will be free and happy. When the time shall come,—and it will come just as sure as God has promised it,—we shall see that beautiful peace described by the prophet thousands of years ago. Then will nations learn wars no more. They will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks.

This is that higher law which I have believed in for years and years. A law which overrides all the conventional forms, the plans and systems of man. This law is a spirit invisible, but all-pervasive and all-powerful. It is a progressive law, and aggressive too. It fights on the offensive all the time. It attacks everything in its way,—ay, it goes out of its way to attack the very citadels of evil, which the world, the flesh and the devil have built up. Having a sword but no scabbard, it wages ceaseless and eternal warfare upon the wicked customs, and laws, and institutions of the world.

Nor will this war cease until every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess, that Christ is God. We must acknowledge Christ not only as the father of our spirits, not only as our high-priest, but as the Prince of the House of David, who has authority to rule and govern everything. Every political power and every social organization, every religious body which claims the right to rule over man, must be put down. Its authority must be ignored and its power broken. When these powers are all destroyed from the earth, then will that prayer of



the Christian be answered, Let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. When mankind shall accept the word of God as the guide of their life and the rule of their actions; when they shall accept the laws of the Bible to govern their moral, political and social relations; when they shall throw off the yoke of kingcraft and priestcraft; when they shall refuse to accept any man as their master or their ruler, then, and not till then, will man cease to be the oppressor of his fellow-man, and become his brother.

With these notions I was opposed to African slavery. I looked upon it as a great moral evil. Some of its practices were cruel and barbarous. I was opposed, utterly opposed, to the fugitive slave law. To require me to catch a poor friendless human being, hiding from his ruthless pursuers as a hare would hide from the hounds, to be insulted and browbeat and tortured, was an outrage upon the personal liberty of man which no freeman could submit to. It was, too, an act of violence to my conscientious convictions of right, and I would have rather died than have submitted to it. It was, moreover, an offense against the spirit of American institutions. I was the firm and constant advocate of those personal liberty bills which were passed by the free States to nullify that iniquitous law. And when the democratic party, so-called, sold out to the slave-power, and attempted to seize the national government to carry out its purposes, I was in for that great uprising of the people of the North to defeat it and its plans. I voted for Lincoln, and rejoiced at his success.

But just then sprung up a new condition of things. The Southern States, fearing that it was our purpose to attack slavery in the States, and use the power of the government for its destruction, determined to secede. When the slave power had possession of the government, I held that we had the right both to nullify the laws of the government, and also to secede from the government. Therefore would I have been grossly inconsistent to have denied the same right to the States of the South. I was in favor of letting the rebel States go off peacefully. A war to force your own notions on other people, to compel



them to accept your opinions about politics or religion, is an outrage upon all just notions of freedom. And to do this thing in the name of Christianity is blasphemy against God. It does not help the matter in the least to say that we were right and they were wrong.

Indeed this is the very reason why we ought not to have made war on them. For this very reason we could well afford to let them go. Let them go and set up their bad institutions right by the side of our good ones, and the world can see the difference. Let them both work side by side, and theirs would fail and ours would prosper. Let them live side by side in the broad sunlight of truth, which lights up this edge of the world, and theirs, like a sickly plant, would wilt and die, but ours, like a vigorous healthy plant, would grow and flourish.

Believing that our institutions were better in every particular than those of the South, I even was anxious for the separation. I was anxious that the two systems should be set down each on its own bottom, and left uninfluenced and uncontrolled by the other to work out its own mission. My motto was to let each one by itself exhibit its own beauty, and, by contrast, the deformity of the other.

But there were two great parties at the North who entertained different notions. The one call themselves democrats. They believe in the strict construction of the Constitution and States' rights. Their notions of States' rights seems to be this, that the States have a right to do what the general government may allow. That each State has a right to a State organization, and may pass such laws as it chooses, provided it don't choose to pass any law contrary to the wishes of the national government. In a word each State was free to do whatever it thought would be for its own good, provided the national government would let it. The serfs of Russia have the same kind of freedom, and so had the negro slaves of the South. They were free to do whatever was in accordance with the wishes of their masters.

There was another political party at the North. These call themselves freesoilers. They hold the old Federal doctrine that the people are not fit for self-government,

and that therefore they ought to have a government of power, a government backed up by standing armies and brute force. These are the yard-stick and goose-quill nobility. These are the financial gamblers and commercial thieves,—the great moneyed monopolists. These are the rich men of the North, who were opposed to negro slavery, because they found white slavery more profitable. These are they who believe that the Almighty made the world for the few, "the elect." The earth was made for the saints, and the saints are those sniveling hypocrites who wear religion as a cloak to win the confidence of their fellow-men, in order that they may deceive them and rob them, to make themselves rich.

Between this party and the democratic, which I have just described, there is really no difference. The men who control both these parties are the aristocracies of the North; and aristocracies always believe in arbitrary governments. Each of those parties has deceived the masses who support them, by some professions of liberal principles, which they take care never to practice. The democrats, for a blind, preach States' rights, which means in practice (see Virginia and Carolina) dependent provinces governed by a consolidated despotism. The free-soilers preach for effect against slavery, but take good care to spend all their wrath upon the negro slavery away down South. They never have a word to say against the white slavery at their own doors. These free-soilers say it was a horrible thing to hold three millions of half-civilized barbarians in slavery, although they were born slaves and knew nothing else. Are they honest in their professions, or are they made only to answer some other purpose?

If this is wrong, by what law of reason, of justice, or by what teaching of Christianity, do they make slaves of eight millions of freemen,—men who were born free, and who are, in all those qualities of mind and heart which dignify and ennoble human nature, equal to themselves—men who are their own kith and kin, their own fathers and sons and brothers? Will they say, in answer to this, that these people won't think right and act right? Why, don't freedom mean this, that men are endowed by

their Creator with the inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? that men have, from the God that made them, the right to think and act for themselves? Will they say that men may not act for themselves when their acts would be hurtful to others and destroy their liberties, and that because if these people were left free, they would wrong the negro, therefore must they not be permitted to act for themselves? Is it consistent with the American ideas of freedom, to say, we are afraid this man or that man will steal, and therefore will we take him up, and send him to the penitentiary?

That would-be philosopher, that wretched old sophist, who swears to one thing to-day and another to-morrow,—Horace Greeley,—will say in answer to this, We caught these people stealing, and are keeping them in bonds for it. This professional old falsifier, who to-day advocates in the name of freedom a military tyranny over ten States, or, what is worse, its pale, blighting shadow, a mongrel, mulatto-bastard tyranny, begotten by military despotism upon the body of a lewd, filthy Democracy, the hired harlot of usurpers, at the beginning of the war, said it would be better to let the States go than to hold them pinned together with bayonets. Punish these people because they once held slaves! Why, you can't punish people, except for the violation of some law; and what law did they violate in holding slaves? The Constitution of the United States? The laws of Congress? All these laws not only recognized their right to hold slaves, but protected them in it. By what law then would you punish them? By the law of God, these hypocrites will answer. But what do you mean by the law of God? The law of Moses? surely not; for it recognized slavery as a proper institution. Will they say they do it by the law of the New Testament, the law of Christ? Surely they won't say this; for the great Author of that system taught, not only by principle, but by example, that we must suffer for others, and not make others suffer for us.

'Tis true, a bigoted and hypocritical priestcraft has reversed this rule. 'Tis true, that great ecclesiastical despotism, called the Church, has for ages, instead of offering



itself a sacrifice for the good of mankind, as its great Author did, offered men called heretics and dissenters sacrifices upon the altars of its ambition, its pride, and its love of power. 'Tis true, that in the name of Christian charity popery built her inquisition, with its thousand implements of torture. It is true that in the name of Christianity, protestantism, the bastard child of popery, did rob and plunder and persecute catholics. 'Tis true, that in the name of Christianity, the Big Spotted Circus did meet the African show at Chicago, and offered to make Hiram Cæsar, if Cæsar would make Simpson pope, with power to force "our religion and our Bible" on the country.

All these perversions of truth have been made in the name of Christianity. But that fact don't save them from being what they really are, falsehoods; nor does it save their authors from being hypocrites and devils. According to the ideas of freedom on which our government was founded, we have no control over the people of the South. And even if we had the right to rule them, it would be our duty to set them free, and punish them if they interfered with the freedom of others, and not to make slaves out of them because we feared they would make slaves out of others. I am and have always been an abolitionist. I have always opposed slavery; but if slavery must exist, if the three millions of negroes or the eight millions of whites in the South must be slaves, why, let the negroes be slaves.

If it be true, as the people say, that they can't release the white people of the South from slavery, because that would make slaves out of the negro, I would say let the white man be free. Do you say I have no right to make this difference? Then why did the God who made man make this difference? Hear what he says: But if thy brother that dwelleth by thee be waxen poor, and be sold unto thee, thou shalt not compel him to serve thee as a bondservant. But as a hired servant, and as a sojourner, he shall serve thee until the year of jubilee. Thou shalt not rule over him with rigor, but shalt fear thy God. Both thy bondmen and bondmaids which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are around about



you. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you to inherit them for a possession. They shall be your bondmen forever, but over your brethren of the children of Israel ye shall not rule over one another with rigor.

Here the Bible distinctly recognizes the difference between different classes of people, and enjoins a different treatment. Here were two different people, between whom God himself had made a distinction. The one he had chosen to be a peculiar people,—“his own people.” To them he had made special manifestations of his wisdom, his power, and his glory. He commanded them in their conduct to observe this distinction, and to treat their brothers whom he had blessed with more kindness and regard than the heathen around about them. Has not that same God blessed with special blessings and peculiar privilege the white people of the South as well as the white people of the North. While, in the inscrutable ways of his providence, he left the African to grope his way in the darkness of ignorance and superstition, he gave to the Caucasian, our fathers, and the fathers of our brothers in the South, the Christian religion, the wisest and best system of truth ever revealed to the world. Did he not bring our fathers and their fathers, Christian men, who were persecuted for the truth's sake, to this goodly land? Did he not give the Northern States to our fathers, and the Southern States to their fathers, for an inheritance. Because they loved him and believed in him, did he not give them this land, so broad and beautiful and fertile? A land richer than the Canaan of the Jews, and more beautiful than the land of promise. For the sake of our fathers and their fathers, did he not drive out before them the red men, as he had done the Amorite and Hittite before Joshua and the children of Israel? Did he not put into the hands of our fathers and their fathers the heathen from the wild jungles of Africa, to subdue the forest for them, and endure the hardships and exposures of a wilderness country? Have not these same barbarians been Christianized and humanized by our brothers of the South?

When the God who made us and them has made all

these distinctions in their favor, and blessed them with those special blessings and privileges, shall we make distinctions against them? Shall we make slaves out of them, whom God had made free and their fathers before them for generations, and set over them to rule over them the heathen whom God had made slaves, and their fathers before them, as far back as the records of history run? Is this the way we propose to vindicate the great principles of freedom and humanity? If the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is an inalienable and God-given right, if there is no power on earth which may take it from man without violating the laws of justice and truth, if it be a crime to take it from a half-civilized race of barbarians, then by what law do we take these privileges from Robert E. Lee and Alexander Stevens, the highest type of men that ever lived in the world?

Do you answer, By the laws of war, the right of conquest and subjugation? Then power, and not justice, rules the affairs of men. Then do we justify that plea of tyrants for murdering, plundering, and oppressing their fellow-men. Then might makes right. Then the millions of human beings in Europe, Asia, and Africa, who to-day are groaning under the oppressions of tyranny, are the enemies of their kind, and the despots, who are goading them with oppression, are the friends of freedom and humanity. Then were these same slaveholders right in robbing and oppressing the negro. Then were Adams, Hancock, Washington, and Henry wrong in teaching mankind that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God. Then is the Declaration of Independence false, and the genius of American liberty a miserable illusion. Ay, these new-fangled philosophers would set down Christianity itself as a cheat, and its promises to mankind the idle dream of fanaticism.

There must be something wrong about this. Honest and conscientious men don't fall into such errors. Who are the men who talk so loudly about freedom and humanity, until they get power into their hands, and then do deeds so cruel and barbarous? By their fruits ye shall know them. When I see Saul of Tarsus, in the name of Moses and the prophets, persecuting the follow-

ers of the prophets; when I see him, in the name of the laws and ordinances of his religion, trying to destroy that living Truth of which these laws and ordinances were but the types and shadow; when I see him, in the name of Israel's God, beating and stoning the servant of the Son of God,—servants whom he had sent forth to establish his kingdom on earth; I say, when I see all these things, I am forced to believe that there is something wrong. Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me. Had Saul of Tarsus searched the Scriptures? No, no, not he. He had gone to the scribes and Pharisees, the lawyers and doctors, who taught for doctrines the commandments of men. They had commissioned others to put the Master to death, and of course they would commission Saul to slay his servants.

When I see men in the name of freedom and humanity making war on their brothers, their sons, and their fathers, not only politically and socially, but by the ties of kindred and blood; when I see them destroy the young men of the land, making the fathers childless, the mothers widows, and the children orphans; when I see them make the land—abounding in crops—a desolation and a waste; when I see them changing the ancient democracy of America into a great consolidated despotism; when I see them converting free States into dependent provinces, and appointing over them military satraps, with almost unlimited power; when I see them disfranchising men who were born free, and whose fathers had helped their fathers to secure freedom as a common good; when I see these freedom-shriekers setting up men, who they say had been degraded by a brutal system of slavery, over men of the highest culture, wisdom and virtue; I say, when I see all these things, I am forced to believe there is something wrong. These deeds—evil deeds—are not the fruits of freedom and humanity, nor are they consistent with that Christian charity which is gentle, and patient, and long-suffering, which teaches us to love our enemies, and to die for their good.

Let us look into the matter a little, and see how it is. They will say that, although war is a terrible thing, yet



war may be justifiable when it is undertaken in behalf of freedom and humanity. O yes, a war to liberate four millions of slaves from bondage would be a holy crusade.

Is it true that the war was undertaken to free the negro? Does not all the history of the times prove that this was not the case? Did not Mr. Lincoln, in his public and official messages, so declare? Did not the Congress, by resolutions almost unanimously passed, publish it to the world that the war was not intended to interfere with slavery, either to alter or abolish it? What, then, was the object of the war? why was it waged by the friends of freedom and humanity? Would you like to know? would the authors of this war like to know? would those whose hands are red with their brothers' blood like to see the truth? Ah, no! they would sooner hide from it, for it haunts their guilty consciences like the ghost of murdered innocence. Yet will I tell the truth; I will tell it in a manner so plain that the fool may read and understand.

Just before the war commenced, a Southern gentleman of my acquaintance met a market-woman on the street. He held out his hand to her and said, "Good-bye, Mrs. Thompson; I am going to leave you; your people have become very angry at our people, and they talk about making war on them. It would certainly be a most cruel and unjust thing, and what their reason for it is I cannot devise." "Yes," she replied, "we will make war on you. We won't let you out of the Union; we want you to *traffic with*."

Ay, though we of the North may well blush to confess it, yet this is the stern, naked truth. In the Union, we had for years fixed the terms of trade with the South, and by these terms had we grown rich and the South poor. Let her go out of the Union, and she will propose different terms; she will insist on conditions which will cut off that stream of wealth which she has been pouring into our lap for years and years. No, no; we can't let her go; we must keep her to *traffic with*. Yes, wealth and power was the object of that war. Is it a legitimate object of pursuit for a free people? May they justly follow it, when, to attain it, they have to wade through



rivers of blood and swim through oceans of tears? Wealth, and power, and glory. May we have these pretty toys, when they cost so much?

Think of the hundred battle-fields, with their thousands of bleeding, mangled victims! Noble youth, who were the props of old men, the pride of fathers, the joy of mothers, the wife's love, the child's protector, the maiden's hope, their country's glory! Who have been benefited by that wicked and unrighteous war? And will you say it was not a wicked war?

By their fruits ye shall know them. This is the only rule of justice I know of. What are the fruits of that war? We may pass by the four years' war itself; we may forget for the time the vast armies of men, hundreds and thousands exposed to the burning sun of day, the dews of night, the rains, and snows, and piercing winds of winter; we may forget those horrid prison-pens, North and South, where men were devoured by hunger, disease, filth, and vermin.

Be it said, to the credit of our enemies, that they proposed to do away with those filthy prison-pens by a regular exchange; but the friends of freedom and humanity considered them a good war measure, and refused to exchange. I say we can safely pass by all the evils immediately connected with the war itself, for the men of the South who suffered and died, although the sons of the slave-holding aristocracy, were our enemies, and we need take no account of them; and the men from the North who composed the rank and file were only *poor white trash*. They were getting too thick to thrive at home, and it was not amiss to take off a few hundred thousand. It would leave more room for those who were left.

Ay, it was well for another reason: The masses of these poor white trash in the northern cities were getting extremely poor and hard pressed. "During our long hard winters abundant and importunate beggary would seize them and drag them around the streets, the pitiable objects of public and private charity." These poor white trash were getting tired of this thing; they did not like to starve. This was strange, was it not? So their rich taskmasters thought. They began to complain; their

protest was not as a general thing loud and boisterous, but deep and earnest. The more intelligent of them were making strikes; they were organizing trade unions. The same thing happened here which happened everywhere else in the world: Capital, governed as it always has been, not by the law of justice, but by cupidity, was struggling to get power into its hands, so that it might rule everything for its own benefit.

For instance, they bought for awhile the party leaders in New York city; but when they run the price up, they found it cheaper to buy the State Government at Albany. So Albany took charge of New York, and New York ceased to be a free city. This was the first successful attack made upon democratic institutions in this country. Let every American blush for shame, when he remembers that the great commercial emporium of this country is not a free city, and has not been for many years. It was such acts as these that began to alarm the working men of the North.

Recognizing this as an open declaration of war against labor, the working men began to organize associations for their defense. Because they found strikes to be only temporary relief, they organized other institutions. This in its turn gave alarm to capital. It looked with uneasy anxiety at this fierce democracy marshaling its forces for the coming struggle. And by democracy I do not mean that miserable political faction which was for years the hireling agent of the slave power of the South. I mean that spirit of liberty which first announced its eternal truths in the Declaration of Independence. I mean that spirit which maintained those truths at Lexington and Yorktown. I mean that spirit which organized free governments in America, governments so wise and free and beneficial as to be the wonder and admiration of the world. I mean that spirit which always rises up, whenever aristocracy shows its head in this country, to put it down.

The first egg that monster laid in this country was the alien act and sedition laws. Mr. Jefferson sounded the alarm, and the people jumped on it, and smashed it before it was hatched. The next spawn of this sea monster

aristocracy was the United States Bank. The hero of the Hermitage grappled it with his strong arm and iron will, and choked it to death. But aristocracy learned in this country, what it had learned in other countries, that it could not maintain itself in an open field and fair fight against democracy.

Hence it determined to change its plan of campaign. It called to its aid that power which it has used successfully everywhere else in the world. It invoked the interposition of mammon, that god who has put under the feet of kings and aristocracies the people of every nation and every age. Mammon, when before he had set up his power boldly, in the shape of a great National Bank, the people overthrew it. But mammon is the prime minister of the devil, and, like its master, it is most proficient in all the arts of deceit and trickery. It began by attacking the priesthood. It soon subdued them to its rule, and made them worship it as their god. It next sent them among the people to teach them that Christianity means not as Christ commanded, to be good and do good, but to get rich and pay a part of your wealth to the church. To teach the people that religion means, not to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself, but to make money by taking advantage of the necessities of others, or their ignorance, and to spend a part of it in building fine churches and paying the priest good salaries. As soon as mammon became the god of the people, money became the measure of merit. And to-day a man's position and influence in society is determined, not by his talent and virtue, but by the number of his thousands and millions. It was by this law that the whole political power of the South passed into the hands of the slaveocracy, and the political power of the North into the hands of the great money monopolies of that section.

These two powers, and not the people, determined on war. The history of the times will show that three-fourths of the people, both North and South, were opposed to the war. And well they might be, for the people at large had everything to lose by it and nothing to gain. The slaveocracy of the South wanted war for the pur-



pose of having an independent government,—an aristocracy, of which negro slavery would be the basis, and cotton king. The moneyed aristocracy of the North wanted war, so as to have a government of power, of which the *poor white trash* would be the mud-sill and money-king. And, as I said before, this moneyed power at the North was getting afraid of the working men. Already this power was greater than theirs in numbers. Labor only needed to marshal and organize its forces to beat them in every fight. It had commenced organizing. To avoid this fight, the aristocracy of the North determined to have another fight,—a fight in which its chances to win would be as three to one.

In this wise it reasons about the matter: For years we have been silently and quietly working ourselves into power. We have gotten possession of all the political parties. We can go to any legislative body, State or National, and buy any monopoly we want. Indeed our agents, the lobby members, do really constitute the legislature, and pass all important laws which are made. The members of these legislatures are only nominally the representatives of the people. They are in fact our representatives, and they do spend their whole time legislating for us. For over twenty years the Congress has passed no important practical measure except at our request, or at least without our consent. The different State legislatures have done most as well.

We have moreover gotten absolute control over churches of every creed or sect. Men from our ranks are the leading and influential members of all the churches. Indeed, we have changed the very nature of religion itself. Religion once meant love to God and your fellow-man. It meant charity and benevolence. "Go and tell John the blind receive their sight, the deaf hear, the lame walk, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." That is the picture of Christianity drawn by the hand of its great Author. The boast of a modern priest is that I preach to the richest congregation in the city or country, as the place may be, and have the finest church and the best organ. The master said, the widow who gave her mite had given more than all the rest. The priests of this



day take indeed the widow's mite, and the orphan's bread too, but they give them no credit. But the big gifts of the rich are published from the housetops; and in the middle of the streets. The most influential members of the church are those who make the most money,—no matter how they make it,—and have the most to give to priestcraft. Yes, the influence of a church in any community is just equal to the amount of money which it can command.

We, too, fix the position of every man and woman in society. No matter what their virtue and intelligence are, they cannot go into the first circles unless they are rich. We don't mean to say that respectable and intelligent people would be picked up neck and heels, and cast violently out, if they ventured into the first circles; but we mean this, that they cannot support that style which fashion demands of all who come among us, and that if they come in without it, they would be jeered and ridiculed out. There might indeed be an exception to this rule. Genius which had acquired fame or talent, which would beyond a peradventure acquire fortune, might be suffered to remain without the regular badge of membership, the gilded gewgaws of wealth. But with this exception mankind in general have nothing to do; for only one in a million has genius to win fame, and only one in ten thousand has talent to make a fortune.

Thus it is plain that we have acquired control over every political, moral and social institution of the country. The great question is, how shall we hold on to this power. The democratic spirit of this country is already growing restless under it. If that spirit was once fully roused up, it would be too strong for us. It would beat us two to one,—ay, more than that, for they outnumber as ten to one. Heretofore we have co-operated with the slave power of the South, but in our dealings with that we have always gotten so much the better of them that they want to go off and set up for themselves. For several reasons we can't permit this to be done.

In the first place, it was by the help of that slaveocracy, a great political power, that we have kept control of things here in the North. If we lose their aid, we

will lose our power here at home. While we have used their power,—always strong, because it was always united,—to give ascendancy to aristocratic institutions in the North, we have, at the same time used their open and undisguised slavery to lead the minds of our poor white trash from that slavery, not nominal but real, to which we have been gradually reducing them. If we suffer these slave States to go off, the poor white trash here will begin to look at home, and then they will find out that they are as really slaves as the negro. Yes, for many reasons war will be the very thing. It will be to us a gift,—we like to have said from heaven; but we hardly think such gifts come from heaven. No matter: it will answer our purpose, and accomplish our end better than anything else. In the first place our superiority of numbers and resources gives a guarantee of success. We will precipitate the war on the country, and force the people into it. When once we get their prejudices and passions and revenge waked up, we can give the matter any turn we please. The masses of the people are opposed to it. Indeed, nothing can be found in the Constitution of the United States or in Christianity to justify such a war, and these are the sources from which the American people draw the inspiration that governs their actions.

After the thing is done, when the people look upon the terrible cost (not in money, that's trash to them), but in the rivers of blood and the oceans of tears, the suffering, the privation, the dread apprehension, the woe untold,—I say, when the people consider all these evils, they will not dare to say that they have been done without the sanction of that great tribunal of human justice, the Constitution and Declaration of Independence, and without the sanction of that highest Court of Appeals, that tribunal of eternal justice which Heaven has established on earth,—the Bible. No, no: a people whose hands are reeking with the blood of their fellow-men will not dare to handle these sacred things. But when men have done evil deeds, they must have some excuse to quiet the upbraiding of their own consciences.

We will furnish them a salve for their wounded consciences; we will tell them the war was one of subjugation

tion and conquest. What a thing will this be to tell the American people,—people educated both practically and theoretically in the beautiful notions of democratic freedom! Tell a people whose fathers taught them that self-government is the inalienable right of man, that there is a power to govern people without their consent; a power to rule them by constraint, by force, by violence! This, indeed, will be a hard saying for them to receive; but how will they escape it? It won't do for them to say that the war was a crusade against slavery. No, we will not abolish slavery; our President shall make that declaration to the world. We have here a paragraph prepared for Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no *inclination to do so*." Surely we will not abolish slavery in the Southern States, since our object is to establish it in all the States. So when the war is over, we will have the people in this fix: they will be compelled to admit the right of governments to rule by force, or else repudiate their own actions in carrying on the war. Once force them to accept this doctrine, that a government has the right to rule by force, and democracy is at an end. You have laid the foundation for monarchy and aristocracy, and we—the rich, the bondautocracy—will be the kings, the princes, the lords, dukes, and nobility. A war, too, will consolidate and enlarge vastly the power of the National Government, and this will help the matter on; it will create a standing army; it will make an immense national debt,—a great national blessing, considering that we are the nation; it will make the annual expenses of the government six times what it now is, and twenty times, yea, one hundred times, what it ought to be, and these things of themselves will put the whole power of the government into our hands. Mammon will be god, money king, and we the lords of the earth.

Yes, let the war go on; it is the very thing we want. Here are fifty millions to begin it with, and that will be a pledge of our continued support. So did the bondautocracy reason at the beginning of the war.



The slave power of the South reasoned about the same way. To it war meant an independent government in which itself, because it was the great aristocracy of wealth, would hold supreme power. To please these great powers, the horrors of a four years' war was inflicted on the country. What the people have suffered in blood, in tears, in apprehension, in want and poverty, who can tell? But as these sufferings fell on the *poor white trash*, what does it matter; who cares for them? The slaveocracy lost everything. It aimed at an independent government in which its power would be supreme; but instead of securing that, it lost its own existence.

Will the northern aristocracy come out any better in the end? Its calculations about its success, the destruction of democratic institutions, the consolidation of the national government, the "*great national blessing*,"—a great national debt, and the vastly-increased national expenditures, have come out right. But it did not expect to destroy negro slavery; it did not expect to utterly destroy the productiveness of the slave States; they did not expect to impoverish those States so completely that they would be unable to pay any considerable portion of the immense war debt, and the extraordinary current expenses which the war has entailed upon the country. They did not expect that the elements, made for the use of men, would catch the evil spirit which was ruling him, and, in mimicry of man's petty revenge, withhold its rains and dews so as to cut short the crops, and thus impoverish the people. They did not think that all those causes, working together, would throw at one dash upon the backs of the northern people burdens as big as those which the kings and aristocracies of Europe have been putting on their people little by little for hundreds of years. They did not think that these unbearable burdens of debt and taxation would wake the people up, and open their eyes to the infernal conspiracy to destroy their free institutions and make them slaves. The bondautocracy knows these things now; the people know them too. They are waking up to a sense of their real condition, and they begin to see the awful evils which hang over their future.



First, you may see on their faces fear and consternation; then that sober, earnest, determined expression which says to everybody, tell us the truth, no matter what it is, we must know it. It is the human soul that speaks thus. I see now even, the angry frown gathering on their brow, like the storm-cloud of an angry sky. Presently from that cloud will flash lurid gleams pointed with the thunderbolts of retributive justice. Then well may tremble those guilty wretches, who have within them undivulged crimes unwhipped of justice. Well may tremble those scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites, who, instead of teaching the laws of God, teach for doctrines the commandments of men.

Woe unto these scribes and Pharisee hypocrites, who teach, instead of the truth, the virtue and purity of the Christian religion, spiritualism, free-loveism, mormonism, mongrelism, divorce, child-murder, infidelity, lust, beastiality, hatred, and diabolism! Woe unto these scribes and Pharisee hypocrites, who have taught the people to worship mammon and his angels,—the glittering baubles of wealth and fashion, instead of that God who made them, and in whose hands their breath is! Woe unto those scribes and Pharisees who, instead of going out into the highways and hedges to the lame, the halt, and the blind, go to rich communities where they can have fine churches, fine houses to live in, and big salaries, so that they can be gentlemen, and live in the first circles, so called! Woe unto these scribes and Pharisee hypocrites who, instead of love, preach hate, war instead of peace! Well did the prophet say of these priests, thousands of years ago, Woe be to the shepherd of Israel that do feed themselves! Should not the shepherd feed the flock?

Well, too, may these politicians tremble in whom the people trusted and confided as leaders and guides, who in the name of the Union have divided the States; who in the name of humanity have waged cruel war; who in the name of freedom have changed the condition of the negro slaves of the South, so that, instead of being the slaves of individual masters, they are the dupes and tools of a mad political faction, to be used by their agents, the carpet-baggers and military satraps, to destroy the

American democracy and build a despotism on its ruins. Woe unto these politicians who in the name of equality are building up an aristocracy the most heartless, greedy, and avaricious that ever preyed upon the labor of any people! Woe unto these politicians who in the name of justice tore the laboring people from their families and their homes, and forced them into the horrors of a four years' war, to endure the privation, the suffering, the wounds, diseases, and death of a hundred battle-fields, and permitted the rich to stay at home and make money by being substitute-buyers and government contractors! Woe unto these politicians who in the name of justice and honor have doubled the debt which the war actually cost, and now demand that the working men, who gave their arms, their legs, their eyes, their sufferings and privations which no tongue can tell, their blood and their lives, with all the dread anxiety, the heart-beatings, the tears, the neglect, and want of their fathers, their mothers, their sisters, their wives, and their little ones! Woe, I say, unto the politicians who demand that the working men, who gave so much to the war, shall work hard all their lives, and their children after them, to pay the money which that bondautocrat, that money tyrant, made up of commercial thieves, financial gamblers, quartermasters, commissaries, government contractors, substitute-buyers, generals who, instead of fighting, spent their time stealing cotton, pianos, spoons, and insulting innocent women; and political scoundrels who spent the people's time and money selling themselves to big whisky distilleries, big manufacturies, and owners of railroads and canals! I say woe unto the politicians who demand that the working men of the country will be slaves themselves, and make slaves of their children, in order that these thieves and liars may be their masters!

Why, look at the enormity of the thing! Whilst the working men were in the army suffering, bleeding and dying, many of their families at home, suffering too, these bondautocrats were at home, eating, drinking and feasting. The war is over; the laboring people are maimed, halt and blind. Their families are clad in the habiliments of mourning. The expenses of living have

become so great, and the taxes so high, that with all their prudence and industry they can hardly live. The bondautocrats, on the other hand, are revelling in every species of excess. They dress finer and live higher than any aristocracy in the world. Is this in accordance with the laws of eternal justice? Does honor demand it? Is it just, is it right, that an event which happens to a nation should be to the many a curse, a mildew, a blight, death, mourning, poverty and slavery; and that the same event should be to the few a blessing, a god-send, a feast, a revel, a dance? If from such an event these bondautocrats have reaped so rich a harvest, won't they want another one to happen soon? Are the people blind, that they cannot see how monstrous this thing is? Because this money-aristocracy did, by bringing a war on the country, bleed labor until rivers of blood flowed from its veins, therefore have they a right to make labor work on, weak as it from loss of blood, and to distil its drops of sweat into delicious wines to cheer their revels and their feasts.

Oh, my God, is man thy child for whom thou hast done so much to make him wise and happy, still blindly, still madly, and foolishly bent on his own ruin? For eighteen hundred years thou hast by special efforts sought to make him free and happy, to make him thy child, with full title to all blessings which are promised to thy children; and yet does man foolishly and blindly prefer to be the dupe of hireling priests, the tool of political scoundrels, and the pack-mule to carry the stolen plunder of bondautocratic thieves. Where are the watchmen who were set to guard the citadels of freedom? Where are the ranting enemies of aristocracy? Where are the friends of freedom and humanity, who used to invoke the omnipotent powers of the human soul to break the shackles off the arms of the poor negro. Where are the Greeleys, the Beechers, and Phillipses? Gone over to the bondautocracy all,—all gone.

Let Mr. Phillips speak for himself, for he is the greatest man among them,—at least he used to be. He was endowed by nature with a noble intellect which I once almost idolized. Nature gave him, too, a large soul, which I loved. Alas, poor old man, he has laid his soul under



the glaring light of gold, and it has become parched and shriveled. His mighty intellect, guided no longer by that purest of all lights, the inspiration of the soul, no longer restrained by its benevolence and charity, like a star cut loose from its orbit rushes grandly, yet madly and blindly, through the realms of space. How poor and barren does the intellect become, when the heart which supplies it with the wine of feeling, that makes its thoughts sparkle, is frozen over with ice of anger and revenge! Mr. Phillips has permitted his love of the slave to degenerate into a hatred of the master. No intellect can have right perceptions of truth, when the heart which mars it is governed by revenge and hatred. The source of all truth—the great moral cosmos—is God, and God is love. By the law of love each particle of matter is kept in its place. By it the earth holds to its bosom each speck of dust and every pebble. By the law of love the stars are kept in their place in their ceaseless rounds. And by this law of love the human soul is kept in its sphere, while it revolves around its great centre,—its source, its God.

But let Mr. Phillips speak for himself. Here is his own language, taken from a speech delivered before the Anti-Slavery Society at their thirty-fifth anniversary, celebrated in New York: "But, as I said to-day a moment ago, God had placed us this hour in the hands of more inexorable laws than Congress or the Republican party. We are to-day in the hands of justice. We are to-day in the hands of political economy. The great selfish forces of the nineteenth century have grappled this negro question, and I know that the negro is safe; that he has a better right than anybody else to fold his hands in content and serenity, because the lips of Providence proclaim to-day, 'Only be just, and you will be strong.' " Is to-day the first time, Mr. Phillips, that the lips of Providence have proclaimed the divine truth, "Only be just, and you will be strong"?

Did not the lips of Providence proclaim it thousands of years ago that Noah was a just man, and God made him strong to mount up in a deluge of waters which was drowning the world, and ride serenely on its waves? Did not the lips of Providence proclaim it thousands of years



ago, that Abraham was just? that he believed in God, and God made him a great nation, and promised that through him the world should be redeemed and set free? Did not the lips of Providence proclaim it that Moses was just? and God delivered him and his people, and brought them out of their enemies' land with a high hand and outstretched arm. Did not the very lips of Providence proclaim it eighteen hundred years ago, Be just, love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself, and thou shalt become the child of God, and the brother of his Son, the Prince of Heaven. Believe in me, and whatsoever you ask the Father in my name, he will give it to you. Be my disciples, and all power on earth shall be given to you, so that whatsoever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever you love on earth shall be loved in heaven. Did not the lips of Providence proclaim it through Martin Luther in the sixteenth century, "Only be just, and you will be strong; accept me as your God, and my laws to rule over you, and I will make you individually pure and upright, and as a people I will make you free and prosperous and happy?" Has not the lips of Providence proclaimed it constantly in the history of nations since that time, "Only be just, and you will be strong"? for just in proportion to the extent to which the nations of Europe and America have accepted God as their God, and the Bible as the guide of their lives and the rule of their actions, just to that extent have they been free and happy.

For six thousand years the lips of Providence have proclaimed by the history of every nation and generation of mankind, "Only be just, and you will be strong." And by the downfall of kings and by the broken fragments of empires floating upon the ocean of time, the lips of Providence have proclaimed it to the world for thousands of years: The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God. But notwithstanding these proclamations were made by the lips of Providence six thousand years ago, and notwithstanding they have been repeated in the history of every nation which has lived in the world since that time, man does still refuse to heed them, man does still refuse to be just.

Ay, Mr. Phillips himself, instead of listening to the lips of Providence, which speak to the world in thunder-tones to-day, turns to listen to the false and deceitful promises of human philosophy.

"We are to-day," he says, "in the hands of justice; we are to-day in the hands of political economy." Political economy!—the great selfish forces of the nineteenth century have grappled this negro question, and I know the negro is safe. For six thousand years *political economy*, or the *great selfish forces* of the world, have been trying to save mankind. Heaven sent to his chosen people wise men, prophets and apostles to save them, and while they heeded these messengers from Heaven they were safe. But as soon as they turned from them and trusted in political economy, or the *great selfish forces* of this world, their destruction came. Heaven sent to heathen nations wise men, lawgivers and great poet-prophets to teach them wisdom and virtue, and as long as they were willing "to be just," to accept these laws from Heaven and practice them, they were safe. But as soon as the devil persuaded them to trust in the *great selfish forces* of this world, they went speedily to destruction. Hundreds of years ago *political economy*, or the *great selfish forces* of the world, went into the jungles of Africa, hunted down the negro like wild beasts, crowded thousands of them into holds of ships, transported them to Europe and America, and sold them into perpetual slavery. *These selfish forces* soon set them free in the northern sections of the United States, and in Europe, because it would not pay. But because it did pay, these same *selfish forces* held on to slavery in the Southern States of America and in Cuba.

In 1861 political economy, or the *great selfish forces* of the nineteenth century, divided the people of the United States into two great armies, and led them into a four years' war to determine, not whether freedom or slavery should be the law of this Western World, but whether negro slavery or white slavery should predominate. The history of the times will show that the *great selfish forces* which brought on that war did not intend to abolish the one system of slavery which then existed in the

South, but to establish another. The design of the war was not to abolish the individual slavery which existed in the South, but to make slaves out of the Southern States. This is the spirit which dictated the war; we have twenty-five millions of people, and you have only twelve; we have the power, and therefore will we make you obedient to our laws, tributary to our interest.

Long before the late war the power of the government had passed out of the hands of the people into the hands of the great moneyed monopolies of the country. So completely did the slaveocracy have control of things in the South that the election of a constable often turned on the relation of the candidates to the question of slavery and their record on that subject. Just so it was in the North. The rich bankers, merchants, and manufacturers controlled the political affairs so absolutely that no man could be elected constable unless his notions were right on questions affecting their interest. In the South the negro ruled everything, and in the North money ruled everything. Here were two great powers set up in the same nation, each one ruling its section as absolutely as the czar of Russia. In its very nature power is ambitious and selfish. It wants to rule, not merely for the sake of ruling, but because the right to rule empowers it to use its subjects for its own purposes and pleasure. I like to have power over my horse, not for the purpose of feeding him and currying him, but for the purpose of riding him. I do indeed feed and curry him; but this is only that he may be able to turn more nimbly to the pull of the rein and bound forward with more power and speed at the touch of the spur.

After these two great powers, "these two great selfish forces of the nineteenth century," got possession, each one of its own section of the country, they did each one want to get possession of the other section; for power is never satisfied. It wants always to be extending its empire and dominion. It was the determination of these two powers, "these two *great selfish forces*," to rule the people of the United States, which brought on the terrible war through which we have just passed. Man *proposes*, but God *disposes*.

The history of the times will show to the satisfaction of any reasonable and fair-minded man that the political economy of the North did not design the abolition of slavery when it declared war. Its object was to perpetuate slavery in this country by consolidating its power and enlarging its authority. Because it was plain that the object of the war on the part of political economy in the North was not to set the negro free, but to make slaves of the white people of the South, the millions of the white freemen in that section opposed it with all their hearts. For the same reason the masses of the people in the North did not enter heartily into the war. They saw it was a war of the aristocracy. The money power of the North, the merchants and bankers and manufacturers, had not only made the laboring people of their own section tributary to them, but by a system of tariffs they drew a large revenue from the staple products of the South—cotton more especially. The unmeaning and nonsensical catchwords Union and national life had been worn out by politicians in their buncum speeches. And that other word which falls as gratingly on the ears of a freeman as it does sweetly on the ears of tyrants; that word which only servile lips can speak graciously, that word which is associated in the minds of Americans with the name of Benedict Arnold and the tory enemies of our revolutionary fathers, that word which our fathers expunged from our political dictionary,—I say that word *Loyalty*, which every freeman must spit out of his mouth with scorn, had not yet been popularized in this country.

How will the children of this generation blush when in reading the history of these times they shall find that word "loyalty," hateful to all but those who are ready to bow the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning, as pat in the mouths of the fathers as oaths in the mouth of a swearer and obscenity in the mouth of a blackguard. The cry of the old flag did to kindle the fire of war, but there was not fuel enough in it to keep it burning. The war was about to be a failure. The "great selfish forces" of the North which started it could not carry it on successfully. They, in their extremity, appealed to the anti-slavery element of that section. They



appealed to that deep religious element in the bosom of man which loves freedom and hates slavery wherever it is found. There could no longer be any doubt about the result of the war. "Political economy" had virtually failed, but another power had entered into the contest. The human soul, like a bursting flood of fire, poured down upon the rebel lines. And while we could not but look with wonder and admiration upon the splendid genius and daring heroism which defended those lines to the last, yet behind those living walls of fire we heard the lash of the slave-driver and the piteous cry of the poor slave.

Ah, yes, it is well enough to call on the human soul, as Wendell Phillips and others did, to go to those awful places and do that fearful work. "Political economy" don't go there. There is a terribleness in the battle-field which nothing can endure but the human soul. Look at that battle-line, and see on every brow a pale tremor. Each mortal eye sees a ghostly messenger holding up before it a summons to the spirit land. It would turn and flee from the dreadful sight, but some invisible spirit moves it on. Some hope of future good, some promised land which it saw once only dimly and indistinctly, comes out vividly and distinctly before it. This mysterious power, this invisible spirit, is the human soul. "Political economy," the great selfish forces of the nineteenth century, don't do such things or go to such places. No, no; it is only man who hath within him a living soul, a spark of being which will survive not only the ruin of battle-fields, but the destruction of the universe; it is only man who can do such things.

I repeat it, when those great things were to be done, so many dangers to be encountered, so much suffering and privation to be endured, Wendell Phillips and the rest of them did not call on "political economy" and the great selfish forces of the nineteenth century, they called on man and the great unselfish forces planted in the human bosom by the hand of God. They called on man and his love of justice and his love of liberty. "Political economy" stayed at home and made money; it got rich. But now that the war is over, and all the hard work is done, it comes forward, and through these so-called friends

of freedom and humanity, the Phillipses, Beechers, and Greeleys, it impudently claims all the credit. After man, by all the suffering of a four years' war, liberates the negro, those friends of freedom and humanity, the Greeleys and the Phillipses, coolly tell him, We have no further use for you. You indeed did set the negro free, but we are not willing to trust the preservation of his freedom to you. We will commit that matter to political economy, "the great selfish forces of the nineteenth century."

Are you not ashamed, Mr. Greeley and Mr. Phillips,—you, who were so long and so eloquently advocating the rights of man as a person, a living soul, against the wrongs of corporate tyrannies and political despotisms,—are you not ashamed to desert him now? Are you not ashamed, after having taught your fellow-men to look to you as the friends of their rights, to trust you as their leaders, to betray that trust? Are you not ashamed to desert man and pay obsequious court to that mighty despotism which has trampled under its feet the liberties and happiness of man for thousands of years? Political economy, the great selfish forces of the nineteenth century—what are they doing for man wherever they have power?

A few years ago the Emperor of China said to the world, We are willing to trade with you, to be friends with you, but you must not sell opium to our people. It makes them drunk; it poisons their minds and bodies; it makes them filthy and degraded. The Christian world, so called, disregarded this modest request,—so wise and just and proper in itself. The emperor determined to sacrifice the profits of trade rather than the moral and physical welfare of his people (what Christian power would have done as much?), closed his ports. "Political economy," with its great selfish forces, avarice, gun-powder and steam, demanded of the emperor to open his ports so that they could sell their opium to his people. He refused, and they forced them open, demolishing his defenses, and bombarding his towns until they were buried in ruins.

Look at Europe to-day, grappled by the great selfish

forces of the nineteenth century. Take the British Empire, which boasts about as loudly of freedom and humanity as Horace Greeley and Wendell Phillips, and what exhibition of justice does political economy make there? Leaving out her distant colonies, her population is about thirty millions. Political economy has put the landed estate of that vast empire into the hands of about fifty thousand persons, and made the millions who work their lands dependents and slaves. A few hundred thousand more own the manufacturing, financial, and commercial wealth, whilst the millions of workingmen and clerks who carry on these establishments are their dependents and slaves. Look at Europe, with its three hundred millions of human beings. "Political economy" has put all the wealth and power of that vast empire into the hands of a dozen royal families and their aristocratic cousins, the nobility. They dress in purple and fine linen, and feast upon the fat of the land, whilst the toiling millions, for whom the Creator made the earth and the fruits thereof, eat the crumbs which fall from their tables. One of the great selfish forces of the nineteenth century which "political economy" has devised, is a standing army of six millions to protect these kings and aristocracies, these robbers and plunderers of mankind.

Yet, yet degraded men, the expected day  
That breaks your bitter cup seems far away.  
Trade, wealth, and passion ask you still to bleed,  
And holy men give Scripture for the deed.

And what has political economy done for the negro? It has hurried hundreds of thousands of them to untimely graves. It has turned hundreds and thousands of them out of doors, houseless, homeless and friendless. It has sent its agents, the carpet-bag spies, to set traps and snares for them, baited with false promises and false professions of friendship, and put behind them its military satraps to drive them in whether they will or not. The negro with all his ignorance is finding out this cheat, and turning back to his old taskmasters, who, notwithstanding all the wrongs he imposed on him, never denied him raiment and food, and a shelter from the storms of heaven. Political

economy, instead of making the negro free, has only changed the nature of his servitude. It has taken him out of the hands of his old master, who had some heart and some feeling for his wants and necessities, and put in the hands of a great political power, which has no heart and no soul. A corporate body, which under the false name of national life, national debt, or some other great national blessing, so called, uses the negro and everything else it grapples, to work out its own ambitious purposes and selfish ends.

And what has political economy done for the white men of the South, the children of Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, the children of the great men who shook, by the thunders of the Declaration of Independence, the thrones of tyrants throughout the world? What has political economy done for these people, our brothers, to whom Heaven gave the richest and sunniest land in the world, driving out before them the wild Indians, the native inhabitants, as it had done the heathen nations before the children of Israel; these people to whom their fathers had bequeathed the heritage of freedom purchased at the cost of their blood? Political economy has reduced these people to abject and unconditional slavery. And as if this was not enough to gratify its malicious hate and malignant revenge, it has set over them, to insult them and put them to open shame, the half-savage negro, their former slaves. That Heaven permitted the savages of Africa to be enslaved as the only means of educating them in the principles of religious liberty, I have not a doubt; because for hundreds of years all other efforts to civilize and Christianize them have failed. This effort only has succeeded. But when they were sufficiently educated to be relieved from the harsh restraints of slavery, the slaveholders refused to liberate them.

For this wickedness, we believe, the Almighty in his anger visited upon them the terrible destruction which has just passed over them. If it was so great a crime to hold the half-civilized negro in bondage after he was fit to be free, if these people who held him in slavery,—a people who were educated from their childhood to believe



that slavery was right—if these people, with so many extenuating circumstances in their favor, were so terribly scourged for not liberating their slaves as soon as they were fit to be free, what is the enormity of our crime, and what will be the measure of our punishment, who have subjected to a worse slavery a people born free, and educated as highly as any people in the world in the principles of civil and religious liberty? A worse slavery did I say? Yes, ten-fold worse. Slavery is to be measured both by the nature of the servitude and by the character of the slave. Servitude is easy for the child; to the full-grown man it is repugnant; and to the man who has spent years and years in the enjoyment of the privileges of freedom, servitude is intolerable. To the savage negro from the jungles of Africa, slavery was easy; to the American negro, educated for generations in the principles of Christian liberty, educated to the freedom of the full-grown man, slavery was repugnant; but to the American white man, who was rocked in the cradle of liberty, who claimed its privileges and immunities in his childish sport, servitude is most intolerable. And yet upon this white man we have imposed slavery.

Now look for one moment upon the nature of the servitude. It has been customary for tyrants, who have scourged and cursed the world, to put over their conquered provinces to rule them, military satraps. Following this rule of heathen and savage nations, we would have left the Southern people under the rule of officers of our own army, who are or ought to be at least gentlemen and Christians; but we have subjected these people to the shame and ignominy of being ruled by their former slaves, and the filthy scum of our own society, the carpet-baggers. This crime may justly claim pre-eminence in barbarity. It has no parallel in the history of human affairs.

When I remember that an Almighty power rules over human affairs, and distributes to each individual and each nation even-handed justice, I tremble for my country. When I remember that this crime has been done in the name of heaven's prince,—when I see this foul blasphemy flaunted against the sky, when I hear the hilarious boast-

ings of the tyrants and usurpers, and see them desecrating at their drunken revelries holy vessels consecrated to liberty and to truth,—the Declaration of Independence,—the Constitution of the United States, and even the Bible itself,—I say when these horrid blasphemies and foul desecrations come before me, I hear in the mutterings of the angry wave which still beats over the ruins of ancient Babylon, Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin. The perpetrators of these crimes will laugh at this, so did Belshazzar thousands of years ago, and the revelers at his drunken feast; but the yawning earth swallowed up the city of Babylon, and the overflowing of waters hides its ruins from the face of men. The same Almighty power rules the world to-day. Ay, but a little while ago, that same hand of Omnipotence which none can stay seized the coast of South America, shook it to pieces, and sprinkled it like dust in the deep waters of the ocean.

And what has political economy, or the great selfish forces of the nineteenth century, done for the white man of the North? It has destroyed his ancient Democracy, and built on its ruins a consolidated despotism. It has destroyed the partial social equality he once enjoyed, and divided society into two separate and distinct classes. It has made out of labor a mud-sill, and built on it the most avaricious and hateful aristocracy the world ever saw. It has put into the hands of this bloated bondautocrat, this upstart tyrant, every political faction, every religious hierarchy, and every corporate body in the country. It has made mammon god, and commanded everybody to worship him. It has put all the wealth and power into the hands of the few financial thieves, commercial gamblers, their priestly advisers and political tools. It has robbed the millions and made them poor, and right on the heels of this, it has set up money as the measure of merit, and thus made poverty a crime. It has made every legislative body in the country a gambling-house, where millions are spent every year, and filled the country with tax-gatherers to extort from labor money to pay the cost. It has converted the cities into licensed whore-houses. It has stripped from woman the veil of chastity thrown round her by a kind Providence to shield her

frailty, and sent her forth an impudent and barefaced thing, repulsive to every pure and virtuous mind. It has dragged her forth from the sacred privacy of domestic life, where, as a wife and mother, her smiles are as genial and as strengthening as the sunshine of spring, and her tears as healing as its gentle showers, and sent her forth into the streets to fisticuff and wrestle with the rabble rout who follow the heels of political demagogues.

Yes, woman, whom we once loved as a mother, a sweetheart, a wife, boldly proclaims to the world her infamy, and boasts of her degradation. An American woman, speaking for her sex, declares to-day through the public press of this country, "that it is more honorable for a woman to be a mistress than a wife." Yes, it is more honorable for a woman to be the slave of every drunken, licentious, lecherous brute who comes along, than the wife of a virtuous man and the mother of his children. Did I say the wife of a virtuous man? Ay, there's the rub. No, it is because the men of this country have ceased to be virtuous, because they have ceased to be noble and upright as God made them, that woman has been permitted to fall so low as to be unconscious of her own shame. These great "selfish forces" have broken the sacred bonds of matrimony, and made divorces almost as common as marriages.

It has even thrust its iron hand down into the depths of the human heart, and ruthlessly torn out the most beautiful and sacred sentiment which Heaven has planted there—parental affection, and made child-murder almost as common a thing as births.

But my soul sickens at this disgusting detail. Let the great laboring masses of the North,—the many who are working at half-wages for the few,—sit down and think for one hour, and they will know better than I can tell them that political economy, or the great selfish forces of the nineteenth century, has reduced them to a condition of slavery more galling and more degrading than that which holds the Southern negro in bondage.

I must pause just here to notice one other remark of Mr. Phillips, for this is the key to that fallacious system, that vile and corrupt system of public morals, which has



poured such a flood of vice and crime over this country and over the world. Mr. Phillips says, quoting from the philosopher Horace Greeley, "There is corn enough in Alabama to feed the whole South; but there is not brains enough to move it." Again he says, "There has not been a white man born at the South within thirty years who could manage a large mercantile house. That takes brains, and the South always hired its brains." To move a thousand millions bushels of wheat from Chicago, that takes brains. Suppose this thing were true, Mr. Phillips, and suppose, if true, it were dishonorable to the South, would it be amiable, would it be generous, even as heathen nations understood generosity, to taunt these people with it in the hour of their misfortune? And oh, how harshly does it fall on the ears of one who has been educated in that divine system of truth whose great lesson is: Love thine enemy. But when we know that it is not true, when we see on the very face of the thing the evidence of wilful and deliberate falsehood, then indeed does it come with a bad grace from one who is professedly a teacher of purer morals and nobler truths than the world has ever yet practiced. "There has not been a white man born at the South within thirty years." Why within thirty years, Mr. Phillips? Did you not wilfully and deliberately limit the time to thirty years for two reasons?

First, because you know that if hundreds of men had been born in the South with massive brains within the last thirty years, that the world would not know it, because it takes more than thirty years, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, for great brains to be developed. How very few great intellects are fully ripe at the age of thirty? And after a great mind is fully matured, how long and hard does it have to fight its way up before it reaches that high position where the world can see it? In the second place, Mr. Phillips limited the time to thirty years so as to shut out of the count such men as Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Andrew Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Stonewall Jackson, and Robert E. Lee. Were not all these men born and educated in the South? And were they not all white men? But Mr. Phillips knew that unless by some disingenuous trick, unworthy of an



honest man, and much more unworthy of one who sets himself up as a great moral teacher, he made this falsehood plausible, it would have offended even the credulity of the willing dupes into whose gaping mouths he was spitting his filthy slang. But these few short sentences, like all the sugared pills which the tools of bondautocracy fix up for the people, contain another poison more than that which I have already exposed. There has not been a white man born in the South within thirty years who could manage a *first-class mercantile establishment*.

Here we find the measure by which Mr. Phillips measures brains. And what is it? Would you believe it?—a *yard-stick*. A yard-stick to measure brains with! I wonder if he didn't get this idea from Butler's cranium? It is flat on top, and about three feet from stem to stern. And then from the way he managed his cotton establishments and his spoon establishments in the South (I wonder if any of those brainless Southern people caught the idea while he was operating?), I would suppose that he could manage a first-class calico house in the North. I once thought (but that was before the world got so wise) that Washington, Adams, Marshall, Hamilton, Jefferson, Henry, and, of later times, Webster, Clay, Randolph, Calhoun, and Andrew Jackson had brains. I looked upon the power and skill which those intellectual giants exhibited in their contest on the battle-fields, in the Senate, and in the forum, as proof of brains. But the wise reformers of our day measure brains by a man's skill in measuring calico.

Imagine for a moment a large mercantile house in Boston. Mr. Adams runs the machine; John Marshall, Alexander Hamilton, and John Randolph are clerks. Imagine Randolph standing behind the counter dressed according to the latest fashion, his head shampooed, and his moustache twirled in the most approved style. See him not as of yore, binding his brow with the old bandana,—like an athlete at the Grecian games, the dark brow and flashing eyes presaging wrath to his foes, but see him pulling from his pocket a white linen kerchief, with a delicate pink border, and as highly perfumed as a “barber's shop.” See him bowing and scraping in the most obsequious

manner to every new-comer, charming him with airs of affected politeness, forced smiles, and picked-up compliments unmeaning and undeserved. See him twitching a piece of flimsy calico in the most tasteful manner, and at the same time giving his unskilled country customer the most positive assurance that it will not fade nor wear out. See the expression of doubt and indecision in the face of his customer, who is forced to decide, either that this man is trying to cheat him, or else he himself is blind. See Mr. Randolph seizing the opportune moment, and calling up Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Marshall to confirm every statement he has made about the goods, and thus decide the doubtful question in the mind of his customer. See Mr. Adams standing at the desk, pretending to write, but really chuckling over the smartness of his clerks. Hear Mr. Adams congratulating Mr. Randolph upon his wonderful exhibition of brains, and promoting him to chief clerk of the first-class mercantile establishment, or to the position of silent partner in the concern.

Look at this picture. See in it Mr. Phillips's ideal of brains, and then laugh at the poor people of the South, because they have got no brains. Managers of first-class mercantile houses, who are they but those who, more skilled than their fellows in the tricks of the trade, have succeeded in putting off on their unskilled customers a greater number of bolts of fading calico and damaged cloth? What have they done to show their brains? What monument have they built? They have gone to Fifth Avenue, or some other choice spot, piled up a bigger heap of brick and mortar than anybody else, and given it an odder shape. They have filled its rooms with gaudy furniture, covered its floors with Brussels carpeting, hung its ceilings with sparkling chandeliers and its walls with polished mirrors and numerous pictures, which make up by the high price paid for them what they lack to the eye of genius in tasteful selection, correct likeness, and artistic execution. And whilst this modern Shylock is eagerly counting his gains at midnight, the mother of his children, having hired a nurse, is feasting and coquetting at those fashionable revelries where questionable manners and more questionable morals are freely indulged. Ay, by

express agreement, some whiskered pandoor, some musked and powdered poltroon, some Count Deception, or Dandy Jim is carrying around this silked and jeweled puppet to show to the world the trophies of a brain which manages a first-class mercantile house.

Mr. Phillips says "it takes brains to move a thousand million of wheat from Chicago." Why, Mr. Phillips, would not mules do as well? would not even oxen do? Oh, no, says Mr. Phillips, it takes brains; I once thought George Washington, who piloted our ship of state so successfully through the storm of war, and who kept it in the true track in its beautiful voyage on the great ocean of peace, had brains. Sir Isaac Newton, who applied the great law of Love which governs the moral world to nature, and thus found out many of its hidden mysteries, who upon the wings of faith soared into the azure vault, counted the stars and measured their magnitude and distances,—I thought he had brains. I thought Shakespeare had brains; he who strung his great harp with the finest chords of the human soul, and with a touch divine struck from it strains of melting melody. And Benjamin Franklin, who, guided by the same spirit which gave Washington power, Newton wisdom, and Shakespeare inspiration, snatched lightning from heaven and hitched it to the mail car of the world,—these men, I once thought, had brains. But Mr. Greeley and Mr. Phillips had not then enlightened the world with their great moral ideas. The wonderful success of these great men in the higher walks of life I took for evidence of brains.

But Mr. Phillips thinks differently; he must subject them to the test of his new philosophy. With the assistance of Cæsar and Pompey—not they of Roman celebrity I mean, but they of African scent—he takes the four great men to Chicago and hitches them to a big four-horse wagon; Cæsar and Pompey, his men, load the wagon with wheat; he puts Pompey on the wagon to drive the team and move the wheat away; Pompey mounts the wagon, draws the line, cracks the whip and shouts at the top of his voice, "Get up dare." But the horses don't git, and the wheat don't move. Pompey springs to the ground, and, with the indignant air of an



offended freedman, declares dis nigger ain't gwine to drive dat baulky team; it can't pull nuffin no how, 'cais it ain't strong enough. "Pompey," says Mr. Phillips, "you come to the right conclusion, but you reason badly; it is because they have no brains that they can't move that wheat." "Brains, does you say, Massa Phillips!" answered Pompey, somewhat surprised at this new idea; "brains, does you say, Massa Phillips! why, my old massa what libs down Souf is got four mules, and da can move dat wheat from Chicago fasser dan dis nigger can crack a whip; and does you call dat brains? yah! yah! yah!"

Methinks the afflicted people of the South, like the afflicted patriarch of Israel, may well exclaim, Oh that mine enemy would write a book! Surely they may be proud to hear it said of them that they are incapable of putting their intellect, the noblest part of their being, to such vile uses. One word more, and I will leave Mr. Phillips to that retributive justice which never fails to overtake the man who, from the narrow motives of hate and petty revenge, prostitutes a noble intellect to the dirty work of deceiving his fellow-men and leading them into error, folly and crime.

The reason why the pulpit of to-day is second-rate as compared with one hundred years ago, why colleges are tame, and editorial sanctums are stupid, is because the magnificent industrial interests of the country are so full of brains. What a confession is this for Mr. Phillips to make! what a sad commentary upon the wisdom of our new teachers—Mr. Greeley and Mr. Phillips—which to-day govern this country. Ancient philosophers—Lycurgus, Solon, Numa, Socrates, Homer, Plato and Virgil, among the heathen nations; and Moses, Solomon, David and the prophets among the children of Israel, and the noblest of all philosophers, the heavenly messenger Christ and his apostles; and in modern times, the Hamdens, and Burkes, and Miltons, and Shakspeares, and Luthers of Europe; and the Washingtons, Adams, Jeffersons, and Henrys of America,—I say all these great men, whose memories are revered as the benefactors of their kind, used the great brains which God gave them to instruct their fellow-men in lessons of virtue and truth.



The great effort of all was to lift the mind of man from earth to heaven; to teach men to subdue the animal nature, and to cultivate those affections of the mind and heart which beautify and adorn human nature. The great Master himself taught: Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven; for where your treasure is there will your heart be also. Ay, he even bade one who would be perfect in the truth, Go and sell that thou hast, and come and follow me. How follow me? why, go into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature. Go and teach thy fellow-man what his duties are to his brother and to his God. Go and teach him that beautiful truth which will lift him above the accidents of fortune and all the evils of this life. The apostles, martyrs, and other good men sacrificed not only all the good things of the world, but even their own lives, to persuade their fellow-men to believe these beneficent truths. Our patriot fathers pledged their fortunes, their sacred honors, and their lives even, to preserve these truths from the destroying hands of kingcraft and priestcraft.

But the new philosophers who are to-day ruling this country, the Beechers, Phillipses and Greeleys, have put the brains of the country to measuring calico and hauling wheat. Thomas Jefferson used his great brains to teach his fellow-men those personal and individual rights and privileges which would make communities and nations free and happy; he lived poor, and died poor, comparatively; his deep, broad brains spread over the world, and were spent in the effort to make all men free and happy; he left the measuring of calico to the small-brain, narrow-soul, pick-up-penny Shylocks, and the wheat-hauling he left to his negroes and his oxen. Had he thought only of himself, and devoted his vast intellect—an intellect so busy in invention, so versatile in application—to the tricks of money-gambling or commercial stealing, he might have robbed his fellow-men of money enough to make a fortune as big as that of the Rothschilds. Had he been governed by “political economy” or the great selfish forces of the eighteenth century, he might easily

have bequeathed to his family a fortune of millions, but as he was governed by unselfish forces of love for mankind, he chose rather to bequeath to the world, as a rich inheritance for all men, The Declaration of Independence, and the Great Democracy of America.

Thomas Jefferson fills my notion of brains; Wendell Phillips takes a different stamp of man for his model: Stewart of New York, the prince of the yard-stick nobility, the biggest measurer of calico, who by the tricks of the trade has amassed a fortune of fifty millions. Fifty millions would buy hundreds of houses and hundreds of farms—big enough and good enough for the Father of American Democracy; but Wendell Phillips's ideal of brains, this greedy, selfish aristocrat, wants it all. How many fine houses can be built! But he can't use them all. Oh, no, his fellow-men who are rich can buy the use of them, and the poor, the wretched, the friendless children of earth, they can be crammed away in the cellars and garrets. To this picture Mr. Phillips points exultingly, and says, Here is brains, here is freedom and humanity, here is liberty and equality!

But there is another reason why the pulpit, the rostrum, and the forum are so dull and stupid, so barren of good results. These places have become the hireling agencies of the great money-power which rules this country. The pulpit teaches the people to worship mammon as their god, and the colleges, the editorial sanctums, the hustings and the Senate teach the people to practice all those immoralities and crimes and follies which avarice and licentiousness beget. The teachers of the people, instead of warming their own hearts and the hearts of the people with the life-kindling fires of love and truth, do dazzle their eyes with the false glare of power and riches.

I care not how bright the intellect may be, if it has not the genial warmth of love and truth it has no power to give life and beauty to anything. Take away from the sun that genial warmth,—the touch of love which wakes up nature and bids her come forth clad in the beautiful verdure of spring,—and nature would sleep on forever. Ay, the rivers and fountains of waters would freeze up, the ocean would become a solid mass of ice,

and the world itself would die. So under the light of the brightest intellects: if they are not warmed by the kindling fires of love and truth, the stream of human affections freezes up, and man himself becomes as cold, as barren, and as fruitless as the dead world. And as long as man shall believe that his chief end, his great duty, is not to glorify God and honor him forever, not to love his fellow-man and to try to make him good and happy, but to measure calico and haul wheat, he will be the slave of his own low passions, and, as a necessary consequence, the dupe of priestcraft, the tool of politicians, and the pack-mule of a heartless and unfeeling aristocracy. God is a jealous God, and will not give his glory to another; and the nation which turns away from serving him to serve mammon,—the nation that forgets to keep his law,—he will turn into hell, I care not how great may be its power or how dazzling the splendor of its riches.

The Greeleys and Beechers and Phillipses, who used to be, honestly and sincerely, the friends of man, as against the great corporate bodies and moneyed monopolies which have made him a slave all over the world, have deserted him. They seemed to think that their mission ended with the abolition of negro slavery. In noble minds victory begets magnanimity, but they, in the hour of their triumph, have given themselves up to malevolence and revenge; they have ceased to be the friends of freedom and humanity, and have become petty tyrants and despots. After having advocated the rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, until they succeeded in liberating four millions of African slaves, they attempt to show to the world the beauties of that truly divine system of philosophy by subjecting eight millions of freemen to a worse system of slavery than that from which they have just delivered the negro; and under the light of their great intellects, warmed no longer by the touch of love, the pomp of power and the splendor of riches will shine; but man, an individual being, a person with affections and feelings and wants,—man, a living soul,—will freeze in his rags and die of starvation.

Their souls, contracted by hatred and revenge, have



become too narrow to comprehend the divine mission of Truth, and her destiny to triumph over the world. Gloriously they led the army of freedom for years and years, but as soon as they demolished one of the outposts of slavery, they began to rob the dead, to kill the wounded, and to shackle with the chains of military rule all who fell into their hands, both friends and foes,—ay, they turned traitor to the great cause, boldly proclaimed their treason to the world, and set about building up again the bulwark of slavery which they had just demolished. They have made it a great citadel to defend the usurpations of power as against the individual rights of man, and the peculiar privileges of the few as against the inalienable rights of the many to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They have converted the South into a vast fortress, shackled the white people with the chains of civil disabilities, conscripted the negroes and armed them with a forced vote, and hung out from its high battlements a flag with this inscription: "People derive their privileges from the power that rules over them. Gold for the few and depreciated paper for the many. No taxes for the rich, but more taxes for the poor. Wealth, power, and licentiousness for the bondautocracy. Poverty, slavery, and beggary for the people." But shall the marshalled hosts of freedom surrender because their ancient leaders have betrayed and deserted them? Shall man consent to be a slave because tyrants decree it? Hath not heaven decreed otherwise?

"Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee  
To wear eternal chains, and bow the knee?"

Shall we tamely surrender the liberties bequeathed to us by our fathers?—ay, the inalienable rights given to us by the Creator? Shall the great laboring millions of this country become the pack-mules of an upstart aristocracy? Shall men, who would not permit even the half civilized negro to remain in slavery, consent to become slaves themselves?

"Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,  
And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed;  
Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns,  
And as the slave departs the man returns."



Already new leaders are springing up. Boldly are they rushing to the front, and rallying and organizing the veteran legions who were thrown into a momentary confusion by the treason and desertion of their former leaders. Among the boldest and most fearless in the army of freedom to-day is the young Democrat from the Northwest. He was, indeed, opposed to the late war, and so was every true and sincere lover of freedom in the North. The object of the war was most unholy. It was power and gain. If Heaven, in its providence, has overruled the purposes of man, and destroyed negro slavery, no thanks to man.

But negro slavery is not yet destroyed. The negro to-day even, according to Mr. Phillips, is in the hands of "the great selfish forces of the world,"—a harder task-master than the old slave-driver,—a master which has remanded to slavery the negroes of the South, and subjected to slavery the white people of the South and the great masses of the white people of the North. This young champion of liberty is a host in himself. The shafts of his wit and the bursting shells of his scorn are death and destruction to the enemies of man. To use his own favorite expression, "They are red hot!" No wonder they are "red hot." They are heated in the furnace of the human heart. His arrows are pointed with the steel of truth. They pierce when they strike, and, armed with the grappling barbs of honesty, they hold fast. The Greeleys and Phillipses and Bennetts and Raymonds wonder at the hardihood of this young champion of freedom, who has dared to attack despotism in the very citadel of its power. They are astonished to hear him ring out, in loud clarion tones, and in the burning fervor of his heart, the old war-cry of liberty and equality for the toiling millions of mankind,—a war-cry which it would seem they used hypocritically to deceive and humbug their fellow-man. They are astonished, too, to see the laboring millions, whom they looked upon as ignorant dupes, to be bridled and haltered by them to carry the burdens of their masters,—the bondautocrats,—guided by that intuition which, among the masses, in times of great popular excitement, is like inspiration,

turning away from them and rallying around the new leader, who is with them, not only in name, but heart and soul.

And yet we have one objection to this fearless defender of the truth. He sees the truth. He admires its beauty,—ay, he loves it with an ardent fondness; but he don't seem to know where it comes from. He traces it to Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence, and there he stops. Under the Magna Charta the great masses of the English people to-day are slaves; under the Declaration of Independence the great masses of the people of this country to-day are slaves. The great Magna Charta is the Bible. The great Declaration of Independence to mankind is the New Testament. This is the pure, pellucid stream at which our fathers quenched their thirst for liberty. Voltaire and other infidel philosophers led their people to the stream of human reason, and they found its waters bitter and poisonous. Those men saw the truth, but did not know whence it came. They saw the fields of liberty, with their teeming harvests,—their delicious fruits and fragrant flowers,—but they did not know what produced them.

They remind me of a crazy man. His house stood on a high eminence, and a beautiful landscape spread out before it. In the spring of the year he would light a lamp and hang it out, and persuade himself that it was his lamp that made the grass grow, the flowers bloom, and clothed the trees with foliage. He refused to believe that it was the great sun of heaven which clothed the earth in beauty. So do these philosophers, when they see the beautiful fruits and flowers of liberty which spring up under the genial sunlight of Christian truth, hang out their Magna Charta and Declaration of Independence, and say, These are the sources of liberty and happiness to mankind. It is the mission of Christianity to set man free, and she will accomplish it, because the God who rules in the armies of heaven, and doeth his will among the inhabitants of earth, has commissioned her and sent her forth.

The slaveocracy of the South was attacked first only because it was one of the weak and isolated outposts of

despotism. The great citadel of her power is the divine right of priests and kings and aristocracies to make slaves out of the souls and bodies of men who are the children of God, and who owe allegiance only to the Prince of the House of David. The mighty river Euphrates, which is the chief defense of this great Babylon, is the wealth of the world. To-day, like Belshazzar and his drunken revelers, the kings and princes and aristocracies and bondautocracies of the world are eating and drinking and feasting in the palaces of this great city. Ay, how many of them are using, at their licentious revelries, the golden vessels and the silver cups and spoons,—the spoils of other nations and people whom they have robbed and plundered? But mighty as her power is she must fall, for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her. “And I will make drunk her princes, her wise men, and her captains, and her rulers, and her mighty men, and they shall sleep a perpetual sleep, and shall not awake,” saith the King, whose name is the Lord of hosts.

When political economy, or the great selfish forces of the nineteenth century, are ruthlessly trampling under their feet millions of human beings, when millions are being robbed and plundered and murdered, it would seem selfish for one to stop to tell his personal wrongs, and yet my evidence would be incomplete without it. After political economy or the selfish purposes of power and gain had plunged this country into civil war, it commenced driving man its slave out to the battle-field, to do its evil deeds of murders and robbery, and to suffer the awful consequences; privations,—wounds; disease and death.

These great selfish forces, with one of its iron hands, the draft, seized me, tore me from my family, and sent me to the South to rob white men of rights and privileges which I believed the negro even was entitled to. Although I had no worldly possessions, yet was I rich. I had an excellent wife, who had been the queen of my boyish dreams, whose constancy and truth had lightened my griefs in time of trouble, whose tears of sympathy had fallen on my heart, chilled by the cold wind of doubt and uncertainty, like the warm showers of spring upon the



frozen ground,—a wife whose smiles had lent an indescribable charm to the sunny hours of life, and four beautiful children. My oldest daughter of thirteen summers was as beautiful as a mortal may be. Her large soft-blue eyes, her auburn tresses, her quick elastic step, and, above all, her sweet, gentle, confiding spirit. O Mary, who will be the guardian of that wondrous beauty, so powerful and yet so frail, when thy father is gone? Whose virtuous mind will draw around thee the veil of chastity, as the pure sun of heaven draws his misty veil around the tender beauty of his virgin daughter, spring? who will keep thee spotless and pure, to be the loving bride of some nobleman,—poor, it may be, like thy father, in money and goods, but rich in his love of the Beautiful and the Good? And yet did “political economy” say of me, and millions like me, they are only “*poor white trash*,” it don’t matter if they do have to go to war and be killed, they have nothing to live for.

I went to the war; no, I was driven into it by the “great selfish forces of the nineteenth century.” I went with a heavy heart, not only because I left so much behind that was precious to me, but also because my own conscience told me the war was a cruel wrong. I trembled when I heard the thunder of battle, for to my guilty conscience it was the trumpet of judgment. I shunned a fight whenever I could; and whenever I was forced into it I did not fire a gun. But after awhile the proclamation came out liberating the negro. That changed the whole current of my feeling. I thought I saw the hand of Providence in the thing. Before, when I went into a fight, the wives and little ones of my white brothers in the South would come before me, and plead for the lives of their fathers, for their homes and their firesides, and then I could not, I dare not, strike a blow. But after the proclamation, I heard in the hour of conflict, coming up from behind the stone wall of Southern pride and Southern heroism, the lash of the slave-driver and the piteous cry of the poor slave.

A new spirit took possession of me and hurried me to the front in every fray. A little while before the war closed, both of my arms were torn off. I was sent to a



hospital, and remained there till the war was over. I started home with a light heart, for I thought that my country would now indeed be the land of the free and the home of the brave. Not only would all white men be free, but even the negro too. Just then I was willing to shake hands with the Southern people,—forget the past, and give them not false promises, but the substantial good of a hearty peace and sincere friendship. Ay, I would have been proud to meet as friends and brothers men who with mighty odds against them had so long maintained the unequal contest by their heroic daring and splendid genius.

Little did I think then that I had given my blood, my arms, and so much suffering, to make the negro the slave of “political economy, or the great selfish forces of the nineteenth century;” to make the Southern white man the slave of his slaves and their masters, the carpet-baggers, and myself and my children the slaves of a heartless and unfeeling upstart bondautocracy. No, I started home fully persuaded that when the storm of war passed away the sunshine of an enduring peace would find all free and happy.

When I reached home my family crowded around me, and greeted me with tears of joy. Of joy, did I say?—ah, no, one bitter recollection made these tears,—tears of burning shame. Where is Mary? No one answered me; and then the painful truth burst on my mind—she is dead. In my absence *death*, with his cruel scythe, has visited our little home and cut down its fairest form of sublunary bliss. It happened after I was wounded, and they were afraid to tell me, lest this heart-wound added to my wounded arms would be too much for me to bear. Yes, my Mary is dead.

As I said this, I turned to my wife to mingle my tears with hers as I had often done of yore. Alas, poor woman, she will weep no more! Too hard a blow of grief and shame had broken the fountain of her heart, and poured out all its tears. For the sake of her children she had clung to life with more than natural strength until she could hand them over to me. That dreadful hour had come. She let go and fell into the grave. The young man who was drafted when I was, but did not go be-

cause he was rich, and could hire a substitute, commenced visiting our family after I left, under the pretence of benevolence. Yes, he would be to them in my absence a husband and a father. His covetous heart, not satisfied with all his wealth, had fixed its greedy eyes on my little lamb. With fascinating airs and false promises he charmed my little lamb from its fold. He devoured her beauty, robbed her virtue, and turned her out an accursed thing upon the world. Ay, he drove her to one of those caverns of hell where the robbers of virtue hide their prey.

A little while afterward she was bought,—yes, my daughter,—while her father was fighting for liberty and equality,—my daughter was bought for a price in the land of freedom and humanity, with hundreds of other slaves, to be shipped and sold in the New Orleans market. To be the slaves not of Christian men and women, as the negroes were for whose freedom I was fighting, but to be the slaves of the beastly lusts of men, and of those fierce unbridled passions which feed upon the human soul, even in this world, like the worm which dieth not and the fire that is not quenched. Yes, seven hundred of these slaves, the sisters and daughters of men who had just returned from a crusade against slavery in the South, started from New York for the New Orleans market in one steamer. And God Almighty, as if to startle us from the dream in which we have been sleeping, as if to wake us from the fatal delusion that holds us, as if to bring even before our blind eyes the wicked inconsistency between our professions and our practice, parted the waves of the sea and swallowed them up.

Poor outcast friendless children of earth, when I stand upon the shores of this wicked city in a stormy night, and look out upon the deep waters, methinks I see your unforgiven spirits, shrouded in the foam of the angry wave, and hear them muttering fearful revenge against this modern Babylon. My daughter! oh, my daughter! When the soldier uttered these last words, he gave himself up to the powers of grief, and shook like a man with the ague. And I saw a frown dark as an angry cloud gathering on the face of the stern judge who sat upon the throne.

Presently the soldier lifted up his weeping eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "God of mercy, give me patience to bear these evils, or thou, eternal justice, give me back my right arm, and I will strike a blow that will make tyrants tremble and liberty smile again!" The soldier then turned to the other two soldiers, and addressed them as follows: "Why have we been enemies? Why have we wounded and killed one another? Did we not have a common country and a common heritage of freedom bequeathed to us by our fathers? Was it not my interest and your interest to preserve these rich blessings, instead of destroying them? Is it fit that we should kill one another, destroy our own freedom, and rob our children of the great blessings which our fathers left for us and for them,—the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? In destroying the great democracy of America, have we not robbed mankind—the down-trodden and oppressed of every nation and kindred and tongue—of a refuge and a home? Our fathers read the Bible, and worshiped the God of the Bible, and he gave them this goodly land for an inheritance."

Some of these good men were called Catholics, some Presbyterians, some Friends, some Episcopalians, some Baptists, and so on. But no matter by what name they were called, or in what land they lived; they did refuse to worship the gods which kings and priests set up for them to worship. The Catholics of England refused to worship the gods which Bishop Cramner and King Henry had made and set up for all the people of the British Empire to worship, and because they refused to worship these gods, they were proscribed and persecuted; therefore did they flee to the wilderness of America. The Protestants in the other States of Europe refused to worship the gods which the kings of these States and the pope had made and commanded them to worship. For this cause were they proscribed and persecuted; therefore did they flee to this country, then a wilderness, inhabited by savage men and wild beasts. Here could they worship, unmolested, "the God who made man, and in whose hands his breath is." These good men, taking the word of God for the rule of their conduct and



the guide of their lives, met together and made the best government the world ever saw. The nations of the earth looked upon that government with wonder and admiration. They wondered how it was possible for life and property to be so safe in a country where everybody was free.

How was it possible for order and peace to flourish in a land where there were no wise kings and virtuous aristocracies to enlighten and lead the vulgar herd (as the common people were called), and no standing army to drive the ignorant masses, by brute force, to be honest and peaceful? Our fathers reasoned in this wise: We worship the true God. We keep his law. We love our fellow-men, and do not try to rob them. Everybody is left free to work for himself, and free to enjoy the fruits of his industry. Therefore is everybody got enough. Everybody is happy, and why should anybody break the peace? We have no ambitious kings or great political powers to make war on neighboring states to gratify their pride, their envy, or their hatred; to rob and plunder and oppress. We have no lords and dukes and princes to quarrel about their titles to honor and preferment, and thus involve their people in civil war. We have no political faction—the hireling tools of great moneyed monopolies—to gamble six months out of every year for the benefit of their masters, and then to fill the land with swarms of tax-gatherers to rob the laboring millions to pay the cost. How is it that so great a change has come over this country? How have we brought so many and so great evils on ourselves?

In the first place, we forgot the God who blessed our fathers. Instead of listening to his Word, which he revealed to man to make him wise and happy; we listened to priestcraft and their cunningly-devised words of human wisdom. They taught us lies. They lulled us to sleep with the opiates of infidelity. They bewitched us. They mesmerized us, and handed us over in that condition to the politicians. The politicians were the tools of the slaveocracy of the South or the great moneyed monopolies of the North. In order to please their masters and promote their interest, the politicians



taught us lies. They taught us to hate one another. They dragged us to the battle-field and put us to killing one another. And oh, what a harvest of woe have we reaped! Hundreds of thousands of our brothers perished! Tens of thousands hobbling on crutches or swinging their handless arms! The whole land filled with fathers and mothers weeping, like Rachel, for their children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not! Our ancient Democracy destroyed, and a military despotism built up on its ruins! Then free States governed by military satraps! A cruel, heartless bondautocracy rules the land! It has bought with its gold—the plunderings of an unholy war—every political faction, every priestly hierarchy, and every corporate body in the country. It has made mammon god, and commands everybody to worship him. It offers daily on the altars of this god every affection of the human soul and every virtue of the human mind. Every obligation, every pledge, every vow, is sacrificed here. The obligations of friendship, the pledge of love, the vows of matrimony, and that sweetest and purest and tenderest of all earthly sentiments, parental affection, are daily offerings upon the altar of this accursed idol.

And to feed this greedy idol, this gluttonous Bel, and his servile ministers,—the priest, the politician, and bondautocrat,—the toiling millions are robbed and plundered to beggary and starvation,—ay, truth itself has been exiled, and liberty weeps in chains. Soldiers, for such vile purposes have we been used as tools by others.

Let us resolve that it shall be so no longer. Instead of being enemies, let us be friends. Instead of destroying one another to please political economy or the great selfish forces of the world, let us destroy these powers which are the enemies of mankind and the enemies of God. For this purpose let us, like our fathers, pledge to each other our hearts and hands, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

The other two soldiers came forward and said: “We have no fortunes except the rights of those we love; and we have no hands, but as a pledge of our honor we offer these stumps. They once had hands on them; those

hands grasped a pledge, and held on to it until they were torn off." And I saw the three soldiers touch the stumps of their arms together, and a holy fire was kindled in their eyes, and sparks flashed from them,—the sparks of the human soul kindled by the touch of truth.

And then I heard him who wore the semblance of Washington say, "When Greek meets Greek on the battle-plain, 'tis then the tug of war begins; but when Greek meets Greek in the confederacy of friendship, who shall make war on them?—the priest, the politician, and the bondautocrat? Woe to them, if they do!"

## THE SEVENTH WITNESS.

A WOMAN clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. Her name was the Genius of Christianity. She said the Almighty who was King of kings and Lord of lords had sent her to earth thousands of years ago, to bring back his rebellious children.

Abraham and Moses and David had accepted her as a messenger from Heaven, and the Great King had blessed them with showers of blessings. He led them out from their enemies' country with a high hand and an outstretched arm, with signs and wonders and mighty power he delivered them from those who served themselves of them. He gave them a land flowing with milk and honey, a land of oil and wine. For greatness and glory and prosperity, he made them the envy of the world. But when the children of Israel became great and prosperous they forgot me and the God of their fathers who had sent me. Then the Almighty did send their enemies to kill them, to make their country and their great city heaps of ruins, and to carry them away captive into distant lands. When they repented of their sins and turned away from serving idols, gods of silver and gold, and asked the God of their fathers to be their God, the Almighty would break their enemies to pieces, and deliver them out of their enemies' hands. But when the fullness of time came, I brought forth a man-child who is to rule all nations with a rod of iron, and his name is the Word of God.

And because the Jews refused to receive him as the Messiah, they persecuted me, and sought to destroy me. I fled to the Gentiles into the wilderness, where a place was prepared for me. When the great dragon, the old serpent the devil, found me out, he sought to destroy me. He stirred up against me the hatred of his two great ministers, kingcraft and priestcraft, the beast and the false prophet.

It was then I went to an humble and devout Christian, Christopher Columbus, and held up before his eyes a map of the New World, the promised land, the Canaan of the Gentiles. The philosophers and wise men of the world laughed at him and mocked him as one who had lost his wits; but he, charmed by the vision of eternal beauty which floated before his mind, heeded them not. Fearlessly he gave himself up to the winds and waves. Fearlessly he pressed on, triumphing over the storms of the sea and the mutiny of his crew, until the vision was lost in the wondrous reality. Then, too, did I reveal myself to Luther, Melancthon, and other devout men, and they went forth to prepare the world to receive the Word, as a power from on high to redeem man from the curse of sin and from the power of the devil. But when they preached the truth, it stirred up the anger of the world. The great powers of the world, priestcraft and kingcraft, sought to destroy the truth, because they knew when it should be established in the world their empire would be gone. But the powers of the world were not able to contend with the Word: everywhere they were overthrown.

Then the old serpent the devil came to their aid. What we can't do by force, we will do by cunning, he said. We can't contend against the Word, because his name is Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. I will whisper to Luther that Christianity means consubstantiation and synodical government. I will tell Calvin that Christianity means election, final perseverance, and a presbyterial form of government. I will tell Cranmer that the doctrines of Calvin will do with an episcopal form of government; yes, I will persuade these that they must have some visible organization, some corporate body, some human institution to defend themselves. If we can once persuade them to put their trust in human institutions, and in the kings of this world, instead of the Word and that King whose name is the Lord of Hosts, we can overthrow them.

The devil was right. As soon as he persuaded his enemies to drop the Word, which is the sword of the Spirit, and to take up the weapons of human reason and human philosophy, their victories ceased. His friends, kingcraft



and priestcraft, no longer had to fight the Word, but Cranmerism, Calvinism, Lutherism, and Methodism and so on. When these powers found that they could no longer contend with priestcraft and kingcraft aided by the devil, they too sought the help of the devil, and Protestantism became a bigoted and pharisaical persecutor. It was then that I fled to the New World, which was then a wilderness, into my place. My children who were persecuted for the *truth's* sake fled with me. From the seed of the truth which was planted there sprung up the tree of liberty. The people sheltered themselves under its branches, and ate its fruits, which were virtue and happiness and peace and prosperity.

But the people of this country have forgotten the God of their fathers. Instead of trusting in his Word which has power to make them wise and virtuous and happy, they have put their trust in priestcraft and political power. Their fathers believed in the Word, and they were free; but their children believe in priestcraft and political power, and they are miserable slaves. These agents of the devil have set up mammon for them to worship. This idol is their god. He selects their presidents, their governors, and all their rulers for them. He rules over their legislatures, their executive and judicial bodies, all their political organizations, all their religious sects and creeds, and all their social institutions. It has put every man to stealing and robbing, and plundering his fellow-men, because a man is honored and esteemed just in proportion to the amount of riches he can take from his fellow-man (no matter by what means) and offer it upon the altar of mammon. The tree of liberty which grew and flourished in this land is become barren and fruitless.

And yet these people boast that they are free. Yea, they have even set free their former slaves, the negroes! How free? The negroes who used to sell for a thousand dollars, and up to three thousand, can be bought to-day for a side of pork or a grist of meal. And it is not his body which is bought to do honest work, but his convictions of right,—his soul, to do the work of political robbers and thieves. Ay, white men are bought as cheap. The rich buy the people to put power into the hands of

their tools, the politicians, and then they buy the politician to rob the people to make themselves richer.

The devil thinks by the help of these powers he will drive me out of America. I fled from him out of Asia into Europe, and out of Europe into the wilderness of America. But he cannot drive me hence. This is my home, and here I will live forever. The God who rules in the armies of heaven, and doeth his will among the inhabitants of earth, hath decreed it, and who shall annul his decree? His Son hath established his kingdom here, and he will rule forever. It was he who planted the tree of liberty here, and it will bloom and flourish forever. The fullness of time hath come, and he will come and destroy the powers of this world and of the devil, and establish his kingdom on earth. His kingdom shall be an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion shall have no end. He comes no longer as the babe of Bethlehem. He comes no longer as the humble and despised Nazarene. He comes no longer to be spit upon and mocked and scourged and crucified by his enemies. He comes as the Prince of the House of David, the King of kings and Lord of lords. And the earth shall shake at his coming, and the powers of this world shall be thrown down, for the thunder is his, and the lightning and the earthquake and the volcano and the sword of battle.

And the Judge who sat upon the throne opened the Book and delivered the judgment. The Book was called the Law and the Prophets,—the Scriptures of truth. And this was the judgment he delivered:

## THE JUDGMENT DELIVERED FROM THE GREAT THRONE.

HEAR, O heavens, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken. I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.

Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evildoers, children that are corrupters; they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger; they are gone away backward. Why should ye be stricken any more? ye will revolt more and more; the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint: from the sole of the foot even to the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment. Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers. And the daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city. Except the Lord of hosts had left unto us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and we should have been like unto Gomorrah.

Hear the word of the Lord, ye rulers of Sodom; give ear unto the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah! To what purpose is the multitude of sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord. I am full of the burnt-offerings of rams and the fat of fed beasts, and delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs or of he-goats. When ye come to appear before me who hath required this at your hand to tread my courts. Bring no more vain oblations, incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with, it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting; your new moons and

your appointed feasts my soul hateth, they are a trouble unto me. I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear, your hands are full of blood.

Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment; relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless; plead for the widow. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel ye shall be devoured with the sword, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. How is the faithful city become an harlot, it was full of judgment—righteousness lodged in it, but now murderers. Thy silver is become dross, thy wine mixed with water. Thy princes are rebellious and companions of thieves; every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards; they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them.

Therefore, saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts, the mighty one of Israel, Ah, I will ease me of mine adversaries and avenge me of mine enemies. And I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin. And I will restore thy judges as at the first, and thy counsellors as at the beginning; afterward thou shalt be called the city of righteousness—the faithful city; Zion shall be redeemed with judgment, and her converts with righteousness. And the destruction of the transgressors, and of the sinners, shall be together, and they that forsake the Lord shall be consumed; for they shall be ashamed of the oaks which ye have desired, and ye shall be confounded for the gardens that ye have chosen; for ye shall be as an oak whose leaf fadeth, and as a garden that hath no water. And the strong shall be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark, and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.

Their land also is full of silver and gold, neither is



there any end of their treasures; their land is also full of horses, neither is there any end of their chariots. Their land also is full of idols: they worship the work of their own hands, that which their own fingers have made. And the mean boweth down, and the great man humbleth, therefore forgive them not.

Enter into the rock, and hide thee in the dust, for fear of the Lord and for the glory of his majesty. The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day; for the day of the Lord of hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up, and he shall be brought low. And upon all the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up, and upon all the oaks of Bashan; and upon all the high mountains, and upon all the hills that are lifted up; and upon every high tower, and upon every fenced wall, and upon all the ships of Tarshish, and upon all pleasant pictures; and the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be made low, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day; and the idols he shall utterly abolish. And they shall go into the holes of the rocks and into the caves of the earth for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth. In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver and his idols of gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats. To go into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks, for fear of the Lord and for the glory of his majesty when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth. Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of.

Son of man, prophesy against the shepherds of Israel, prophesy, and say unto them,—

Thus saith the Lord God unto the shepherds, Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves; should not the shepherds feed the flocks? Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool; ye kill them that are fed, but ye feed not the flock. The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye

brought again that which was driven away, neither that which was lost; but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them. And they were scattered because there is no shepherd, and they became meat to all the beasts of the field when they were scattered. My sheep wandered through all the mountains, and upon every high hill; yea, my flock was scattered upon the face of the earth, and none did search or seek after them. Therefore ye shepherds, hear the word of the Lord. As I live, saith the Lord God, surely because my flock became a prey, and my flock became meat to every beast of the field, because there was no shepherd, neither did my shepherds search for my flock, but the shepherds fed themselves, and fed not my flock.

Therefore, O ye shepherds, hear the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God: Behold I am against the shepherds, and I will require my flock at their hand, and cause them to cease from feeding the flock; neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more, for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them. For thus saith the Lord God: Behold I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered, so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. And I will bring them out from the people, and gather them from countries and will bring them to their own land, and feed them upon the mountains of Israel by the rivers, and in all the inhabited places of the country. I will feed them in a good pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be. There shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel. I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God. I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away; and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick; but I will destroy the fat and the strong; I will feed them with judgment.

And as for you, oh, my flock, thus saith the Lord God: Behold I judge between cattle and cattle, between

the rams and the he-goats." Seemeth it a small thing unto you to have eaten up the good pasture, but ye must tread down with your feet the residue of your pastures, and to have drunk of the deep waters, but ye must foul the residue with your feet? And as for my flock, they eat that which ye have trodden with your feet, and they drink that which ye have fouled with your feet.

Therefore, thus saith the Lord God unto them: Behold I, even I, will judge between the lean cattle; because ye have thrust with side and with shoulder, and pushed all the diseased with your horns, till ye have scattered them abroad. Therefore will I save my flock and they shall no more be a prey, and I will judge between cattle and cattle.

And I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall feed them; even my servant David, he shall feed them, and he shall be their shepherd." And I, the Lord, will be their God, and my servant David a prince among them. I, the Lord, have spoken it, and I will make with them a covenant of peace, and will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land; and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness and sleep in the woods. And I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season. There shall be showers of blessing, and the tree of the field shall yield her fruit, and the earth shall yield her increase, and they shall be safe in their land and shall know that I am the Lord. When I have broken the bands of their yoke, and delivered them out of the hand of those that served themselves of them.

And they shall no more be a prey to the heathen, neither shall the beasts of the land devour them, but they shall dwell safely, and none shall make them afraid. And I will raise up for them a plant of renown, and they shall be no more consumed with hunger in the land, neither bear the shame of the heathen any more. Thus shall they know that I am the Lord their God, am with them, and that they, even the house of Israel, are my people, saith the Lord God. And ye, my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God.



Son of man, set thy face Mount Seir, and prophesy against it. And say unto it, thus saith the Lord God : Behold, O Mount Seir, I am against thee, and I will stretch out my hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate. I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord ; because thou hast had a perpetual hatred, and hast shed the blood of the children of Israel by the force of the sword in the time of their calamity, in the time that their iniquity had an end.

Therefore, as I live, saith the Lord God, I will prepare thee unto blood, and blood shall pursue thee, since thou hast not hated blood, even blood shall pursue thee. Thus will I make Mount Seir most desolate, and cut off from it him that passeth out and him that returneth. And I will fill his mountains with his slain men in thy hills and in thy valleys, and in all thy rivers shall they fall that are slain with the sword. I will make thee perpetual desolations, and thy cities shall not return ; and ye shall know that I am the Lord, because thou hast said, These two nations and these two countries shall be mine, and we will possess it, whereas the Lord was there.

Therefore, as I live, saith the Lord God, I will even do according to thine anger, and according to thy envy, which thou hast used out of thy hatred against them ; and I will make myself known among them when I have judged thee, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord, and that I have heard all thy blasphemies, which thou hast spoken against the mountains of Israel, saying, They are laid desolate ; they are given us to consume. Thus with your mouth ye have boasted against me, and have multiplied your words against me. I have heard them. Thus saith the Lord God, When the whole earth rejoiceth, I will make thee desolate. As thou didst rejoice at the inheritance of the house of Israel, because it was desolate, so will I do unto thee : thou shalt be desolate. O Mount Seir, and all Idumea, even all of it, and they shall know that I am the Lord.

And I saw one go from the throne bearing three flags, and he buckled girdles around the soldiers who had no



arms, and put the staff of the flags in the girdles. The flags were as white as the snow, and I looked to see what device was on them. It was not States' Rights, nor Union, nor Universal Suffrage, nor Subjugation, nor Catholicism, nor Protestantism; but across the top of the flag was written, in letters of fire, this word,

JUSTICE.

And under that word, and on the right hand side, I saw an open book, and across its pages was written,

MY WORD  
IS TRUTH.

And on the left hand side I saw a tree, and across the stem of the tree was this device:

LIBERTY.

And I asked the one who had carried the flag why the tree was so large and thrifty, and why its foliage was so rich and green, and its fruit so large and luscious. And he answered me, "Don't you see heaps of manure around the roots of the tree. That pile there is the political faction, with their armies of office-holders and tax-gatherers, and that huge pile is the big load of debt and taxation taken off of the backs of the people. And that pile there is the ecclesiastical hierarchies, with their costly temples filled with theatrical shows, and vanity *fairs*, and merchandise, and pharisaical priests. And these ten thousand springs and rivulets which run along the base of the tree, to water its roots, was once the great Euphrates,—that mighty flood of currency which poured from the great banking institutions and huge moneyed monopolies.

Once this mighty river was the defense of the great Babylon,—the home of kings and aristocracies; but the king, whose name is the Lord of hosts, has dried up its channel, and made its waters come forth in springs and rivulets, so that his servants may drink its waters and eat the fruits from the Tree of Liberty, which it fertilizes. And that big pile is the innumerable gambling-shops, miscalled courts of justice, set up all over the country,

where men go to play high-die, and pay half the stake or the privilege of a throw.

And that huge pile there is the sins of men ; for when men shall turn away from the worship of idols and worship that God who made the heavens and earth, the seas and fountains of waters, and acknowledge the Prince of the House of David as their King, their sins and iniquities shall be taken away, and God will write his law upon their hearts.

And I saw one go from the judgment-seat with a hot iron, and he branded a name upon the forehead of the Great Prisoner. And this was the name branded on her forehead—Mystery, Babylon the Great, The Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth. And upon her minister called the State he branded this name—Beast, and upon his minister called the Church he branded this name—False Prophet.

And I saw those that carried the flags, and the mighty army that followed them, thousands and thousands, and the earth trembled beneath their tread. And they led the Great Prisoner and her ministers away to destruction. And one from the judgment-seat cried out with a mighty, strong voice, saying, Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitations of devils and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies. And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities. Reward her even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double according to works ; in the cup which she hath filled, fill to her double. How much she hath glorified herself and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her ; for she saith in her heart, I sit a Queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow.

Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death and

mourning and famine, and she shall be utterly burned with fire, for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her. And the kings of the earth who have committed fornication and lived deliciously with her shall bewail her, and lament for her when they shall see the smoke of her burning, standing afar off for the fear of her torment, saying, Alas! alas! that great city Babylon, that mighty city; for in one hour is thy judgment come. And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her; for no man buyeth their merchandise any more. The merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyine wood, and all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble, and cinnamon, and odors, and ointments, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men. And the fruits that thy soul lusted after are departed from thee, and all things which were dainty and goodly are departed from thee, and thou shalt find them no more at all. The merchants of these things which were made rich by her shall stand afar off for the fear of her torment, weeping and wailing, and saying, Alas! alas! that great city that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones, and pearls, for in one hour so great riches is come to naught. And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea stood afar off, and cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, What city is like unto this great city? And they cast dust on their heads and cried, weeping and wailing, saying, Alas! alas! that great city wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea by reason of her costliness; for in one hour is she made desolate. Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her. And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city, Babylon, be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all. And the voice of harpers and musicians, and of pipers and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at



all in thee; and no craftsman of whatever craft he be shall be found any more in thee; and the sound of a mill-stone shall be heard no more at all in thee; and the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee, and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee, for thy merchants were the great men of thee, for by thy sorceries were all nations deceived.

And in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that was slain upon the earth: and then I heard voices, and thundering and lightning, and great hail-storm; so mighty was the storm, and so great the earth shook and trembled, and I fell on my face like one that was dead!

When I came to my senses and looked about me, the whole country around me was changed; the hills had been shaken to pieces, and the mountains had fallen. The mean man had been cast down, the haughty looks of the proud man was humbled, and the mighty man had fallen. And the great cities with the glory and splendor of their riches were consumed in the fires of Heaven's anger, and the hills they stood upon were melted down in the hot breath of God's wrath. The whole land was like the low valley I saw before, which was called the Valley of Humiliation, or the journeying through the wilderness to the promised land. And the sun shone out upon the valley, as warm and genial as the sunshine of spring, and showers of blessings fell from the heavens. The earth was clothed with verdure, and the fields were loaded with abundant harvests. The trees bent under their load of luscious fruit, the flowers bloomed sweeter than before, and the waters murmured their lullaby of peace; and man was no longer the enemy of man, but every man was the brother of his fellow-man, and God was the father of all. Every man had his own home,—his own vine and fig-tree; there was none to molest or make him afraid. Oppression had ceased from the earth, for the oppressor was dead. Power was committed to the hands of the merciful, and judgment to the hand of the just.

I went into the houses of men, and all was happiness and peace and content. Woman was no longer the enemy of man, nor was she striving with him for the mastery. She looked into his face and saw there the kindling of the



soul, the image of her God ; and she stooped to reverence and obey. And woman was no longer the slave of man ; for man saw in her wondrous beauty and devoted love the companionable virtues which God had given her to bless his life and fill his cup with joy. And children no longer sought to rule their parents ; they had but to follow their footsteps to find the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace. Thy kingdom had come, our Father, and thy will was done on earth.

And a voice came out of the throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great. And I heard, as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him ; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen is the righteousness of saints. Also, thou Son of man, prophesy unto the mountains of Israel and say, Ye mountains of Israel, hear the word of the Lord.

Thus saith the Lord God : Because the enemy hath said against you, aha, even the ancient high places are ours in possession ! Therefore prophesy and say, Thus saith the Lord God : Because they have made you desolate, and swallowed you up on every side, that ye might be a possession unto the residue of the heathen, and ye are taken up in the lips of talkers, and are an infamy of the people ; therefore, ye mountains of Israel, hear the word of the Lord God : thus saith the Lord God to the mountains, and to the hills, to the rivers, and to the valleys, to the desolate wastes, and to the cities that are forsaken, which became a prey and derision to the residue of the heathen that are round about ; therefore, thus saith the Lord God, Surely in the fire of my jealousy have I spoken against the residue of the heathen and against all Idumea, which have appointed my land into their possession with the joy of all their heart, with despiteful minds, to cast it out for a prey.

Prophesy, therefore, concerning the land of Israel and say unto the mountains and to the hills, to the rivers,

and to the valleys, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold I have spoken in my jealousy and in my fury, because ye have borne the shame of the heathen: Therefore thus saith the Lord God: I have lifted up my hand, surely the heathen that are about you, they shall bear their shame. But ye, O mountains of Israel, ye shall shoot forth your branches, and yield your fruit to my people of Israel; for they are at hand to come. For behold I am for you; and I will turn unto you, and ye shall be tilled and sown. And I will multiply men upon you, all the house of Israel, even all of it; and the cities shall be inhabited, and the wastes shall be builded. And I will multiply upon you man and beasts, and they shall increase and bring fruit. And I will settle you after your old estates, and will do better unto you than at your beginnings; and ye shall know that I am the Lord. Yea, I will cause men to walk upon you, even my people Israel; and they shall possess thee, and thou shalt be their inheritance, and thou shalt no more henceforth bereave them of men.

Thus saith the Lord God: Because they say unto you, Thou land devourest up men, and hast bereaved thy nations; therefore thou shalt devour men no more, neither bereave thy nations any more, saith the Lord God. Neither will I cause men to bear in thee the shame of the heathen any more, neither shalt thou bear the reproach of the people any more, neither shalt thou cause thy nations to fall any more, saith the Lord God. Moreover the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of Man, when the house of Israel dwelt in their own land, they defiled it by their own way and by their doings: their way was before me as the uncleanness of a removed woman. Wherefore I poured my fury upon them for the blood that they had shed upon the land, and for their idols wherewith they had polluted it: And I scattered them among the heathen, and they were dispersed through the countries: according to their way and according to their doings I judged them, And when they entered unto the heathen, whither they went, they profaned my holy name, when they said to them, Those are the people of the Lord, and are gone forth out of his land. But I had pity

for mine holy name, which the house of Israel had profaned among the heathen, whither they went.

Therefore say unto the house of Israel, Thus saith the Lord God: I do not this for your sakes, O house of Israel, but for mine holy name's sake, which ye have profaned among the heathen, whither ye went. And I will sanctify my great name, which was profaned among the heathen, which ye have profaned in the midst of them; and the heathen shall know that I am the Lord, saith the Lord God, when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes. For I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you unto your own land: There will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you: A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the strong heart out of your flesh. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them.

And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God. I will also save you from all your uncleanness: and I will call for the corn, and will increase it, and lay no famine upon you. And I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field, that ye shall receive no more reproach of famine among the heathen. Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities, and for your abominations. Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you: be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel.

Thus saith the Lord God: In the day that I shall have cleansed you from all your iniquities, I will also cause you to dwell in the cities and the wastes shall be builded. And the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by. And they shall say, This land, that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden: and the waste and desolate and ruined cities are become fenced and are inhabited. Then the heathen that are left round about you shall know that I am the



Lord, build the ruined places and plant that was desolate. I, the Lord, have spoken it, and I will do it.

Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them; I will increase them with men like a flock. As the holy flock, as the flock of Jerusalem in her solemn feasts; so shall the waste cities be filled with flocks of men: and they shall know that I am the Lord.

And I saw the *spirit of truth* fly on the wings of the lightning across the ocean and kindle a fire in the isles of the sea. I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. And they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and the whole world to gather them to the battle of the great day of God Almighty. And the unclean spirit out of the mouth of the dragon, that old serpent the devil, said, All men are created equal, and women are equal to men, and children are equal to women. All men are naturally good, and nothing but the evil customs and institutions of the world make men do evil. If every man was free to choose, every man would choose good, and therefore is universal suffrage the cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to. The unclean spirit out of the mouth of the beast said, God has made the world for the benefit of the few,—kings and aristocracies. He has appointed these to make slaves out of the millions of their fellow-men, and to use them for their own pleasure.

And the unclean spirit out of the mouth of the false prophet said, God has appointed priestcraft to make slaves out of the souls and bodies of men, and to rule over them forever. And these did make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb did overcome them, for He is Lord of lords and King of kings, and they that are with him are called and chosen and faithful.

And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture



dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen white and clean. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; and he treadeth the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written King of kings and Lord of lords.

And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God. That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both small and great. And I saw the beasts, and the kings of the earth, and their armies, gathered together to make war against him that sat on the horse, and against his army. And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, which which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worship his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. And the remnant were slain with the sword of him that sat upon the horse, which sword proceeded out of his mouth; and all the fowls were filled with their flesh. I looked, and the kingdoms of Europe and her empires had passed away. Her kings and aristocracies had fallen, and their power was gone.

And I saw the son of Erin go back from his adopted country to the Green Emerald Isle,—the home of his fathers, and the land of his love. Oppression cursed and blighted that beautiful land no more, for the oppression was dead. Its meadows was greener than before, and the shamrock bloomed and shed a sweeter fragrance, for it too had breathed the air of liberty and truth. And I saw the German go back to the Fatherland, and there too the Sun of Righteousness had arisen with healing in his wings. The mildew and the blight no longer blasted his vine-clad hills. The vintage, loaded with its juicy fruit, "reeled to earth purple and gushing."

And I saw mighty wave roll from the Western World and sweep over the arid plains of Africa, and her wilderness and solitary place were glad and her deserts bloomed and blossomed like the rose. For that wave had borne back to the bosom of Africa millions of her children reclaimed from barbarism and educated in the truths of the Christian civilization. Ay, her children who had witnessed the last judgments of Heaven,—the last great battle of Christianity and her final victory over the world.

And I saw the children of Israel from every nation and country, and kindred and clime, wending their way back to the land of Canaan, the land which God gave to his servant Jacob to be an inheritance for his children forever. And I saw the walls of Jerusalem built up, and they shall fall no more, for Messiah, their Prince, has come to rule and reign forever. The first shall be last, and the last shall be first.

And I heard a voice from the judgment-throne which said, And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots; and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord; and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears. But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth; and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as

and bring them into their own land. And I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all; and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all. Neither shall they defile themselves any more with their idols nor with their detestable things, nor with any of their transgressions; but I will save them out of all their dwelling places, wherein they have sinned, and will cleanse them; so shall they be my people, and I will be their God.

And David my servant shall be king over them; and they all shall have one shepherd; they shall also walk in my judgments, and observe my statutes and do them.

And they shall dwell in the land that I have given unto Jacob, my servant, wherein your fathers have dwelt; and they shall dwell therein, even they, and their children, and their children's children forever; and my servant David shall be their prince forever.

Moreover, I will make a covenant of peace with them, it shall be an everlasting covenant with them; and I will place them, and multiply them, and will set my sanctuary in the midst of them for evermore. My tabernacle also shall be with them; yea, I will be their God, and they shall be my people.

And the heathen shall know that I, the Lord, do sanctify Israel, when my sanctuary shall be in the midst of them for evermore.

And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years should be fulfilled; and after that he must be loosed a little season.

And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them; and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshiped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.





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